



April 25¢

The Sign *National Catholic Magazine*



THUNDER IN THE SUN

By Joseph M. Dukert

Catholic Mexico as Seen from Within

'SEE WHAT The Sign SAYS!'



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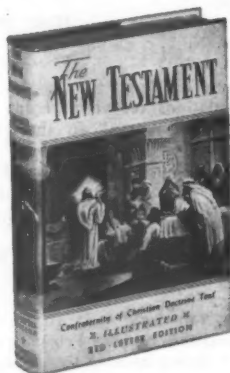
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LETTERS



"Not by Arms Alone"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your last three editorials really "hit the heart" of the matter.

We hope and pray that they also "hit the heart" of those most capable of carrying out those ideas and ideals.

THE CZERWIONKAS

Chicago, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read your editorial in the February issue twice. With deep concentration, I followed line after line. Explanation, description, analysis, contrast, all were used with such telling effect that the impact on any open mind must leave the stamp of irrefutable truth.

MARY DORSEY

New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on your recent article, "Not By Arms Alone," in the February issue. We are now engaged in a furious battle of letter-writing to combat Communism. We believe that "the pen is mightier than the sword" was never truer than it is right now.

SALLY ANNE KEEFE

Dorchester, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on your February editorial. Since I railed at you like a shrew in January I am more than happy to applaud you in February. Mothers will always be mothers.

Thank you, too, for the picture of the Vienna Choir Boys on the February cover.

RUTH I. MILLER

Detroit, Mich.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial, "Not By Arms Alone," in the February issue of THE SIGN, was superb. In a few paragraphs you have succeeded in giving the most incisive treatment for the causes of the spread of Communism that I have ever seen.

More power to you.

REV. PHILIP E. DOBSON, S.J.
Jersey City, N. J.

"Public Power and You"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with a great deal of interest John P. Callahan's article on "Public Power and You" in your February issue. He raises some questions that just don't jibe with the facts as they are presented elsewhere and I would like to suggest that you get somebody who is as biased for public power as Callahan

is against it to write us an article. Then we can make up our minds as to what the true situation is.

The newspapers toward the end of 1950 told about the condition of the private utility companies. If I remember rightly, the report stated that the power companies in 1950 reported more profits than ever before in their history. Those stories were carried in the *New York Times* and they don't jibe, as I say, with the dire predictions of what's going to happen to the power companies as told by Mr. Callahan.

I personally, and I'm sure many other readers too, would very much like to hear the other side so I can make up my mind intelligently.

DON P. O'BRIEN

Falls Church, Va.

Our Lady of Fatima

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reading the February issue of THE SIGN, I saw your story on the Pilgrim Statue of Our Lady of Fatima, "It Could Be Your Home." Beautiful, interesting, devotional, loving.

Many priests will try to follow up the devotion to the Blessed Mother in this way, and I am sure that they will create in the souls of the faithful a new love for our Mother.

I believe that our method is better in the sense that the visit comes around often. And I pass this on to you in case you are interested in this idea.

Here in this parish of Our Lady of Peace, we divided the families into groups of thirty. We bought pictures, large and beautiful, of Our Lady of Fatima; fifteen of them, one for each group. One of the ladies is in charge of the group, and her duties are to see that the picture goes from house to house every day at noon, and also to see that not only the family visited, but also friends and relatives, come in the evening to say the Rosary, the Litany, and the Consecration.

In other words, the families of our parish are visited by the Blessed Mother once a month.

REV. JOSEPH M. SANTIAGO, O.R.S.A.
Alpine, Texas.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with great interest the article in the February issue of THE SIGN about the new devotion to Our Lady of Fatima, and the visitation of the pilgrim statue of Our Lady of Fatima.

Last Fall, at a Communion Breakfast, we heard a lecture by a man who so enthused

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The Sign

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APRIL

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Editor's page

The Risen Christ

THESE are dark days. The world is in a state of turmoil. We are called upon to make ever-increasing sacrifices. We must turn more and more from the ordinary pursuits of life in order to gird for battle. We face constantly the horrors of possible atomic bombings.

This is a time when we need cheering thoughts, and none more cheering can be found than those the Church would have us recall at this Easter season. During Lent she called on us to do penance, to think on the dolorous Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. Now she would dry our tears and raise up our eyes to the glorious and transfigured Christ, the victor over death and evil; the pledge that if we follow in the way of the cross, we are following Him on the road to victory.

During His entire life, Christ was indeed lovable. He went about doing good and healing all. But He could also be severe, as when He drove the buyers and sellers from the temple, or threatened unrepentant sinners with hell fire, or denounced the Scribes and Pharisees as whitened sepulchers and blind leaders of the blind.

But in His risen life, Christ's beauty shines forth as never before. His words and manner give us a living manifestation of the peace and happiness that reign in His soul and which we shall share with Him when we are admitted to His divine company.

When the disciples found the tomb empty on that first Easter morning they departed. But not Mary Magdalen. She remained weeping and looking into the sepulcher. Hearing a sound, she turned and through her tears saw One whom she thought was the gardener. She spoke to Him and He replied but one word: "Mary." That was enough. In that calling of her name she knew the Master and in a moment was at His feet.

Toward evening of that same day, two disciples were journeying toward Emmaus when a third traveler joined them in the way. So pleasing was His personality, so charming His manner and conversation that when they arrived at their destination they constrained Him to stay.

"It is toward evening," they said "and the day is now far spent." He consented, and later, in the breaking of bread, they realized that it was the Risen Jesus with whom they had walked. Looking back wistfully on their happy experience, they said: "Was not our heart burning within us, whilst He spoke in the way?"

Another incident of similar beauty occurred later at the sea of Tiberias. Jesus stood on the beach and called out to the disciples who were fishing just off shore. They did not recognize Him at first, but when they did they hurried to land and gathered eagerly but somewhat timorously around Him. Jesus had lighted a fire and with His own hands He prepared and served them a meal of fish and bread.

There is something beautiful, consoling, peaceful about the Gospel accounts of the life of the Risen Saviour. In fact, Our Lord's favorite expression during this period was "Peace be to you." He had won that peace the hard way—the way of the Cross, but now it was His and He was giving His disciples a glimpse of it in His own Person.

WE HARDLY need draw a moral for our times. The road and the goal we know. Too often we see only the road—hard and strewn with thorns. We should lift our eyes to the goal; we should fix them on the Risen Christ; we should warm our hearts by a meditative reading of the Gospel accounts of those days Christ spent on earth between the Resurrection and the Ascension. If we are tempted to rebel because we must walk the way of the cross, we should recall that we too are destined to that glorious and peaceful life of which the Risen Christ gave us a foretaste. This is not escapism. This is facing reality. This is seeing the whole picture—the good as well as the bad.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Under the fiction of "undeclared war," our land, air, and sea forces fight at a disadvantage in Korea. We should tell China to get out of Korea or we will bomb Manchuria.



THE SIGN salutes a brave little mother down in Henderson, Kentucky. Her son, James Black, in Korea, indicates the number of her boys in the armed services. Yes, ten!

The buds and blossoms of spring are bursting the frozen bonds of winter no faster and more relentlessly than prices are shooting up in a spring thaw of their own. Only there is nothing poetic about the price situation. It's economic; and economics has never been known to make quite as interesting a subject as poetry.

And Still Inflation

There are certain fundamental facts about inflation which are unlovely to face, especially unlovely to the eyes of a politician. Unwelcome as the prospect may be, there is real urgency that Congress and the Administration remove their blindfolds.

Urgency—for every day, the dollar is buying less. Every day finds the hard-earned savings of many a citizen's lifetime dwindling in value, finds insurance policies and pensions worth only fractional security. And as the days of unchecked inflation go sliding by, not only is the poor man's pay envelope becoming worth less and less in the terms of what it will buy, but the Government's own staggering funds buy fewer bullets and guns and tanks, less meat and wool and leather. If all this does not spell urgency, then we would all be well advised to charter a rabbit hole and follow Alice to Wonderland.

In the bitter days of last December and early January, when it looked as though the Chinese Communists were going to push the Korean U. N. forces right into the sea, there was a real sense of urgency in Washington. Plans for mobilization and stabilization made feet move. It began to look as though "politics as usual" was going to be given a much-needed vacation.

But then the Korean war news grew brighter. The better the news, the more feet began to drag. Instead of leadership from the White House challenging any lag in coping with a still dangerous situation both at home and on the world front, there has been seeming acquiescence in stupid sloth. The sense of emergency and the need of speed have taken a vacation instead, and "politics as usual" is doing no subletting of living quarters.

In the meantime the dollar is getting littler and littler in the eyes of anyone who has anything to sell.

Price inflation consists simply in this: the amount of goods and services people can buy are outbalanced by the amount of purchasing power the people have. There are more dollars than doughnuts (or radios or steaks or tropical worsteds) in circulation, and in terms of dollars doughnuts become more valuable. The price of doughnuts goes up.

The only way prices can be brought down in terms of dollars is to increase the supply of goods and services, or decrease the number of dollars in circulation, or both. With defense orders of mammoth proportion removing goods from the civilian market, obviously there is scant room for increasing the production of civilian goods. Consequently, the only way left is to decrease the number of dollars.

There is the rub. Who is going to be the first to test the



Anti-U. S. cartoon from "Shanghai News." U. S. is pictured as a snake stabbed by China Reds and Koreans. Reds taught us one thing: the value of propaganda.



Uncle Sam is beginning to use the propaganda weapon too. Soldiers, above, are throwing leaflets out of a plane over North Korea. 180,000,000 leaflets have been dropped.



When we pray for our soldier dead, we should remember the wounded who suffer in mind as well as body. Above, transport flies wounded in Korea to distant hospitals.

Acme photos

water and tell the rest of us to come on in, the swimming is just dandy? There is where determined leadership, intelligent leadership, comes in. So far, the Administration is providing none.

In general, there are three sources from which the oversupply of purchasing power is derived. One is current earned income, such as business profits, wages, and rent receipts. Another is accumulated income of the past, such as bank savings. The third is speculative future income—credit, which, incidentally, competes with earned income in the bid for scarce goods.

Any anti-inflation program must deal realistically with basic causes, despite the wails of articulate pressure groups. The Committee for Economic Development weeks ago pointed out that though direct wage-price controls have a place in the defense effort, they cannot alone check inflation. They do not touch the causes.

To get at the three sources of price inflation, the Committee called for "drastic steps" to curb Government spending and borrowing. To curb consumer spending, it demanded "sharp and prompt" tax increases which would at the same time reduce the Government's need to borrow. To curb credit expansion, it demanded that the Federal Reserve be freed from Treasury interference in order to fulfill its function of protecting the purchasing power of the dollar. Finally, it recommended a national program to encourage savings.

There is nothing terribly complicated about dealing with inflation. But there is a complication. It happens to be a terribly hot potato for politicians to handle. And so, without rousing leadership they are keeping their hands in their pockets. Meanwhile, the dollar is buying less and less.

When Labor's representatives walked out from all mobilization agencies and let go a blistering denunciation of Charles E. Wilson, Director of Defense Mobilization, the return blistering of Labor by the nation's press should have caused scant surprise. "Organized Labor struck against the mobilization program . . . imperiled

Labor Gets the Blame

the nation's whole economy," said *Time* magazine. "Bitter and flagrantly demagogic," said the *New York Herald Tribune*. And not to be outdone, the *New York Times* gave solemn advice: "Punching the public in the nose is, to put it mildly, an unorthodox technique for inviting its attention to one's grievances." As usual, Labor gets a poor press.

Whether the United Labor Policy Committee is ill advised in its mode of action, and it probably has been, is not the point. What is important is the fact that the press has made it look as though Labor alone was refusing to play, had taken up its marbles, and gone home sulking. And all the time the only thing being really controlled was wages, the while business as usual, politics as usual, lobbying as usual, parity as usual, favoritism as usual went merrily along. If this be equality of effort and sacrifice in the interests of national defense, then Labor's bolt takes on meaning.

In the light of Washington's apathy in the fight against inflation, it becomes dishonest for the press to be relatively silent on the performance of other sectors of the defense effort. For example, where were the headlines when the entire wool industry closed down following the issuance of the general price order on Jan. 26 and refused to sell even to the Government until prices were raised? The Air Corps begged for serge for uniforms but didn't receive a yard until wool textile orders for defense were removed from the price control list. We don't recall *Time* or any newspaper calling this a strike against the mobilization program.

Or take cotton—following the price freeze, the whole industry came to a standstill, refusing any Government bids until price ceilings should be raised. Seventeen Senators from

cotton-producing states made a group visit to the White House. Price ceilings were raised. We don't recall any talk in the press about the public getting a punch in the nose.

Congress is sitting on pay-as-you-go taxes. Profits are at record levels. Farmers are protected by parity. The credit problem is hardly touched. The cost of living keeps climbing. Wages alone are genuinely controlled!

Equality of sacrifice is a fine thing. But so is equality before the blasting criticism of the press.

"Isn't New Mexico backward?" It was with some surprise that we encountered this abrupt question, knowing a few things about the state which had led us to think it was right up there with America. New Mexico was settled before any of the English colonies. While its population numbers only half a million, it has an im-

It Grows As It Goes

pressive university at Albuquerque, and Albuquerque is an important station for transcontinental air service. The "Spanish State" does considerable publicity of its Pueblo, Navajo, and Apache history, and its vacation attractions. It is noted as a health resort for asthmatics and consumptives.

Not having any strong provincial loyalties, we had New Mexico bracketed with Massachusetts and Minnesota in progressiveness.

Then came the visitor and his question which was inspired by a recent New Mexico School Board ruling: "Isn't New Mexico backward? It has to hire Catholic religious to teach in some of its public schools. Then it makes them dress so they will be mistaken for Protestants."

"The first ones who taught school in New Mexico wore the Catholic religious habit. The first civilizers of New Mexico wore the Catholic religious habit. The place names that prettify Chamber of Commerce literature, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Magdalena, San Juan, Sangre de Cristo were given by Catholics wearing the religious habit, and have a strictly Catholic reference."

"But now, when Catholic religious are helping a needy but Protestantized New Mexico, they must change their bonnets and their coats so that the public can be kept ignorant about them."

Our visitor asked: "Do you know the New Mexico motto?" We couldn't even remember the New York one. So he told us: *Crescit eundo* (It grows as it goes). While we turned it over on our tongue, testing it approvingly as an epigram, he said: "It's true. New Mexico grows as it goes."

"But unhappily, it is backing up."

Early in March, the Secondary Education Board held its twenty-fifth annual conference in New York City. On March 2, at an open forum on sex education, members of the conference advocated public sex

Sex Training—Domestic and Export

training in the schools. This

matter of sex education! Like price hikes and Secretary Acheson, it does keep bobbing up,

doesn't it? Because it does, we want to present a few ideas. Sex is different from algebra and English. Normally, quadratic equations do not enslave the mind and break up families. You are not likely to lose your soul by indulging an appetite for parsing sentences.

But watch out for sex. Discussion of sex is like looking into a bakeshop window. It can awaken desire in youngsters and lead to mischief. And it will unless such discussion is dosed out in exactly the right quantity, in the right manner, and at the right time and place.

The best place, by a mile, is home. The reason being that the sex appetite of children is naturally anesthetized within the family. Brothers do not romantically idealize their own



International

A soldier searching a Korean village found this little girl. Thousands of homeless children are put in orphanages run by the Church. To maintain them, your help is needed.



Acme

Paris Reds march in protest over German rearmament. France has a large Communist segment, and it will take more than arms and Marshall Plan aid to convert them.

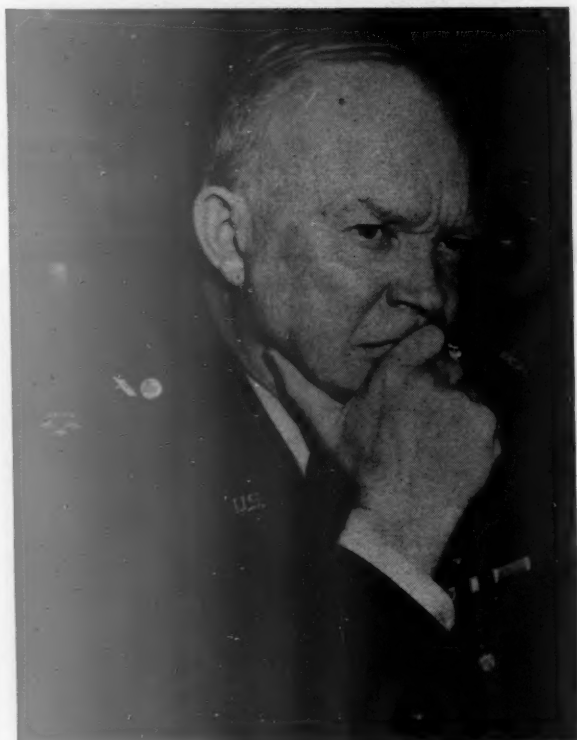


International

As Director of the Office of Price Stabilization, Michael DiSalle has an unenviable job. His plans for a price freeze may be good, but the effects seem a long time coming.



Former President Herbert Hoover favors a large armed force, but would use it for our own defense. He claims Europe hasn't the unity or will power to defend itself. This view actually invites Stalin to take over Europe.



Gen. Eisenhower differs with Hoover. Atlantic Pact Nations pledged their support to him, and he thinks American arms and men will give needed impetus. Hoover could be right, but we will string along with Ike—hopefully.

sisters and vice versa. Children are asexual in their attitude toward parents.

So that, given at home, sex education has no more dangerous glamour than any other kind of homework. In fact, it would just about run a photo-finish with sulphur-and-molasses or castor-oil in popularity.

As for sex teachers, you can't beat Mom and Pop. They are wise to every mental maneuver of the kids. Even down to the sudden and protracted silences which mean that Johnny has his fist in the sugar bowl or Jane has pried the lid off the shoe polish. Better than anybody else, parents know what to say about sex, and when to say it in order to get the best results.

But away from the unromantic atmosphere of home, it is another story. There is not that hard shell of protective indifference which blunts erotic interest. Sex information, picked up outside, can stir the beginnings of juvenile passion as easily as Hopalong Cassidy stirs a juvenile urge for ten-gallon hats and six-shooters.

Did you ever notice the books on sex that are featured in certain second-hand book stores, and the beat-up look they have? Those volumes are used, overused. But not for culture. They are the literary equivalent of the brothel. They merchandise sex experience in the guise of sex instruction.

Once you get outside the home, that is what you face. Sex training is loaded with moral dynamite. And you can't denature the dynamite by pasting a candy label on it or by getting a lot of citizens to make speeches over it.

There are educators who shrug their shoulders and say "So what" to observations like the above. As if moral casualties are unimportant except to the medieval scruples of the Catholic conscience. That is their opinion. Moreover, that opinion is the Protestant doctrine of the unimportance of good works. But the vital point

Who, What, and How Much?

is that they have no more right to force sex into the school curriculum on the strength of Protestant religious opinion than Catholics have to close butcher shops on Friday.

Noting the urgency of their academic alarm, we often wonder what some of these professors plan to teach the children. These "facts of life" as they are called—what are they? We get the impression that certain educators are bursting to give children a complete course in gynecology or obstetrics or anything else insatiable youth may fancy.

We cannot see this. The fact that a child may have some curiosity about special sexual data is, in itself, no reason why he should get it. Any more than curiosity would entitle him to know how much money Grandpa has in the bank or why Aunt Helen returned her engagement ring.

Then there is the teacher of these public sex classes—the one who is depended on to dish up the facts of life.

Considering the current drought of basic philosophy, how could parents be sure that any teacher's sex standards are suitable? Most of them would certainly be beyond reproach. But how could parents know? About the morals of a grocer or a seamstress, there might be no reason for disquiet. But when there is question of such a delicate matter as sex instruction, parents might not want to trust their children to a man who may keep a mistress or to a woman who may be out with a new date every night.

This is not meant as a reflection on the Secondary Education Board or on any particular group of teachers. It is only an attempt to explain the usual Catholic reaction to proposals for secular sex education outside the home.

Catholics oppose it as they would oppose amateur surgery. Sex training can harm the soul unless it is most skillfully done. And too many secular educators are not interested enough in the soul to be counted on to do the job skillfully.

Our Policy toward Tito

by LEIGH WHITE



There is an important "little debate" on the question: Should we let Tito write his own check or . . .

"BUT you seem to think we're fighting Communism. We're not. We're fighting Russian imperialism."

The speaker was an officer of the Department of State. Until that moment—it was the fall of 1949—I had thought that we were opposed to all forms of Communism except the Chinese variety. But I was wrong. We were already supporting Tito as well as Mao Tse-tung; and we were prepared to support any and every tyrant who could be presented to the world as a national Communist. We would have supported Franco, too, in all probability, if he had not been opposed to Communism. As one of my disgusted colleagues put it: "Our bureaucrats don't care if the whole world goes Communist, so long as it can be 'co-ordinated' from Washington."

He was exaggerating, of course. But until the Chinese Communists invaded Korea, our policy in Asia was still based on the false assumption that Mao Tse-tung would prove to be a Chinese Tito. We jettisoned Chiang Kai-shek as shamefully as we jettisoned Mikhailovitch, and no sooner had our troops crossed the 38th Parallel than we prepared to jettison Syngman Rhee. As Frederic Nelson

remarked in one of his trenchant editorials in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "the pattern is always the same. Whoever is fighting Communism, and might therefore expect our support, turns out to be so corrupt, so feudal, so completely hopeless that we can't afford to be mixed up with him."

It was wrong to lend \$62,500,000 to Spain, we were told, because Franco is not popular with the Spanish people, because there is censorship of the press and radio, because Protestants in Spain are not free to proselyte against the Catholic Church, and because the Falangist government has curbed free enterprise in Spain almost as much as the Labour Government has curbed free enterprise in Britain. Tito has abolished free enterprise; he has persecuted every sect of Christianity and Islam; and he has suppressed all of the many freedoms, however limited, that still exist in Spain. Yet within two years of his break with Stalin, we supplied Yugoslavia with \$125,000,000 in loans, gifts, and credits.

In September, 1949, the Export-Import Bank, which had refused to lend Spain a penny for the rehabilitation of its transportation system, lent Yugoslavia \$20,000,000, of which \$12,000,000 was

to be spent on rehabilitating the French and British mines that Tito had expropriated. During 1950 the bank doubled its loan to \$40,000,000 and then, for good measure, increased it by another \$15,000,000.

In the meantime the American Army, which had been forbidden to sell any surplus vehicles to Spain (except at prohibitive prices), was ordered to sell 5,000 automobiles and trucks to Yugoslavia for \$1,500,000—a concealed gift of at least \$3,000,000. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, which had refused to consider any loans to Spain, lent \$9,000,000 to Yugoslavia with which to finance Tito's uneconomic Five-year Plan. American companies were encouraged to further the Five-year Plan by supplying Tito with a \$3,000,000 steel mill and \$2,500,000 in oil-well equipment. Western Germany, at the behest of the United States, extended \$30,000,000 in trade credits to Yugoslavia, and Great Britain, on its own account, extended \$25,000,000 in trade credits.

Yugoslavia, as I write these lines, is suffering its second postwar famine. This famine, like the first, is officially blamed on the drought of 1950. The drought

was certainly a factor. But famines, especially in such rich agricultural regions as Shumadia, in Serbia, are caused by other factors as well. The worst famine in the history of modern Europe occurred in Ukraine in 1932-33, and drought had little, if anything, to do with it. The Ukrainian famine was almost entirely due to the nationalization of agriculture and the extirpation of the *kulaks*.

So was the Yugoslav famine of 1950-51. Tito, regardless of his quarrel with Stalin, has nationalized more land in less time than any of his Cominformist rivals. By the end of 1949, one-fourth of the arable land in Yugoslavia had been expropriated and divided up among five thousand state farms. It makes no difference that Yugoslavia's state farms are called "co-operatives" rather than "collectives," or that, in theory, they are required to deliver only



Archbishop Stepinatz, a Tito-liquidated churchman

50 per cent of their production to the state. The fact remains that Yugoslavia's collective farmers, in return for the use of UNRRA tractors, have been deprived of the rights to sell the fruits of their labor at equitable prices. So have the "independent" farmers (*kulaks*) who have yet to be collectivized. They, too, must deliver 50 per cent of their production to the state, and at prices so low that what remains is barely sufficient, in good years, to pay their debts. In bad years their quotas exceed their production.

Gaston Coblenz, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, tells us of a Serbian peasant who was required to deliver 660 bushels of wheat, even though his farm, in 1950, produced only 365. He was forced to sell one of his two cows to provide his family with bread for the winter, and he fully expected to be arrested unless he delivered his other cow in lieu of the 290 bushels of wheat that he still owed the state.

In Bosnia, Coblenz reports, twenty-five heads of families in a village of three hundred inhabitants were arrested for failing to deliver their full quotas of corn. And in another village an old peasant told him: "A lot of people are going to die. I am not going to die because I have no family to feed. I planted six hundred pounds of potatoes and got a hundred. I sold one of my two cows, and I have one left. I sold one of my horses, and I have one left. The government gives us nothing. Come back in four months, son, and see what happens."

Yet, in a letter to the *New York Herald Tribune*, Stoyan Pribichevich proclaimed: "I said then and I say now, that the poor of Yugoslavia are pro-Tito, and that the rich are against him. Since most of Yugoslavia is poor, most of Yugoslavia is pro-Tito, whether Washington or Moscow likes it or not." Apparently we are supposed to believe that Tito's popularity, like Stalin's, increases in direct proportion to his pauperization of the peasantry.

Aping Stalin, Tito has invented a whole series of paramilitary awards to take the place of income. Industrial slaves who perform their piecework quotas without complaint are eventually raised to the rank of *udarnik*, or "shock worker," with ration cards that entitle them to purchase, if available, two pounds of meat per month. *Udarnitzi* (Stakhanovites) who perform more and more work for less and less income are advanced through the ranks of "Leader" and "Distinguished Leader" to the utmost pinnacle of "Hero of Socialist Labor," with the right to purchase, if available, five pounds of meat per month. Agricultural slaves who deliver their quotas without complaint are advanced from "Deserving Agricultural Worker" to the rank of "Distinguished Agricultural Worker," and those who "by special measures achieve higher production in quantity and quality" (Stakhanovites) are awarded the top-most rank of "Fighter for Higher Production."

Yet agricultural production in Yugoslavia has steadily fallen, while prices have continued to rise. Pork, in what was the largest hog-producing country in Europe before the Second World War, cost six dollars a pound in the fall of 1950. Butter was twenty dollars a pound, and eggs were five dollars a dozen. Wages averaged sixty dollars a month.

In addition to the \$125,000,000 in gifts, loans, and credits already mentioned. ECA flour worth \$11,500,000 has been diverted to Yugoslavia from Germany and Italy. Another \$16,000,000 has been taken from North Atlantic defense funds to feed Tito's army. Britain contributed \$8,400,000 for the same

purpose. And \$38,000,000 has been appropriated by the United States Congress to tide Yugoslavia over until the spring of 1951. In other words, during 1949-50, we and our allies subsidized Tito's quarrel with Stalin to the extent of approximately \$200,000,000.

Spain, of course, was of no importance to Western Europe. Spain was not a "people's democracy." The Spanish government was anti-Communist. Spain, it appears, was not even a North Atlantic country. Yugoslavia, though, was different. Yugoslavia, according to President Truman, was "a nation whose



General Mikhailovich, a Tito-liquidated statesman

strategic location makes it of direct importance to the North Atlantic area. This importance derives from Yugoslavia's geographic relationship to Austria on the north, where the occupation forces of certain North Atlantic countries, including the United States, are on duty, Greece on the south, and Italy on the west.

"As a result of these factors, an immediate increase in Yugoslavia's ability to defend itself . . . will contribute to the preservation of the peace and security of the North Atlantic area."

Nor were any conditions attached to our aid to Yugoslavia. Addressing the Antifascist Women's Front in Zagreb, on October 29, 1950, Tito crowed:

"I can openly state here that the United States Government has set no conditions. . . . Our reactionaries say that the Americans should now put the knife to our throats because we have asked for food and force us to make this or that decision to restore the old type of democracy. This would mean that we would have to return all the property that the reactionaries have lost. I am telling these reactionaries here and now that they are mistaken if they think they will achieve anything with their

propaganda. . . . [They] had better keep quiet, for we shall not be joking if we become fed up with [their behavior]. . . .

"I must [add] with satisfaction that there are leading people in the Western countries who do not listen to our reactionaries and who know which is better—a rotten Yugoslavia of the prewar type or a strong Yugoslavia even if it is Socialist. . . ."

Representative Kenneth B. Keating, a New York Republican, wanted to withhold our aid at least until Tito had released Archbishop Stepinatz and all the Greek children who could still be found in Yugoslavia. But the Administra-

3. Tito has re-established diplomatic relations with Greece, Italy, Austria, and Western Germany, and has released most, but not all, of the Italian and German prisoners of war whom he had used as slave laborers in defiance of international law.

4. And after three years of intensive sovietization—which has diminished only slightly, in the three years since the schism—Tito turned on his Russian mentors and exposed the ghastly reality of Communism—his own as well as Stalin's—for all the world to see.

This last contribution alone is worth \$200,000,000, perhaps, but only if it re-

Haggerty predicts that, if we continue to subsidize Tito, he will gradually moderate his tyranny to "a point that we can tolerate." A point that *we* can tolerate! If that is the best hope that we can hold out to the enslaved peoples of Eastern Europe, we may as well give up. The world will never be saved by timorous fat men paying tribute to international gangsters.

Ignoring Spain, a country with twice as many inhabitants as Yugoslavia and ten times its industry, it was perhaps true, as President Truman said, that Yugoslavia possessed "the strongest fighting force in Europe [outside of] the



Collective farming has not helped Yugoslavia's stony soil and stringy dairy stock



After 50 per cent goes to Tito, even the best of farms must run into the red

tion prevailed. We don't bargain with gangsters, it seems; we simply deal with them on their own terms. And anyhow, according to John J. Haggerty, the agricultural attaché of our Belgrade Embassy, \$38,000,000 was "too little" to pay for the ransom of Stepinatz and all 12,000 Greek children. Tito has since agreed to release approximately 400.

What else has he done to earn his \$200,000,000?

1. After defying the United Nations for three years, he finally withdrew his support from the Communist rebels in Greece—but not until American military intervention had convinced him that their cause was lost.

2. After three years of the most extreme anti-American, anti-Western propaganda, which included the murder of Americans and Britons, and the execution of hundreds and the imprisonment of thousands of our Yugoslav friends, he agreed to permit 295 of the 373 Yugoslav-Americans—mostly political prisoners—to return to the United States.

sults in the eventual liberation of Yugoslavia. Haggerty, speaking for the Department of State, told Congress that "you can count on the fingers of your two hands the people in Yugoslavia who are so committed to Communism [that] they can't turn back." Even assuming that Haggerty is right, and I am convinced that he is wrong, the handful of Communists who cannot turn back are precisely those who control the fate of Yugoslavia.

THE members of Tito's Politburo could not surrender their guilty power even if they wanted to, and I am reasonably certain that they don't. They have not forgotten what happened to Mussolini, who was also a Socialist, it should be remembered, in the early days of his career. Even Franco, a much lesser tyrant than Tito, and who, in principle, has repeatedly signified an intention to surrender his power, has never done so for fear of what might happen.

Soviet Union." Generals Marshall and Bradley seemed to think so, too, though I doubt that they knew any more than what Tito's generals had chosen to tell our military attachés in Belgrade.

Although 92 per cent of his officers are party members who are presumably loyal to Tito, the vast majority of his troops are peasants and the sons of peasants who have been persecuted by the Communist regime. They may be willing to agree that Tito, for the time being, is a lesser evil than Stalin. But, even so, I can't imagine their fighting very well for the preservation of Tito-titarianism. In fact, given what has happened to the Yugoslavs in the past ten years, I can't imagine their fighting very well for anything short of an immediate and valid prospect of liberation from both forms of Communism.

The United States has been led to the brink of catastrophe by men who subscribed, and still subscribe, to two dangerous fallacies. The first is that Communism is a lesser evil than Fascism.

The second is that, by supporting national Communism, we can impede the advance of imperial Communism and thus prevent, or at least delay, a war that has already begun.

Either of these fallacies, if allowed to prevail, will ensure our eventual defeat. The Third World War began in a political sense on April 1, 1944, when the Russian Army invaded Rumania. It began in a military sense with the invasion of Korea on June 25, 1950.

AFTER defeating Hitler and Mussolini, we demobilized and surrendered half of Europe and most of Asia to Stalin. If we had fought Russia in 1945, we would have won a relatively easy victory. Today, in 1951, we are at war with both Russia and China and in grave danger of defeat. It will not be possible for us to achieve victory until we purge ourselves of the sickly illusions that caused us to lose the peace.

Communism is, and was, our greatest enemy. Fascism was merely a synthesis of Communism, without which it could never have existed. Defeat Communism and what remains of Fascism, in Spain and elsewhere, will inevitably disappear.

Titoism, writes Edgar Snow in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "marks the end of an era of Communism as an extension of Russian nationalism. . . . Tito is the beginning of a true heterodoxy in the Communist 'universal church.' In the long run, that is no comfort for capitalism. But it does mean that the Kremlin's monopoly of moral [sic] authority over the world movement has been gravely weakened."

Snow has been wrong about almost everything, including China, his specialty, but for once he may be right. We must not make a false distinction, however, between Titoism and Stalinism. If we depend on Titoism to stem the advance of Stalinism, as we depended on Stalinism to stem the advance of Hitlerism, we shall end up by coming to terms with Titoism as we came to terms with Stalinism, to our undoing, in 1945.

Titoism is a lesser evil than Stalinism for one reason only: Yugoslavia, alone, is but a minor threat to our security. But what if Titoism spreads? Would a Titoist Europe be any less of a threat to our security than a Stalinist Europe? Would a Maoist Asia be any less of a threat than a Stalinist Asia? What would it profit the United States and its allies to defeat Stalinism at the cost of accepting Titoism?

In the opinion of F. A. Voigt, the

LEIGH WHITE, onetime CBS news commentator and foreign correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, is a recognized authority on Balkan affairs. This article will be a chapter in his book, *Balkan Caesar*, to be published by Scribners.

British author of *Unto Caesar*, in a memorable analysis of the interrelationship between Fascism and Communism, printed in the *New Leader*, "the effort of the Western powers to appease Tito has failed completely, and there is nothing to indicate that it will succeed. . . . If they meant to establish a policy with the objective of strengthening their own position in the Balkans (and no other policy makes sense), Tito will stand in their way. His rupture with Moscow immobilizes the Western powers in the Balkans, but does not immobilize Russia or the Cominform. As a neutral or quasi-neutral country, Yugoslavia provides Russia with a better defense than if she were a 'satellite.'"

The end of any foreign policy worthy of the name is to achieve positive results. A policy of appeasement is worse than no policy at all. Appeasement is merely acquiescence in the policy of the enemy. If it is our purpose to save the free institutions that we have pledged ourselves to defend, we must extend the Truman Doctrine, by degrees, throughout the Balkan Peninsula and, eventually, Eastern Europe.

An obvious way to do so, as Voigt suggests, would be to liberate Albania. In that unhappy little country it is literally true that only a handful of people are so committed to Communism

• Cruelty is the child of ignorance.
—Clarence Darrow

that they can't turn back. And in Albania they have no power to surrender. Albania is precariously held by a Russian garrison cut off from any possibility of relief. As Voigt further observes:

"The West could have established itself without difficulty in Albania—and can, in fact, still do so. The Soviet Union could not have done, and cannot do, anything to prevent it. Once established in Albania, the West would be able to gain a foothold in Yugoslavia, for Tito would then be unable to resist the national forces in Yugoslavia, especially in Serbia, which would rally to the support of the West. . . .

"And once established on the Danube, the West will have regained the position it lost when it backed Tito and deserted Mikhailovitch—a position of such strategic significance that, if held and used properly, it could . . . bring about the restoration of much or all of Southeast Europe to the European community."

And that is but one suggestion. There are others, all of them risky, but none so fraught with danger as the craven indecision that has characterized our behavior to date.

Shall we now forfeit the advantage gained by our intervention in Greece? We shall do so unless we use Tito better than he uses us, and to date it has been the other way around. Titoism, at most, is a temporary respite, a backfire in the blazing forest of the modern world. But the backfire will rekindle the forest unless we take active steps to control it.

With all our imperfections we are the leading power of a cringing, frightened world that depends on us for guidance. We must be strong and resolute. We must not be deterred by charges of imperialism, for we shall be charged with imperialism in any event. The Dark Ages are upon us. The only way to uphold the light is to take it up boldly and move forward in the knowledge that a Communist victory, whether of the Stalinist, Titoist, or Maoist variety, will spell our ruin more surely than any atomic bomb.

Power politics, willy-nilly, is the game that we must play. There is nothing wrong with power politics; indeed, there is no other kind. The goal of all political activity is power, for evil or for good. And what goal could be more worthy than the reassertion of the ideals expressed in the American Constitution?

Yugoslavia is essential to the defense of Western Europe. So is Spain. Let us deal with Tito—and let us deal with Franco—in the interests of our national security, on which the security of the uninvaded world depends. With courage and determination we should be able to turn Tito's heresy to our own ends, which are the ends not only of capitalism (or what passes for such) but the ends of the civilized world. But let us be wary, and let us remember that Tito is a far more dangerous opponent than Franco ever was, and is no longer, and that, if we fail, we shall lose Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Austria, and perhaps all of Europe as well.

EVENTS are moving too rapidly to warrant any attempt to offer concrete suggestions as to how we should proceed. In general, however, I would suggest that we be just as skeptical, and as hypercritical, in dealing with our erstwhile enemy, Tito, as we have been in dealing with our Greek, Turkish, and Iranian allies. If it is the course of wisdom to demand reforms in Greece, Turkey, and Iran, is it not the course of folly to tolerate the myriad abuses of Communism in Yugoslavia? We have no right, nor have we the desire, to exact material concessions from any of our beneficiaries. But we do have the right, indeed we have the most solemn of moral obligations, to exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms.

How to be a GHOST

Not the ordinary, sheet-clad, haunt-happy ghost of whimsey and superstition, but a real, live, bored literary ghost

by A GHOST

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVER

I AM a ghost. Not the ordinary, sheet-clad, chain-clanking, haunt-happy ghost of whimsey and superstition. No, I am a literary ghost if, that is, some of the tripe which I must turn out to provide sustenance and shelter for my family can conceivably be termed literature.

My only sheet is one of anonymity. My only chains are those which shackle me to that most repulsive of all products of the machine age—my typewriter. My only haunts are the filing cabinets, the offices, occasionally the homes, of politicians, industrialists, entertainers, publicists, business and professional men who are willing to peddle the writings of someone else for the dollars and fleeting prominence derived from publication of their supposed views in a national magazine with a circulation running into the millions.

In my relatively few years in the ghostwriting racket, I have posed as several senators (to be perfectly honest, I haven't been able to determine whether I posed as them or they posed as me), as a confused mixture of representatives representing I still know not what, a baseball umpire, some of America's highest-paid entertainers, a genius who made cars that didn't run very well, a psychiatrist complete with M.D. and couch, a weatherman, an airline president or two, a professional Southerner who didn't give a whoop what I wrote as long as his name appeared above it, an "expert" on beautiful women, and sundry other characters who seemed interested solely in the juicy buck which my employer was willing to pay for their signatures.

If you are in doubt as to the specific duties, qualifications, and aberrations of a ghost writer, let me outline, in brief, one of my more recent sorties into this ectoplasmic offshoot of the scribbler's art. (I suppose I have to preface it with the usual nonsense: Any relation to anyone living or dead, etc., etc., is purely accidental.)

The idea came out of the usual confused welter of memos, conferences, arguments, and alleged thoughtful analyses that precede the birth of a magazine article. Basing my premise on recent news reports and some slight research, I suggested that a timely subject might be the South African scritch blight which was attacking the California poinsettia crop. I pointed out that if the blight were not controlled in time, the nation would be unable to pour out twenty to twenty-five dollars a dozen for poinsettias at Christmas time. So, I reasoned, if we could get such a story in our December issue we would not only be able to point with horror at an alien invasion that was threatening one of our American industries, but we would also have a timely Christmas story.

Finally the editors agreed. But, almost in chorus, they demanded: "Who's gonna sign it?"

I suggested the Secretary of Agriculture. Nope. Too controversial, they said, what with his egg-buying and his potato-dumping activities. How about the subassistant secretary in charge of the blight bureau of the pest division, I asked.



I've posed as every one of them

Nope again. Not well enough known.

I finally came up with Senator Phogdome and explained that he was chairman of a subcommittee investigating the smuggling of tulip bulbs from Holland. They immediately saw the connection—flowers are flowers, aren't they?—and agreed.

Next day I flew to Washington, phoned the Senator's office from the airport, explained my mission to an administrative aide, and was told to report at the Capitol at 4 P.M. I was met by the aide.

"I discussed your suggestion with the Senator and he seemed heartily in favor of it," I was told. "He's making an important speech on the floor now, but I'll send a message and I'm sure he'll see you when he's finished."

In about forty seconds flat, Phogdome came sprinting out of the Senate chamber. We were introduced.

"Delighted, my boy, delighted. Harumph . . . kaff . . . haw! Yes . . . er . . . positively. This is . . . ah . . . a great thing and, as you know, I have long advocated it both in the Senate and in my many public addresses . . . er . . . hem . . . I believe we can write a truly inspiring article, one that will underline the importance of Americanism to Americans. . . . Why, without democracy where would we be today. . . . I wish

that every American citizen could . . ."

He bumbled, coughed, and gasped along for another ten minutes. All I did was nod.

"Well, my boy, I believe you have a pretty fair idea of my feelings. But I want you to understand that this is strictly in the nature of an experiment. Never before have I permitted anyone to write anything for me. I do not believe in it. But the pressure of Senate business in these . . . er . . . parlous times forces me to rely to some extent on others. I know, after talking with you, that I can depend on you for the honesty, integrity, and selflessness which I would demand of myself."

With a sweep of his Senatorial mane he stalked off, then suddenly halted and turned back. "Er . . . one other thing." As if he were trying to swing a vote for one of his pet projects, he took me by the arm and steered me into a corner.

"How much?" he asked.

That was the last time I saw this illustrious lawmaker. For five days I worked on research—in the Department of Agriculture, in the offices of the subcommittee, in the Library of Congress, all over Washington. Then I returned home and wrote my story. It was approved by the editors, retyped, and sent to the Senator for approval. It was returned in two days, approved and signed, and with a note which demanded to know:

"Where's the check?"

I don't know how much he was paid, but I do know his price was higher than what I received. And all for a few minutes of bombast and a signature.

I became a ghost writer not through choice nor through adversity but by sheer accident. Once upon a time I had been a self-respecting newspaper reporter, reveling in the thrills of fires and murders and court trials, existing rather than living on the peanuts which newspapers, in those days, considered adequate substitutes for dollars. Then came war. I enlisted in the Navy, found myself suddenly in Europe attached to the European command's public relations staff.

THERE were admirals, captains, and other brass who remembered little more from their Academy English classes than that they must never split an infinitive. These gold-braided individuals had to make speeches, and occasionally write stories for publication in both British or American magazines. So I was assigned to splitting their infinitives for them in the guise of a ghost writer.

Too many years later, the war ended and I found myself unwilling to return to the penury of a reporter's existence. I beleaguered the magazine editors of New York, looking for work.

Finally I managed to corner an editor

who nurtured a soft spot for the Navy in that great lump of unfeeling tissue which physiologists refer to as a heart. He had had it in World War I.

"Wrote speeches for admirals, huh?" he asked. "Wrote stories for 'em too, huh?" I admitted to what I considered a cardinal sin. "Okay, come on back. Give ya a try."

My enthusiasm knew no bounds. (This is a phrase ghost writers habitually use because they generally can't work up any enthusiasm.) I had a job.

Seven months later I appeared in print. It was a nice story. But it had nothing to do with me. The name under the title and over the text was one which the editor believed was much more important than that which the priest muttered over my scantily clad scalp many years before.

Such is ghostwriting. For eighteen months I labored over the utterances of others. Then, one notable day, my name appeared in print, in actual type. I was, I thought, famous. Ten million people



The year I ghosted an Internal Revenue agent and helped the neighbors

would read my story. Ten million people would have indelibly engraved on their minds my name. Fame, at last, had come.

Phooey! The only response was a letter to the editor demanding to know whether one guy mentioned in the piece was his fourth cousin and, if so, why wasn't his name spelled correctly?

So I continued to be a ghost.

But I've stuck with it. First there was my son. Then my daughter. Then the mortgage. Just recently the car—a euphemism for an oil-burning heap of junk—and the (ab)normal bills stacked up by the demands of a family which insists on such luxuries as a red cocker

spaniel and a black and malevolent cat. These expensive appurtenances seem perfectly unconcerned that their livelihood is derived from such a questionable profession as mine.

I have become convinced that a ghost writer is no different from an accountant or an attorney or an ambulance driver. Except that I just can't figure that any of the workers in the foregoing professions can be as frustrated as I am.

IT'S not only lack of recognition, the seeming waste of effort for someone else's benefit, that depresses me. It's the effect of my professional activities on the relations of what should be a normal Catholic family.

Just a few weeks ago I walked into the house late at night after a trip through the Midwest. My children were in bed, but my son awakened at my entrance. He stumbled, groggy-eyed, from his bed, took a querulous glance at me, and asked his mother:

"Who's Daddy this week, Mommie?"

At that point I was a famous comedian. I didn't particularly want to be a comedian, but I had been traveling with the comedian for ten days, and the article which I was supposed to write was supposed to be written by this supposed comedian. So I cracked some of his supposed jokes for an audience consisting of the wife and son. Instead of hearty peals of laughter, I got questioning, raised eyelids from my wife, a yawn from my son.

"Stick to ghosting," my wife advised. "You're funnier then."

It is my wife, too, who has often pondered the nature of the beast to whom she is married. While we were discussing this piece a few nights ago she popped up with this remark: "You think it's tough being a ghost writer. You should be married to one!"

Asked why, she poured forth a stream of comment that sent me rushing to bed with a couple of pillows over my ears. I'll let her take it from here:

"Buster—that's what we call the old ghost when he's in his haunts—regularly assumes the personalities of the individuals he's currently ghosting. At times it becomes pretty depressing."

"There was the psychiatrist, for example. The story was about psychosomatic medicine, the effect of mental disturbances on physical ailments. Buster had talked with the psychiatrist for several days. Then he took off for Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore, interviewing some of the best medical men in the field. He even sat in on several sessions at a medical school in which doctors psychoanalyzed patients."

"The week after his return was a nightmare. He would sit for hours watching the children, saying not a word but

with a queer look on his face. One night he kept me up until four in the morning asking me questions about my childhood, wanting to know if I had ever slapped my sister or run away from home.

"In other words he was trying to psychoanalyze the whole family.

"That's the terrible part about being married to a ghost writer. During the period of research and writing he becomes a temporary expert on the subject he's dealing with. And he makes no bones about it. He knows it all.

"One summer he ghosted a baseball umpire. For two weeks he traveled around the National League with the umpire. When he got home his conversation consisted of little more than grunts and gestures. Each day he would tune in the broadcast of a local baseball game and mutter imprecations under his breath each time a close decision was called. He even went so far as to alienate the friendship of one of our neighbors—a high school baseball coach—by picking violent arguments with him over baseball rules.

"But I guess the worst period of our lives was caused by a story he wrote about income tax chiselers for a high official in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. I'll grant that it was a tough story to write and that the man who signed it was more exacting than most. But I

tives. Night after night my 'tax expert' husband sweated and struggled over problems that would make a CPA scream for help.

"Ironically, that was the year he was forced to pay twenty dollars more on his own income tax because of an error he made in figuring his own liability."

MY WIFE probably has good reason to complain about ghost writers. Not only does she put up with my "experting," she has to stand the gibes of the friends and neighbors who persist in sneering at our contention that I am a writer. The general opinion of the neighborhood in which we live seems to be that I have some kind of a sinecure which pays me well enough to maintain a local social standing equivalent to others nearby.

"Writer, huh?" they will say. "Ya mean ya get paid enough for one story to live a whole year. Whatta racket!"

They will, of course, be referring to the one story a year which, on the average, bears my own name. Despite my protestations, they refuse to believe that I am Senator Phogdome, Umpire McStoogel, or Dr. Twitcher. Nothing I can say will convince them that ghostwriting is a common practice, that even the President of the United States doesn't write his own speeches.

In fact, there are times when I am convinced that some of my friends are somehow ashamed of me. Just the other evening we were invited to a party attended by several couples we had not met before. Our hostess—a lady I like but can't quite admire for her intelligence—took us around the room and introduced us.

One of the guests was a fairly well-known writer who had recently published a novel. As we shook hands our hostess added, after giving my name:

"Oh yes, he's a . . . er . . . writer, too . . . I think."

There are some compensations—if you can call them that—for the embarrassments and disillusion of ghostwriting. Some of the ghostees are so grateful for the effort expended in their names that they actually send gifts to the writer along with gracious notes (probably compounded by another ghost writer.)

One Christmas I received a gorgeous red and black silk tie that must have cost the donor—an entertainer—a good ten dollars. Unfortunately, the decorative motif of the neckwear consisted of a grotesque caricature of the entertainer's face stamped boldly on that section of the tie which would be most noticeable between the lapels of my jacket.

And a Congressman once sent me a flowery letter of appreciation. That was all right with me, but I considered it rather repulsive that he had enclosed

the letter in a simple black wood frame suitable for hanging.

One industrialist evidently thought he was doing me a great favor when he airmailed me a carton of expensive cigarettes from Egypt on one of his world tours. But after one smoke I dumped the whole works in the trash can. They had enough perfume in them to deodorize a slaughter house.

My most bitter memory of the gratitude of the great, however, involves a movie star. We had "collaborated" on a rather stirring batch of lies, and some weeks later I received in the mail a gift order for fifty dollars worth of merchandise on a small but terribly exclusive men's shop in Manhattan. I knew the place by reputation: it numbered among its customers the great and wealthy of stage, screen, and radio, the cream of show business. Ah, I thought, at last I would be able to replace the ragged pajamas which I had bought five years before at \$2.98 a pair.

I strolled confidently into the shop, armed with the courage of that fifty dollars. "I'd like to look at pajamas," I told the clerk who smiled superciliously under a mustache that once must have been a plucked eyebrow. "Yes, sir," he replied, casting a baleful glance at my four-year-old suit.

They were absolutely beautiful. But, knowing the shop's reputation, I estimated they would cost ten to twelve dollars a pair. Boldly I said: "Fine. Give me four pair, assorted colors."

"Yes sir," said the clerk. "That will be one hundred and forty dollars, plus sales tax."

I WALKED out of the joint with two shirts, a pair of socks, and a very deflated ego. I've only worn one of the shirts once. Peppermint stick and olive-green stripes are not considered *de rigueur* in the social set in which I move. For several months I have been tempted to send the darned things to the movie star as a gift from an anonymous fan. However, I'm not sure if they're the right size. Besides my wife has indicated that she is short of dish towels.

Evidently there is no way out of this ghostwriting racket. The editors of *THE SIGN* asked me to write an article about ghostwriting and I agreed, but I had to stipulate that I couldn't use my own name. So, when you get right down to it this is being ghostwritten by a ghost.

But I think the ultimate in ghostwriting is a short novel which I am planning to do next. It's about a ghost writer who is being ghostwritten by a real, honest-to-gosh, four-ply, sheet-shrouded, chain-clanking ghost, and I'm going to ghost-write it with the idea of getting the best ghost writer in the business to sign his name to it.



Two shirts, a pair of socks, and a deflated ego. No pajamas

still claim Buster didn't have to noise the word around the neighborhood that he was an expert on income tax matters.

"For a solid month before the March 15 income tax deadline, people came in virtually a steady stream to the front door, asking my husband to help them with their tax declarations. Many we knew—friends and neighbors—but some were friends of friends or even distant rela-



*"What took you so long?"
Halvorsen's voice boomed*

Take over, MISTER!

Matt would vanquish Halvorsen's scorn, or die trying

by WILLIAM H. PERROTT

SWAYING on the bridge wing of the storm-tossed Coast Guard cutter "Jefferson," Matt Regan suddenly saw the cutter's self-bailing lifeboat stagger out from under the stern of the freighter wallowing off their bow.

The stocky young ensign frowned as he put his glasses on the self-bailer that was packed to the gunwales with the freighter's crew. Halvorsen wasn't there. There wouldn't be any missing the massive figure of the cutter's executive officer who had gone over to the freighter to see how desperately she'd been hurt.

Vainly Matt's glasses swept the freighter, a Mediterranean tramp of five thousand tons named "Papanika," for a glimpse of Halvorsen. The tramp's rust-streaked hull, already listing fifteen degrees, as closely as Matt could figure with her rolling so, was shuddering under the lashing of the seas. She had on barely enough way to answer her rudder and was as sluggish as a water-soaked log. Halvorsen wasn't supposed to have stayed with her, and that probably meant trouble.

But to give the devil his due, Matt had to admit that if Halvorsen hadn't been able to handle whatever had developed, nobody would. Lieutenant-Commander Halvorsen acted and sounded more like a leather-lunged bucko mate left over from the days of sail than the executive officer of a modern cruising cutter, but he was also one of the finest seamen in the service.

Slowly and painfully, the self-bailer fought its way through the giant, gray-black seas toward the cutter. When it was within hailing distance, Captain Barlow, commanding officer of the "Jefferson," came out onto the wing and leaned over the rail to shout through a megaphone:

"Where's the exec?"

In the bow of the self-bailer, Jenkins, the chief boatswain's mate, lifted his dripping face to the bridge. His voice floated up indistinctly, muffled and garbled by the wind. "... On ship ... hurt ..."

Anxiously, Matt watched the boat work up alongside the cutter and Jenkins swing aboard and hurry up to the bridge. According to Jenkins, Mister Halvorsen said the tramp was too far gone to save. With her list, which was increasing steadily, she couldn't launch the boats on her high side, and the others had been too battered to be seaworthy.

Besides, a half-dozen of her crew had been so badly hurt that they couldn't safely be transferred by boat. Cargo had shifted on them immediately after the collision, while they were below trying to repair the damage. It was the shifted cargo that had given the tramp her initial list, but the water that was still pouring into her was increasing it steadily.

Unconsciously, Matt pulled his jacket more snugly about his shoulders. Part of the reason was the chill of the early April morning, bleak and whipped by the North Atlantic gale. Part of it was the prospects facing the injured men.

"Mister Halvorsen says she ain't good for much longer, Cap'n," Jenkins was adding soberly, "and it looked to me as if he was hurt pretty bad himself. He was following her old skipper up a ladder when the old man slipped and fell on him. Mister Halvorsen wouldn't say how bad it was—just said he'd stay to see what he could do."

"Very well, Chief," Barlow said deliberately. "Prepare to return to the freighter for the rest of the uninjured.

And you, Mister Regan," he went on, turning to Matt, "have the breeches buoy and stretcher prepared immediately."

"Begging your pardon, sir," Jenkins added hastily, "but Mister Halvorsen also asked you to send Mister Regan here back over to lend him a hand."

Matt's thunderstruck gaze moved slowly from the chief out across the leaping water to the sinking ship. Halvorsen, who had shown plainly during the two years Matt had been aboard that he rated the young ensign as only slightly more competent than the greenest apprentice seaman, had asked that Matt be sent over to help him! Abruptly, Matt realized that the captain was looking thoughtfully at him.

"I don't know . . ." Barlow began doubtfully.

MATT made a quick decision. He'd taken everything Halvorsen had thrown at him so far. He couldn't stop here. Besides, those injured seamen needed someone in a hurry.

"With your permission, Captain, I'd like to go," he interrupted quietly. A touch of irony crept into his voice. "Mister Halvorsen probably had something special in mind for me."

"Probably," Barlow agreed. "Probably." His lips twitched almost as if he were repressing a smile. "Very well, Mister Regan—permission granted."

As the self-bailer—empty now except for its three-man crew and Matt and the boatswain's mate—made its jarring, crashing way through the combers, spray and green water plastered Matt's clothes to his husky frame; and his lips curled in wry anticipation of what the meeting with Halvorsen would be like.

Matt hadn't always despised the exec

so. Before the war, the boisterous, colorful Halvorsen had been to the young Regan an idol second only to the boy's own father, himself a commander in the service. It had been the elder Regan who had helped bring Halvorsen along in the service, and Halvorsen's loyalty, in turn, had been a by-word throughout the service.

Then with the war, things happened quickly—the death of Matt's father when his ship was sunk, Matt's graduation from high school and his admission to the Coast Guard Academy at New London. During those years, Matt lost touch completely with Halvorsen until, as a newly commissioned ensign, he reported aboard the "Jefferson" and found Halvorsen as her exec. And then . . .

The shouted orders of the coxswain working the self-bailer up under the Jacob's ladder that hung over the lee side of the doomed tramp snapped Matt back to the present. Timing himself carefully, the ensign snatched at the ladder from the top of a swell. Immediately the boat was swept out from beneath him, but strong hands reached down to help him as he hauled himself up to the deck.

"Thanks," he breathed heavily to the ship's officer, evidently the first mate,

who'd helped him. "With her rolling that way I . . ."

"Stow the small talk, Mister," Halvorsen's voice boomed from behind the mate. "What took you so long?"

A typical Halvorsen greeting, Matt thought dourly as he looked past the mate. No matter how he tried, he never satisfied the man; yet Matt knew in his heart he wasn't nearly that bad a junior officer. But when he saw the exec, he felt a pang that didn't jibe at all with the way he'd been telling himself he felt about the exec.

Halvorsen was sitting on the deck with his back against the bulkhead, trying to hold his crudely splinted left leg motionless. Despite the tight lines of pain around his mouth, his mahogany face still looked years younger than his actual forty, and there was still the appearance of tremendous strength in his tall, broad frame.

"Sorry, sir," Matt replied coolly, walking over and crouching beside the injured man and feeling as he did the "Papanika" trembling beneath him. "Heavy traffic. What's happened?"

Halvorsen looked up at him sharply, but Matt returned the gaze without blinking. Matt hadn't expected favors in the service because of his father's

memory. He wouldn't have accepted any. But the complete reversal of Halvorsen's attitude toward him seemed clear enough proof that the exec's feeling for his father hadn't been genuine. In short, the exec had played the elder Regan for a fool, and the thought was a continuous, rankling canker in Matt's mind.

"Looks as if I cracked my leg," Halvorsen growled. "And her old skipper in there," he jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the deckhouse, "really got hurt. The ship? She'll go anytime."

Tersely he outlined the situation for Matt. The watch officer on the tramp had seen the almost-submerged derelict too late in the predawn darkness to avoid it, and the freighter had been holed in three-four places from just abaft the collision bulkhead back to the fireroom.

The water was still gaining on the ship's wheezing pumps, and the bulkhead between the flooded space and fireroom was already bulging from the pressure. As soon as that bulkhead gave way and the intruding water reached the fired boilers . . . Halvorsen spread his hands expressively.

But in spite of the danger, the freighter needed steam to maintain steer-

He hurled himself at the struggling man and dragged him from the ladder



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

age way so that the "Jefferson" could keep a relatively constant position abeam, something impossible for ships dead in the water in a seaway like this. Otherwise, they'd probably be unable to use the breeches buoy for the injured.

"If we could do something about that bulkhead, we'd have a chance," Halvorsen concluded. "I had the mate here get some timbers below for shores, but with this—this blasted leg . . . !" The exec clenched his hamlike fist and glared down at his twisted leg.

"Take a look below, Jenkins," Matt ordered the chief who'd climbed aboard soon after him, and walked far enough aft to see across to the cutter. Barlow was working the "Jefferson" up as close abeam to windward as prudence would allow, and maybe just a little closer.

"They're getting ready to send over the lines," Matt said, returning to the exec's side. "Think you could be carried around to that side to handle it from this end?"

"You think I'm crippled?" Halvorsen snapped.

"Just asking, sir," Matt snapped back, turning to the mate who was standing nearby. "You speak English?"

The mate nodded and shrugged at the same time.

"Good. Send four of your best men below with me. Have two carry Mister Halvorsen around and help him set up the breeches buoy. Then start getting the rest of your men who aren't hurt away in our boat."

Matt started to turn away from the mate, then stopped. "Oh yes—how's your helmsman?"

"I GIVE you the four men, no promises," the mate replied in thick broken English. "All good men in there." He jerked his head toward the deckhouse. "The ones who were below and get hurt. The rest . . ." He spat disgustedly over the side. "But the helmsman all right."

Matt nodded and turned toward the fireroom hatch.

"Wait a minute, Mister," Halvorsen called after him.

Matt stopped, one foot already across the shin-high combing. Halvorsen's face was flushed, but his stern, craggy features looked almost concerned and his voice was oddly gentle when he spoke.

"We're in a tough spot, Mister—as tough as you'll ever see. So you don't have to try to get yourself killed trying to prove anything." He waved an enormous hand. "Now take over, Mister."

Matt frowned to himself as he went down the ladder, hardly noticing the overpowering heat and sickening smell of oil that closed about him. Down in the fireroom, he found Jenkins and the ship's engineer, who had been keeping

an eye on the fires, staring glumly at the bulging bulkhead.

"No good, Mister Regan," Jenkins said gloomily.

Matt saw it had been a minor miracle that the worn and rusted metal had lasted that long, but briskly he took off his cap and jacket as he looked over the four men who had reluctantly followed him below at the mate's order. Maybe they wouldn't be able to understand him, but he'd feel better if he had his say.

"We're keeping this bucket afloat somehow until the wounded get off." He looked steadily from one sullen, suspicious face to the other, and his eyes narrowed. "It'll be rough, but it'll be rougher for anyone who dogs it. Now snap to!"

At the sharp note of command in his voice, they turned to with a better will than he'd expected. What followed was a blur later in Matt's mind. Dripping with sweat and floundering through the oil and water that sloshed across the deck plates, he somehow built up makeshift shores that carried most of the pressure from the straining bulkhead

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• Some of us believe that genius is inherited; others have no children.

—COUNTRY GENTLEMAN  
~~~~~

to the frames, beams, and whatever strength members he could reach.

Finally he stepped back and wiped his eyes clear of the blood that trickled down from the cut on his forehead where he'd fetched up against a stanchion. That should hold it. But in the same breath, one of the seamen suddenly howled in terror, pointing a trembling finger at a weeping seam that was slowly cracking open down the center of the bulkhead just above the deck plates.

Even as they watched in horrible fascination, the seam cracked open, loosing a swiftly growing stream of water into the fire room. The terrified seaman who had first noticed it whirled and scrambled toward the ladder leading to the main deck.

"Knock it off, sailor," Matt called calmly, grasping him by the arm. "It's not that bad."

The fear-crazed seaman struck out wildly. One flailing fist caught Matt on the cheekbone, sending him staggering back. The ensign was dazed for an instant, but he hurled himself back at the

struggling man and dragged him from the ladder. This was no time to lose his control of them. He was scared himself, but lives hung in the balance.

Precisely, Matt stepped inside the bigger man's wind-milling arms to hook a short left to the jaw and follow with a jolting right just above the belt. The seaman doubled over the blow with a moan but still struggled to get past him up the ladder. Again Matt straightened him up with a left, wincing as teeth cut into his knuckles, and knocked him sprawling with an open-handed slap behind the ear.

"Have your hysterics on your own time!" Matt grated, whirling to face the three other seamen.

All the time he'd been battling the one man, he'd been deathly afraid of the rest rushing him. Even one man hitting the deck out of his head with fear could start a panic they'd never be able to control. Then Matt saw Jenkins. The chief was standing with his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, idly swinging a heavy hammer in his right hand.

"Guess nobody wanted to go any place so bad after all," the chief grinned.

"Guess not, Chief," Matt replied between deep gulps of the stifling air. "Okay—peel," he ordered the trio briskly, setting the example by pulling off his own shirt and picking up the jacket he'd thrown aside earlier.

"Now a deck plate," he demanded when he'd gathered a sizeable wad of clothing. With the help of one of the seamen, he jammed the clothing against the parted seam and backed it with the steel plate.

"Shore it up," he finally grunted over his straining shoulder when he was satisfied with the position of the plate. Only when a stout timber had been fitted into place and wedges were being driven home did he relax and step back. Water still seeped through in considerable quantity, but it wasn't flowing nearly so freely as before.

"SHE'LL do for a bit longer, sir," Jenkins said wearily beside him. "But from the feel of her, she's ready to start down for keeps."

Matt knew the chief was right. All the time they'd been working he'd felt the freighter becoming more sluggish, and now she was listing better than twenty degrees. Nothing more could be done below to justify the risk of being trapped below if she were suddenly overwhelmed, so after making sure the boilers would be fed oil until the water reached them, he ordered everyone topside.

It wasn't until he reached the deck that he realized just how desperate the situation had become. Between the list and riding so low in the water, the "Papanika" was rolling her lee rail under.

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WILLIAM H. PERROTT holds a B.A. in English from Manhattan College. After the war, during which he served 3½ years with the Coast Guard, he turned his hand to fiction writing.

Halvorsen was propped against a stanchion, directly under where the breeches buoy's lines had been made fast to the boat deck. The stretcher itself was swinging across the open water, almost to the "Jefferson."

Halvorsen looked curiously from the battered face of the seaman with whom Matt had fought to the cut over the ensign's eye and the bloody handkerchief he'd wrapped around his torn knuckles.

"Have a little trouble?" the exec asked mildly.

"We can't buy any more time," Matt replied shortly. "That bulkhead's coming apart like wet paper. How do we stand?"

"That's the last litter case," Halvorsen told him cheerfully, pointing a long, dripping arm toward the stretcher. "All the rest are off, too, except the men with you and the helmsman, and we can all get into the boat."

He looked up strangely at Matt. "Looks as if you did it, Mister," he said quietly, with a note in his voice that Matt couldn't fathom.

Matt's lips curled bitterly. "Think they'll give me a medal?"

Instead of feeling the triumph he'd expected, he was sick from the heat and smell of the fireroom and chilled to the bone by the wind that knifed through his thin wet undershirt. Turning his back on Halvorsen, he spoke to the mate who had been standing by the Jacob's ladder.

"SEND the commander here over in the stretcher—and hit him with a spanner if he won't stay quiet for you," he added sourly when Halvorsen roared in outraged protest. "Then lay into the boat with the rest of your men. I'm going up to relieve your helmsman."

When Matt swung into the wheelhouse, the man at the wheel was sagging in exhaustion, his face etched deeply with the strain of holding the dying freighter on the steady course that meant safety to the men using the breeches buoy. Matt stepped up alongside him and laid his own hands on the wheel.

"Go lay into the boat, sailor. I've got her."

The seaman nodded wearily and stumbled from the deckhouse. Matt settled himself behind the wheel, and as he braced himself against the strain, he thought involuntarily of the fireroom. Even if the shores were still holding the bulkhead, the water pouring through the weakening seam should be nearing the boilers. Impatiently he shook his head. This wasn't the time to start thinking.

Then abruptly he laughed aloud. Halvorsen was just being swung out over the side, and strapped though he was, he

somehow managed to free one arm to wave a hamlike fist at the wheelhouse as he dipped and swayed across the open water.

"Okay, Mister," Matt chuckled. "You'll get in your licks back on the 'Jeff.' But I've shown you, blast your barnacles—I've shown you!"

Suddenly, he realized with a shock that he was thinking of Halvorsen with affectionate respect, just as he used to before reporting aboard the cutter. And with a further shock, he realized he hadn't really hated, not even disliked, the exec deep down in his heart. Hurt by Halvorsen's inexplicable coldness and sternness, Matt had adopted a shell of cynical bitterness in self-defense. But that's all it had been—a shell.

And Matt also remembered the exec's congratulating him down on the main deck. The note Matt hadn't been able to identify had sounded like pride. The ensign shook his head in bewilderment as he struggled with the bucking wheel until the stretcher finally cleared the side of the "Jefferson."

"Now to get off this bucket myself before I get blown off," he muttered.

Letting the wheel fly, he dashed from the wheelhouse and clattered down the ladder to the main deck. The coxswain had been holding the self-bailer just off the freighter's quarter, and to Matt's relief was already beginning his approach to the side of the "Papanika." By the time Matt arrived breathless at

the cutter, they could see the "Papanika" only when they poised briefly on the crests. Sea after sea was breaking across her as she rolled helplessly in the trough. Suddenly, when the self-bailer was almost to the cutter, there was a thundering roar that seemed to come from the sea itself. When they next saw the freighter, she was sagging like an animal with a broken back.

"Thanks, Mister," the mate said softly to Matt.

On the "Jefferson's" bridge, Barlow listened attentively while Matt gave him a brief report of what had happened.

"Thank you, Mister Regan," the captain said when Matt had finished. "That was well done. Now you'd better drop down to sick bay to have your forehead looked after." His eyes twinkled. "I think Mister Halvorsen might like to have a few words with you down there, too. His leg was broken, you know."

Barlow must have seen the uncertainty that crossed Matt's face as the ensign turned away because he called, "Mister Regan—a moment longer, please."

"Sir?" Matt asked, again facing him.

Barlow looked thoughtfully at him for a moment, then took a deep breath. "I may be talking out of turn, Mister Regan," he began, "but I think it's time somebody said something. You see, the only thing wrong between you and the exec is that he's going to make you the best officer in the service or kill you both trying!"

## FOR A CHILD

BY SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.

*I found the King where roses bloomed,  
Perfect against a wall;  
I found the Master in the grace  
Of lilies, white and tall.*

*I found the Father of the poor  
In roadside blossoms wild;  
And in the cornflower blue and slim  
I found the gentle Child.*

*I loved Him in His myriad ways—  
In roses and the rest;  
But of the Gardeners I found,  
I loved the Child the best.*

the top of the ladder, the boat was just coming up under it.

But instead of using the ladder, Matt leaped headlong into the boat when it was lifted high on a wave and the freighter's rail dipped low beside it.

"Get out of here!" he shouted hoarsely to the coxswain, and they just did claw clear as the freighter swung menacingly over them.

Dipping as they were into the valleys of the long, deep swells on the way to

HE nodded emphatically when Matt stared in frank disbelief. "That's right, son. You should have seen how pleased he was to hear you were coming aboard. But he was so afraid that giving you special attention would look like coddling that he went to the other extreme. That's why he was on your tail all the time—trying to make you letter-perfect. Said if you couldn't take it, now was a good time to find it out."

Barlow smiled slightly. "Personally, I think he also wanted to prove a Norwegian could be as stubborn as an Irishman."

Matt was still staring blankly at the captain, but already he was realizing how things now made sense, even why Halvorsen had sounded proud over on the "Papanika." Gradually a sheepish grin spread over his face.

"I guess I should have figured something of the sort by myself, Captain," he admitted shamefacedly. "Thanks for setting me straight. But," he added, squaring his shoulders, "I'd better get down to sick bay and see what he has to say."

His grin split his face even wider. "And after the way I treated him today, they'll probably have some tooth-marks to cauterize as well!"

# While the Children Sleep

She was an ardent Communist, and wife of the editor of the *Daily Worker*, but the children were growing—and so was her fear

by MARGARET BUDENZ

NO MATTER how trite the expression, "All roads lead to Rome," during the Holy Year thousands of the faithful from all parts of the globe made the pilgrimage by land, sea, or air to the Eternal City. Some of us had to stay at home and make our pilgrimage a spiritual one only. For those outside the Faith, all roads can lead to the Church—returning to the fold for some, entering for the first time for others. I am one of those who found her particular road to Rome less than five years ago. And little did I realize, not too many years ago, how the crooked paths I trod would indeed lead to the altar rail.

One of the most surprising things about becoming a Catholic is the fact that, out of the very experiences which point away from religion, one can find the grace to become a Christian. When I review my own life, I often wonder how I could have turned away completely and finally from materialism and atheism when I was educated for an existence without God. That is one of the most astounding mysteries of the gift of Faith.

DURING my childhood, my student years, and particularly in my adult activities, I had not one thought of the Blessed Mother. I never once pondered the magnificence of God. I did not consider the Resurrection and the establishment of the true Church as anything worth the consideration of a sophisticated person. Yet today, these things are all woven into my life, and the lives of my children who were conditionally baptized with me, as firmly as though I were born in the Faith.

Religion in my childhood home was not a part of our daily bread-and-butter existence. My father was a North Irish Unitarian and my mother a German Lutheran, and theirs was in a sense a "mixed marriage," performed by a Presbyterian clergyman. I remember back to the evening the three of us—my

brother, sister, and I—were baptized in the front parlor of our home, with the water in our best cut-glass lemonade pitcher. We started to Sunday School in a small Presbyterian church, where one of my aunts was a teacher. I remember only the "entertainments" put on for the parents and the colored pictures passed out for attendance. When we moved to another neighborhood, we went to a Methodist Sunday School.

I cannot understand why we were sent to this particular church, as my family disapproved of the minister and openly criticized his "Blue Law" sermons and his public stand against card playing, smoking, drinking, and dancing, all of which were done in moderation in our home. The conflict was always disturbing to me, and I wished that my family would conform to the standards of the church. I don't remember that anybody except my paternal grandfather ever attended church from our household, but on a nice day he would sometimes dress up in his best clothes, including a hawthorne cane, and ceremoniously depart for church. As he lived in our house, this made a lasting impression on me. My mother always said she was too busy to go out on Sunday morning.

BUT even the German Lutheran grandparents gave only lip-service to religion. They were married by a minister and paid annual dues at the German Evangelical church in our home town. This grandfather laid away his wedding clothes for his burial fifty years later. Often when I visited their home, I would watch my grandmother brush and air the black suit in the backyard and then carefully return it to a wooden chest in the attic. But I never heard of either of them going to a church service.

My mother now talks about her early years at home, and after sitting with us in my home while we had our evening

prayers, after we became Catholics, she expressed her approval of this practice. With a touching nostalgia, she recounted her own childhood when after supper they would recite the Our Father, sing a hymn, and hear a chapter read from the Bible by her oldest brother. Somewhere along the line, possibly as a revolt against the German culture my grandfather insisted upon for his family, all the children turned away from what they considered a drab and old-fashioned foreign custom.

IT WAS when we three began to go to the Methodist church that we began to see how our family did not accept the religious pattern of the community in which we lived. We were known as Unitarians, as those who did not believe in the Holy Trinity, and the neighbors often wondered if we celebrated Easter or Christmas. These times were principally concerned with the Easter Rabbit and Santa Claus in our household, and we enjoyed them thoroughly, even though we did not hear much of the birth of Our Lord and nothing of the Resurrection. They were pagan holidays. We went to Sunday school fairly regularly, collected the pictures and ribbons for attendance, and went to class parties. We painted pictures in our lesson books, sometimes using the gilt paint smelling of banana oil which our uncle let us use for borders. The lessons themselves had slight meaning. What we did learn was modified by the discussions at home which often made us wonder why we could not believe what the Methodists taught. For my part, I really envied the girls and boys whose parents accompanied them to Sunday school, perhaps teaching classes but in any case sharing the devotions.

When my father died, I was about seven, and I remember nothing but the women relatives in their yards of black crepe and the men in their Masonic aprons. No *Dies Irae* . . . No





**Margaret Budenz. "Like my husband I knew Communism was wrong. Unlike him, I had no faith to fall back on"**

Mass for the departed soul. How bleak it now seems.

When I was twelve, the class I belonged to was being confirmed, and I would have liked to go along with the others. They learned the Apostle's Creed, which I did not, but I remember the explanation of "one Holy Catholic Church," which seemed to surprise all those who were sure they were not "Catholic." When I announced that I was not to be among those in the Confirmation class, the pastor paid a surprise call on my mother one memorable Sunday afternoon. He had never been to our home before. When, through the lace curtains of our front parlor, someone observed him arriving on foot, a bridge game was quickly dispersed and the cards swept away, as card playing alone was bad enough, but card playing on Sunday would have been a scandal! I wondered if my family really thought this was wrong; or if they thought it was all right, why they did not want to be caught playing this game by someone who meant nothing to them.

AT ANY rate, the visit was a formal one, with my mother sitting stiffly listening to the minister, who approached her in a pious way and disagreed with her views without equivocation. I listened through the velvet portieres as my mother patiently explained that I was too young to know what I wanted, could not know my own mind, and would have to wait until I was grown up to decide upon church membership. We called it "joining the church." The Reverend Brown had a way of talking at the ceiling and did what he thought was his duty in trying to convince Mother that one did not wait until adulthood to decide these things. It was all very polite, but both were adamant. From behind the curtains, I knew as far as I was concerned it was hopeless.

When I entered a large university after a long illness, I felt suddenly grown up. We were called men and women, instead of boys and girls. My only purpose in going to college was to learn more about the books I loved to read and to fit myself for a means of earning a living. My family constantly emphasized the more practical aspect of education, and the obligation to make use of my advantages was stressed. I expected much of higher education, but by the time I left with my bachelor's

degree my attitudes and interests had changed greatly.

I really believed I was a confirmed atheist when I left my alma mater, and perhaps I did come close to being one. I paid no attention to my soul and pretended it did not exist. If in my childhood I had no clear ideas of religion or of God, that was a negative thing. Now I was positive God did not exist and religion was a fake philosophy suited only to simple, uneducated folk who could not otherwise explain their being on earth as part of a scientific universe.

My first intellectual jolt, which was quite a severe one, came in a freshman "orientation" course in social science. The purpose of this was to give the young students a world-wide and centuries-old review of history and to show the relationship of one culture to another. This was the basis for all social science courses, in which I became immediately interested, and set the tone for discussions later. The professor was an alleged enemy of stupidity and superstition, and he had a colorful and cynical style which delighted most of the students. We had Catholics, Protestants, and Jews in this course, and some of them were offended, some privately, a very few openly. The alert student laughed at the devout and joined the teacher in ridiculing Christian teachings. He admitted that Our Lord probably lived on earth as a historical fact, had some small influence in His time, but in general was a failure. He scorned the religious Jews as being constantly at some wailing wall. There was nothing in his philosophy to offend any ideas I had been taught, and I concluded he was probably courageous and correct. He was very popular with many of the students and I felt, along with my family, that he had "opened my eyes." Before that time I was inclined to be too esthetic in my opinions. I was not interested in labor unions, or international relations, or politics.

ONE philosophy class was dedicated to the Bible. The first semester was the Old Testament. Many Jewish students elected this course, and the professor, who, ironically enough, boasted of being an Aristotelian, devoted his time to insulting the Jews. Many Jewish students openly objected to his interpretation of the Old Testament, but he held strictly to the line of folk tales and mythology and taught that nobody could

make anything more of these writings. I had no difficulty in passing this course, as I had no feelings one way or another and his interpretation seemed to me satisfactory. Most of these students dropped out for the second semester, the New Testament, but a number of Protestant students filled the same seats. Here we had real battles and hurt feelings over divine things, and of course in particular with relation to the prophecies and the divinity of Our Lord. The scoffings of the professor were painful to many of these students, who after all wanted to pass the course and had to submit in examination papers to the doctrines of our Aristotelian. I felt that the class was of great benefit to me, as I had intelligent reasons for answering those who would argue about such dogmas as they believed in concerning the divinity of

der at the sound wisdom they seem to have as they echo the teachings of the nuns. I never hear them laugh either at the culture of the past or the present, and they have a grave concern for what goes on in the world, not the flippant answers I was so eager to mouth. I now can see how their education, being Catholic, is much more far-reaching and all-inclusive than mine ever could be and their judgments at a younger age more humble.

In fairness to my alma mater, I must say it was not all so bad. There was in the University a professor who was a subject of discussion among my enlightened friends. He taught expository writing and was, of all things, a Catholic converted to the Church in his adult years. We talked about him earnestly, for we could find no fault in him. He

Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. for our operations. I was president of the Y.W.C.A. for one year and attended many student conferences of the so-called student Christian movement. I joined originally because there was a program in the Y.W.C.A. devoted to the "social gospel," and I became much interested in this interpretation of Christianity. Most of the students were Protestants, with one or two Catholics in the active membership. I made friends with some of the leaders of this movement, who spent much time lecturing to students all over the country. Through the influence of one of them, I resigned from the sorority I had joined, on the basis that it was against the principles of the brotherhood of man to belong to such an exclusive organization. The trouble with this group was that it was all brotherhood of man. Obedience to God and His will did not enter in, as I remember, as everyone had his own interpretation of what God consisted in and what it meant to do His will. I was interested solely in the social ideas one might take from the life of Christ. I was an ardent "pacifist," a speaker for socialism, a proponent of "good race relations." I read a modern version of the New Testament and felt that it was necessary to cast aside all tradition and to read the text and make a modern interpretation.



*Mr. and Mrs. Budenz and 3 daughters*



*Julia, 16, with her prize for Latin*

Our Lord, the Virginity of Mary, and even the existence of God.

The experiences of this first year decided my profession. I did my major work in sociology and psychology, and I planned to become a social worker. This involved attending the graduate school of social work. I decided that music and literature were all right as avocations, but I threw myself into the social problems of the day in a fanatical way. My volumes on Walter Pater gathered dust on the shelves as I turned to Hemingway and Dos Passos for leisure reading. Everything old was wrong and everything new was good.

As I look back on my student years, I blush for shame at the ridiculously callow way I selected what I wanted to believe. When I observe my own daughters studying in Catholic schools, I won-

der at the sound wisdom they seem to have as they echo the teachings of the nuns. I never hear them laugh either at the culture of the past or the present, and they have a grave concern for what goes on in the world, not the flippant answers I was so eager to mouth. I now can see how their education, being Catholic, is much more far-reaching and all-inclusive than mine ever could be and their judgments at a younger age more humble.

IT WAS not only in the courses that I learned a way of life I have long since regretted. It was also in the extracurricular activities I enjoyed. There were no liberal or radical clubs permitted on the campus, and so we used the

THERE were times when I honestly tried to pray. I asked one of the leaders, a theological seminary teacher, about this, and he told me about having a "religious experience." I sat quietly in my room for many weeks, an hour or so each attempt, and waited for something to happen. When nothing happened, I felt the man was a fraud to be going around telling students such rubbish about God "talking" to one. He seemed to be such a sincere person that I could not believe that he could be a faker, and I enjoyed talking to him—about myself, I suppose. He always listened very quietly and attentively to everything I said and was quiet and soft in his answers. I gave this up with an impatience that was characteristic of my generation and finally concluded that he sincerely deluded himself.

Thus with both the curricular and the extracurricular aspects of my education pointing away from religion as I know it today, I became finally a materialist. It did not seem honest to take any other course. I felt that I had given religion a chance and that Christ was a failure from the beginning. I felt I had intellectual proof that there was no God, there was no Heaven or Hell, there was nothing left but to make of life the best one could. I had no ideal goal but materialism, and I felt fully justified in rejecting what seemed to me to be hypocrisy.

As I write this, late at night, my four daughters are asleep in their beds. We have said the family Rosary. We have said our Act of Contrition. For them there will be no disillusionment and frustration, for they are all baptized in the Catholic Faith. They go to schools where they are taught positive, not negative truths. They love their fellow men more than I did in my most serious moments of unbelief, because they love God. They believe in the peace of Christ and have Christian charity, because they are taught that these things are the will of God. In their own way through their innocence, I believe they helped me to find the road to Rome.

It was when my two older girls were going to school and bringing home stories of what they learned and did not learn that I began to worry. I loved them in a fierce and possessive way characteristic of the pagan mother. I felt that only I could bring them up and asked nobody's help or advice. And yet I was concerned. Our home was a Communist home. We had Communist books which taught of hate and destruction and class conflict. I began to realize that this would be their heritage. Their friends would be Communists, and if I could accept the economic and moral precepts of Communism for myself and my adult friends, I could not accept them for my children. I felt that in becoming a Communist and an atheist in my adult years following my student days, I had proceeded along a logical course which led in only one direction—the acceptance of materialism and the rejection of the spiritual. But the end of that road was reached and I found a solid wall, a glass mountain. I could not stay on that road, and yet it had no turning. Finally, with the help of my husband, I found the road that leads to eternity, the road to Rome.

**T**HE story of how he turned from Catholicism to Communism and then back to the Church is by now generally known. But for me it was a slightly different problem. He had the difficult task of admitting publicly that he had been wrong and had to humble himself to return to the Faith. But for me, there was no place to return to.

My husband was convinced of my need to become a Catholic earlier than I, but he had heard me say many times, categorically, that I could never become a Catholic. I said this, of course, without ever having attended Mass or talked to a priest or thought about what it meant to be a member of the Mystical Body. My feeling was that I could never conform to the strict obligations entailed by being a Catholic, that I could not give up my notions of a woman's emancipation for what I thought would be a more restricted life

of a Catholic wife and mother. In other words, I was not ready to do the will of God. However, I did want to get away from a pagan existence and worse than that, the stereotyped role of a Communist woman.

My husband was very patient as I tried going to church—a Protestant church—and occasionally attended Mass with him on Sunday. I was ready to let all of my Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist life end, forever, but the bewilderment of what to put in its place overcame me. I could not believe in nothing at all. I had never wanted anarchy. One whole summer I read the Catholic Missal and the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer side by side. I went in turn to both churches. I listened to the sermons.

Finally, a series of decisive incidents formulated my desire to become a Catholic. It may seem strange that outside of talking to my husband about the Church, I had not a single conversation with a Catholic, and so I can say that no living person influenced me, that is, through talking about Catholicism.

On all occasions when we visited my husband's family, who were devoutly religious, there was never a word said to me or to the children. I can now understand that we were a source of great unhappiness to them. As a matter of fact, I would have welcomed an argument about religion with my husband's mother, but she never permitted any occasion to arise. When they said

the Rosary each evening, we went outside and sat on the porch. Nobody invited us to participate. When my three-year-old child asked her grandmother if she could have the rosary beads she found on a table, the quiet reply was: "You will have to ask your father." No, there was no argument or discussion, but I know how prayers were said faithfully year after year by relatives, friends, and priests and nuns who knew that my husband had fallen away from the Faith.

Finally my husband's father died, and almost immediately after his death, my husband told me he wanted to become a Catholic at all costs. I then began to try to pray for the gift of Faith. Intellectually, perhaps, I was ready to be baptized, but I did not really have the Faith. I began to go to Mass with a new determination to find the truth. I had fooled myself so often, this time I wanted to be sure. I had had our three children baptized in the Episcopal Church, but my husband was far from happy about this, and I had to understand why. One Sunday morning the pastor of the Catholic church we attended had a very enlightening sermon. I was sitting at the back of the church, behind a pillar, and I was wondering why so few of the parishioners went to Communion. Probably I was the only one there who was not a Catholic, and suddenly I wanted to be able to go up to the Communion rail and receive Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The sermon that morning was one I shall never forget. The pastor was talking about those within the Church who do the minimum to remain within, who make their Easter duty, attend Mass on Sunday, and abstain from meat on Friday, but who criticize those outside the Fold. I agreed with him wholeheartedly, because I knew how barren was life without the Sacraments.

A few months later, we stepped into a church on a Saturday morning to make a visit with the children. The church was empty, so I had the courage to kneel at the altar rail. Quite simply, with not even a vocal prayer, I received the gift of Faith, and after that I was ready to take instructions and enter the Mystical Body.

**S**OMETIMES now, nearly five years later, I almost envy my four children who are growing up in the Faith, because their lives will be so different from mine. I have learned that "at all costs" really meant that we would be required to do penance for our sins, not only privately, in the confessional, but also publicly. It almost seems strange that nobody was interested in my sins until I was sorry for them. But I know the universality of that; it is the history of the Church.



### Success Story

► At the club, his fellow members had long wondered how Lucius Olderby had gained the first rung on the ladder of success.

"It was quite easy," he explained. "I got my start in life by picking up a pin. I had just applied for a job, unsuccessfully, and was leaving the place when I saw this pin and picked it up."

"I suppose," remarked a suspicious listener, "that your prospective employer was so impressed by your thrift that he hired you?"

"Oh, no," Olderby replied. "I sold the pin. It had a big diamond attached to it!"

—Wall Street Journal





Sister Jeanne Madeleine, left, and Sister Francis Terese recording the "Convent Series" at RCA-Victor Studios in Chicago.

**The Gay Twins were born blind, but that did not prevent them from realizing their two great ambitions**

• Lucille and Isabella Gay of Fari-bault, Minnesota, have given us a success story that ranks with the best of our age. These identical twins were born blind. At eight, they were launched upon a musical career by their father. They studied music by Braille at Nazareth Institute in Montreal and under Dr. Richter of Minneapolis. At eighteen they were giving concerts and were also heard over the leading networks of United States and Canada.

Later another great ambition was realized—they were accepted into the Sisters of the Third Order of Saint Francis and are now teaching music to the blind.



After attaining musical fame, the Gay Twins had another dream to realize—they entered the Novitiate of Sisters of Saint Francis.



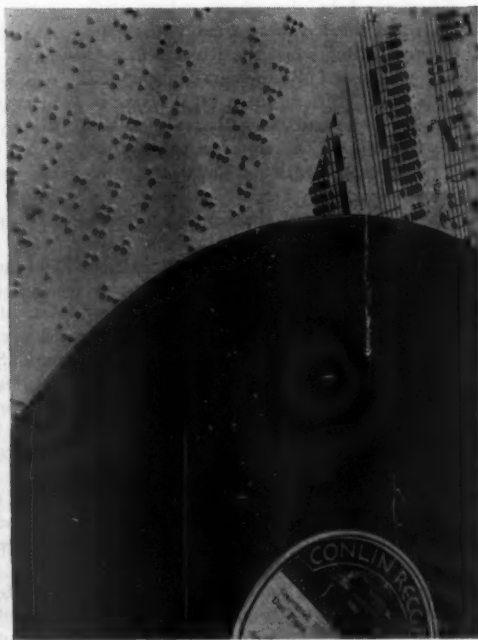
Sister Jeanne Madeleine reads Braille with right hand as she memorizes the music with the left hand.



Sister Mara plays a score while Sister Jeanne Madeleine records it on a Braille typewriter.



At a school for the deaf, the twin Sisters play while the children interpret the music by vibrations on their fingers.



The three steps: Sisters hear the music, type it in Braille, and then record it.

# The Surprising Story of KOLA

I was collecting my books and my notes in an effort to dash off to give my lecture and was paying no heed to the voices and the obvious commotion going on in the hall, when the door suddenly burst open and Miss Maria, red and perplexed, appeared before me.

"They have come," she announced.

It was evident who "they" were. It was March, 1945, the place was Kraków, Poland, and there was only one meaning to be read into "they" at that time, just as during the war there had been the other "they."

Annoying and inauspicious as this piece of information was, I felt more inclined to be amused by my landlady's appearance than shocked by her news. The event she was announcing was inevitable, and we, as well as all the others in Kraków and all over Poland, had to put up with it. I had resigned myself to it long before.

By now we were quite familiar with the constant remarks and criticism shot at us from all sides by our "liberators." All of us were taking them rather unwillingly, none of us could help being emotional about them, and what with the constant robbery, looting, rape, and every conceivable atrocity that we had to suffer at their hands, the feeling of resentment was growing more and more intense. Add to it the feeling of betrayal experienced by the whole nation with regard to the Russians' treatment of the Warsaw rising, when the Russian armies under Marshal Rokossovski suspended their operations in front of Warsaw in August, 1944, and cynically watched the death of the valiant city, and the picture of our relations with the Russians would be complete.

There were very few among us who were capable of displaying a calm, philosophical attitude toward the Russians' self-assumed privilege of sneering openly at our "backward" bourgeois mentality and ways of life. In our forced dealings with them we saw only the needless repetitions of the same pattern of boastfulness, ruthlessness, uncivil criticism, rudeness, and savagery beyond any description, and that ever-present inferiority complex manifest in every sentence of theirs: "With us in Russia it is different; there is plenty of everything there," or the ever-recurrent words "our culture," uttered by those peasant boys and girls. We thought we all knew what to expect of those mechanized brains.

The amused smile of Helena, my roommate, was there to greet me on my return home in the evening. "Oh yes, those Russians," went rapidly through

**A Polish political refugee tells this authentic  
and touching story about a Russian soldier who  
wants the world to know God still lives in Russia**

**by MARIA SAMBORSKA**

**ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO**

my mind. The pile of papers I brought with me had to be corrected, and some reading done, and I felt little inclined to give any more thought to those Russians. After all, what can we expect in this war?

Miss Maria came into our room. The news she had to announce to us was not very palatable. "They will have to pass through your room on their way to the bathroom," she said.

Helena accepted it stoically. I heaved a sigh of horror.

And so our coexistence with the Russians started. I often wondered if the two Russians billeted with us felt happy in that house full of women ranging in age from thirty to well over eighty. All of us were career women, busy all day long at our work, and all of us were highly individualistic, if not downright eccentric.

Old Miss Maria, small and perishable looking, was an awe-inspiring person, what with her authoritative voice and a pair of eyes throwing darts and fire. We all trembled before her openly. Her maid, Salusia, according to our universal opinion, a half-crazy loon, was another awe-inspiring character. We all trembled before her, too, and did not dare to enter her premises.

The billeted Russians had very little to do with any of us; their use of the bathroom was limited to the morning and evening walk through our room. All of us entered upon that period of our life with understandable fears and forebodings. Yet the behavior of our two Russians was a source of constant surprise. Severe and uncompromising as we grew in our judgment about the Russians in general, we could not help ad-

mitting to ourselves that "our" Russians behaved with the utmost tact and discretion. We could not fail to see that they did their best not to annoy us, and were almost apologetic for having to use the bathroom and pass through our room before six in the morning and late at night. No door was ever so gently closed, no step ever tried to be lighter than that of our two Russians.

Sometimes in the evening one of them would stop for a while to inquire about Helena's health. She was known to be ailing a little.

LITTLE by little those stops became prolonged and grew into little visits. The days were longer, too, and we were in the midst of the month of May. In our room there was a little bower of lilac, white narcissi, and forget-me-nots before the figure of Our Lady. The candles were lit there in the evening. One of the Russians stopped once to inquire about the meaning of it. Miss Maria hastened to explain that May is the month dedicated to Our Lady, and all over Poland, in every nook and corner, such little altars are set up, and the people say the Litany to Our Lady and sing special May songs.

The Russian nodded in understanding.

Our two Russians looked so much alike that someone of us even ventured to ask if they were brothers. This was not so. One of them was from Kharkov and the other from Orel. The Kharkov man spoke of the beauty of the wide steppes in the spring. The Orel man was longing for his birch woods. To each of them, his was the only spot in the whole world where life was worth living. Kola,



One day Kola showed up with roses. "I noticed," he said, "your flowers were wilted"



the Kharkov man, had a divided love and loyalty. He confessed to us that he preferred Melitopol to Kharkov. There he had lived for the last few years prior to the war. From there he had gone into the army and his family had fled the Germans. There he expected to return and live with his family again. There were wonderful cherries in that part of the country, and he spoke of them with the same devotion as of his family. His cherry trees, his garden, his home, his family—these turned out to be the favorite topics, popping in and out of our conversation.

Both our Russians were reserve officers. Vanya, the Orel man, was an engineer; Kola, a bookkeeper. Their short, stocky figures dressed in those voluminous Russian trousers and loose tunics only served to accentuate their bearlike semblance. Their round, ruddy faces, with slightly protruding cheekbones, gray eyes, short-cropped blond hair, were almost identical in expression. All over the town one could see similar stocky men, similar round, ruddy faces.

The Ukrainian was the more talk-

ative of the two. Not that either of them was at first too eager to talk with us, or too anxious for our sympathy and understanding. The Orel man was rather depressed, and we soon learned that he had no family to go to, both his wife and his children having perished during some German pacification. On the contrary, Kola was beaming with happiness as the time of his leaving for Melitopol approached.

That feminine household of ours made him somehow more aware of his loneliness and must certainly have increased his homesickness and his readiness to talk with us. Soon the photograph of his family made its appearance, showing a heavy-set, buxom woman, surrounded by five exact reproductions of herself and her husband. The man seemed to be extremely devoted to his family. We were amused to see him kiss the picture and look at it fondly. He was not reluctant to inform us that the picture kept him constant company at his meals and that in the evening he transferred it from his pocket to the bedside table.

Kola had some kind of administrative job at the hospital across the street, in one of the city schools. The street, all the streets, the Planty park, the whole town were full of Russian wounded soldiers, hobbling on their crutches, parading around in their white hospital garb, showing each other "their" watches stolen from Germans and non-Germans alike. Groups of convalescing Russians squatted on the lawns in front of the university, discussing all the virtues of various watches, cameras, field glasses, and the like.

THE streets were also full of non-wounded Russians, regular soldiers passing through Kraków in trucks and motor vehicles piled up high with all sorts of loot from Germany. There were also whole truckloads of horses and cattle going east. Veritable herds of cattle were also seen in the streets, being driven all the way to Russia. We were most sorry about the plight of those poor, exhausted animals. None of us expected them ever to get there.

Once a herd of skeletonlike, skinny buffaloes, herded at some forest reservation, were seen grazing in the park. It was simply inhuman to drag them any further.

Like all of us, Helena felt outraged at the inhuman treatment of the animals. She asked Kola the reasons for driving those phantoms of beasts so far away on foot. The reason he gave us was not new to us. It was in retaliation for the German spoliation of the Russian economy, the necessity of replenishing their own livestock, and after all they had the right to take back what the Germans had robbed them of.

"Nothing new, we all know that. But why drive poor, dying creatures, like those buffaloes? They will never get beyond Kraków, and what's the use of it?" said Helena.

Kola was making a visible effort to think of an argument. Finally he said: "We need them for a Zoo in Russia."

The temperature of indignation in the city over the animals was at a nice, hot boiling point. All the animosity, the irritation of the people at the many humiliations suffered at their hands now turned against the Russians for their ill-treatment of the animals. Somehow this idiocy had affected all of us, veterans of the war, of prisons and concentration camps, familiar with the most perverse and refined ways of torture. Our eyes had looked upon many a cruel and nasty thing done by man to man. We thought that animals were exempt from the suffering. Vain and silly ideas.

One evening, engrossed with the stu-

dent English papers I was scanning, I was somehow annoyed to hear the door squeak lightly on its hinges and the bearlike Kola enter the room. He stopped, eager to talk. The subject was the buffaloes, or rather Miss Maria and the buffaloes. Gripping his head with both his hands and shaking it to and fro, Kola started to acquaint us with the nature of Miss Maria's attack upon him.

"Well, you know, the old one, she certainly was an angry one today. Why, she said that we are cruel people and we do not deserve to be entrusted with the care of the animals and that all we do is just to spite the people and that she always thought that Russians were good and kindhearted people, but now she is convinced that they are no better than the Germans, and all that because of those mangy buffaloes."

We were in for a long argument.

I always listened with amusement to Helena's conversations with Kola. None of us spoke any Russian. I used a little Ukrainian, which I remembered from my childhood, hoping fondly that it would do the job. It certainly did not. I could not help admiring Helena, who simply invented a language of her own, using Polish words either pronounced, as she thought, *à la Russe*, or given some endings and inflections which she took to be characteristic of the Russian language. She had no end of patience in using this *Volapük* of hers in her conversations with Kola. And, to be fair, Kola on his part displayed as much patience in trying to understand her idiom.

NOW Helena was patiently trying to explain to Kola the reasons for our disapproval. She even mentioned the existence of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at which Kola popped out his round eyes in amazement. Obviously he had never heard of such a thing.

Kola's argument was: Why make so much fuss over animals, especially in times when human life is so cheap?

"You probably have not suffered enough in this war," was Kola's ultimate verdict.

Helena was at it again, explaining patiently that no living thing, be it man or animal, should be lightly treated, unnecessarily exposed to suffering and cruelty. In such horrid times as ours, each of us should be even nicer and kinder to men and beasts alike, if only to atone for the sufferings of the millions. "And you Russian people at heart are good, kind, sensitive beings. We have always heard that about you. That's why we are surprised at your treatment of animals."

"So much fuss over those 'German'

beasts," Kola muttered as he left the room.

His little visits with us became more and more prolonged, the chats grew more and more personal, his home, his family, the war in Russia keeping the predominant part. Occasionally there would be some boastful remarks about the achievements, technical and other, of his country, but on the whole he would spare us the propaganda. The same was the case with Vanya, who was an assiduous visitor of old Miss Maria. They talked literature, history, and folklore to their mutual satisfaction. Kola was far more primitive, and his field of interest was a limited one.

On St. John's eve, I arrived home later than usual, too tired to think about anything else but my supper: a bowl of sour milk and a dish of buckwheat groats, which Salusia was keeping



*Masses and masses of Russian soldiers were going home now through Krakow*

hot for me. Kola was in the room, and Helena was busy arranging some lovely white and red roses before the altar. There was a slight look of embarrassment in Kola's eyes when Helena told me that he had brought these flowers.

"I got them near the Sukiennice, where there are those masses of flowers on sale. This morning I noticed that your flowers there"—pointing at the altar—"were not fresh any longer, so I brought you some." We were deeply touched. We thought that we liked Kola better and better every day.

Our evenings together became more and more frequent. Now Kola would read us letters from his wife, written on very coarse paper, folded together, and sent out without the benefit of an envelope. We had always heard that paper is a very rare commodity with the Russians. The people were coming back

from the war, to find their houses devastated, their families gone. Kola considered himself supremely fortunate to have lost not a single member of his family. Now his wife was there, trying to rebuild their home.

That home of Kola's! He never tired of describing it to us. We all knew by now the interior of the house, even to the white curtains in the windows. I could not help thinking that that house of his looked very much like a cheap, bourgeois interior of some French or German worker's or small shopkeeper's home. Kola's most prized possession was a plush-covered settee and two armchairs, the beauty of which he somehow never tired of describing.

"The plush was blue, with a nice pattern over it, a nice factory-made textile, not a hideous thing like that"—Kola would point sneeringly at the old and still lovely homespun on my couch.

THIS remark would prompt Helena to action. Deeply interested as she was in arts and crafts and in the revival of those lovely, genuine homespuns, she used her best Russian "idiom" in explaining to Kola that the work of the human hand is always far superior to the factory-made thing.

"There is human thought in it," she would say, pointing at the homespun.

Kola would not agree. To him the factory-made textile, piece of furniture, or what not, was far superior to the handmade thing.

"Beautiful thing indeed, that peasant rug," he said sneeringly. "Why, it typifies the backward, peasant life. Glad I am to be away from the countryside."

All that craze of theirs for factory products, technical and mechanical things, those watches, clocks, kodaks and what not—it is the symbol of social advance with them, we later concluded. The country had too long been kept in a backward rural stage, hence this abnormal pride of theirs in their technical achievements.

We were in July. The heat was becoming intense. More and more Russian soldiers were being sent home. Miss Maria was hopefully looking to the moment when she would regain the use of her two rooms. We used to make fun of her conquest. Vanya, the Orel man, somehow took to her, sometimes bringing her flowers and spending the evening talking with her, or rather listening to what she had to say about Poland, Kraków, the literature and the people. Miss Maria gathered that somewhere away back in his family there were sentimental reasons for this interest in Poland. Miss Maria, who was a veritable encyclopedia, rattled on in Polish without even the slightest effort to lard her speech with Russian words. Vanya lis-

tened attentively. What amazed him most was the fact that there were no regicides or bloody revolutions in our history, and that the kings did not gain their power by intrigues and murders, but by means of a legal election. This last fact he could not somehow comprehend. "No murders," he would say, looking at Miss Maria most doubtfully. He did, however, interpret all past events in the light of the Marxist philosophy, and kings, clergy, and anybody with authority were, so to speak, professional black characters in history.

One evening, when it was specially hot, and through the open windows we could hear the Russians sing and talk loudly in their hospital across the street, and we were a little annoyed with the noise, we had to admit that so far we had had no trouble with our two "Russki," and that on the whole, they had proved to be utterly sober, reliable, friendly, and co-operative personages. "Individually taken, they are quite likable fellows, and if that Kremlin gang were not so cruel and perverse, it might be possible even to get along with the people," Miss Maria would say. But, then, the old refrain would come in again—the Russians were always considered to be by all who knew anything about them rather fine people. It is their governments and their ruling classes that caused and cause all the trouble.

With this simple statement we retired to our respective rooms.

Masses and masses of Russian soldiers were passing now through Kraków on their way home. Their trucks were loaded with booty of every description. Not infrequently a few of them would be billeted on us, and each such intrusion would be accepted with the utmost reluctance. When Helena and I were chased from our room, Kola searched for us through the whole house to express his sympathy and assure us that the newcomers would certainly behave well. They somehow did.

THE 15th of August was a specially hot day. A storm broke out in the morning and thwarted our plans for going out into the country. Cascades and sheets of rain were drowning everything around. Kola came in with a bright mien, gay and happy as a lark. He came to share with us his joy at going home within the next few days. He would soon be with his family again, after those long four years. The pictures of his family were out again, he kept gazing at them fondly and pressing them to his heart. There was something disarming in the simplicity of the man. But I could not refrain from a suspicion that he had had a little "something." Wasn't he more animated than ever?

It was evident that this was going to be his important visit with us. We soon surmised that he wanted to tell us things which, so far, he had managed very carefully to keep out of our conversations. This time he did not disguise his efforts at frankness. We were almost amazed at the sudden change in his manner.

He had gone to the near-by Capuchin church today, attracted by the masses of peasant women coming in with large bouquets of herbs and flowers, interlarded here and there with fruit. Helena explained to him that this day is like a harvest festival, the priests bless the herbs, the grain, and the fruit. He liked the fragrance of the herbs and the bright colors of the women's dresses.

And then it was almost like a flood, his thoughts chasing each other. How happy you people are to be able to practice freely and openly your religion, and continue to cherish such beautiful customs as this one, while in Russia the people have to hide away their religious feelings. No one can trust anyone else. But his family is a practicing one, both he and his wife have seen to it that his children get the proper religious education.

"How could you do that?" came our question.

It was not easy, but with proper care

**LAUGHTER:** The chorus of conversation.

—Irish Weekly

• Laughter is God's hand upon a troubled world.

• An optimist laughs to forget. A pessimist forgets to laugh.

—Quote

and no end of effort it could be done. He knew of a monk in hiding, and he was sure that many people knew of him, too, yet pretended not to. That monk would come from time to time to visit his family, and with the utmost precautions, heavy blankets hung up in the windows, a sentinel posted at the door, the children were given their religious instruction. Yes, he was proud to say that his was truly a Christian family. Every Sunday and church holiday he would read the Scripture, the family would sing, or rather hum delicately, the religious songs. The family never neglected their duty at Easter and all of them always managed to receive Holy Communion then.

We listened as still as a mouse.

"Look here," he said, showing the inside of his cap. Under the sweatband a small tin cross was sewn to it. "My wife gave it to me when I went to war,

and our son has an identical one sewn to his cap."

He paused for a while.

"What a demand there was for crosses among our people when it came time to go to the war," Kola continued. "And the crosses were hard to get. Do you know"—he turned to us again—"that many people of our land learned from the Poles, exiled to Russia, how to make crosses out of empty tin cans? Many of us would buy them from the Polish exiles for a loaf of bread or a pint of flour. I tell you, there were priests among your Polish exiles there who blessed those crosses for us. No, no, religion is not forgotten in Russia." Kola paused for a while.

"I AM sure more people in Russia turned to religion during the war than ever before," he went on. "And do you know whom we have to be grateful to? . . . Roosevelt! He demanded from Stalin a greater freedom of worship for our people, and we in Russia are fully aware of it. He was a great man. Too bad for us and for the rest of the world that he died. Da, da, too bad. But he made that deal with Stalin, and the Kremlin had to listen to him. 'Now, you comrade Stalin,' Roosevelt said, 'you need those guns and tanks and airplanes to fight the Germans. You won't get any unless you promise your people freedom of worship.' So, as Stalin needed those guns and airplanes to fight the Germans, he couldn't but agree, and that's how, during the war, we had more freedom of worship."

We listened as if enchanted.

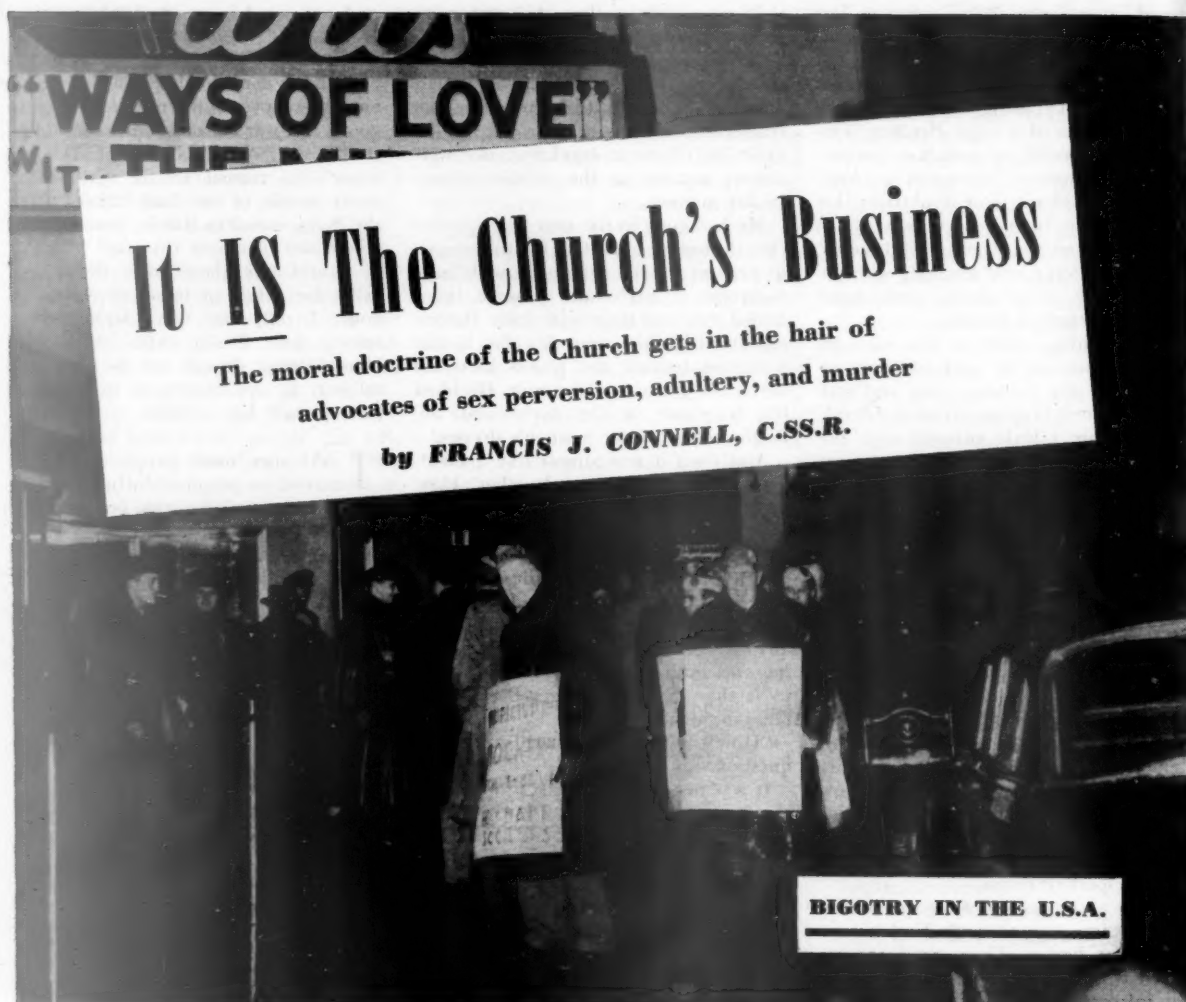
"Too bad, too bad, that Roosevelt died, we did hope that he would help us to get rid of those Communists," Kola carried on. "That government is no good, it is all nothing but corruption, privilege, and a new ruling class, just as bad as the old one. The Russian people are enslaved again and long for their liberation. When will it come, who will bring it to us, who will depose those tyrants? We are told that in Russia we have the best this and that, and that the rest of the world is dying of want and starvation. Now, during this war, many, far too many of our people went out of Russia and saw for themselves how those degenerate Westerners live. When they come back home they do not want any more of those Communists' blessings. No property, no freedom, nothing but fear, suspicion, and corruption. Is that a life worthy of a human being? I ask you. Too bad that Roosevelt is no more. He would have demanded of Stalin some better treatment of the people."

Kola stopped in his long tirade.

Helena asked him if it were only the

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# It IS The Church's Business

The moral doctrine of the Church gets in the hair of advocates of sex perversion, adultery, and murder

by FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R.

**BIGOTRY IN THE U.S.A.**

Religious News Service

"THE Catholic Church forbids people to read that book." . . . "The Catholic Church says it's wrong to go to that movie." . . . "The Catholic Church won't allow Catholic doctors to adopt medical and surgical practices that other doctors commonly accept today." . . . "The Catholic Church condemns planned parenthood." . . . "The Catholic Church will not permit a person suffering from an incurable disease to ask for a merciful death." . . . "The Catholic Church obliges a non-Catholic who marries a Catholic to promise that all the children will be brought up as Catholics."

These are examples of statements frequently heard at the present day. Sometimes they are uttered by Catholics, enunciating the teachings of their Church in a spirit of respect and obedience. More frequently they come from persons who are hostile to the Catholic Church and intend them as an indict-

ment of the Church's custom of passing judgment on the moral aspect of motion pictures, books, medical and surgical practices, marriage, sex, etc. The general accusation on which these charges are based is that the Catholic Church interferes immoderately and unjustly in the lives and conduct of decent men and women. "The Church should stay in church," these objectors contend, "and not meddle in matters which people have a right to regard as their personal affairs."

Those who make these protests can be divided into two groups. The first is composed of those who complain of the restrictions which the Church imposes on her own members. These ardent champions of personal liberty are possessed with the desire to rescue downtrodden Catholics from the tyranny of their ecclesiastical superiors, so that eventually they will have the courage to look even the Pope in the eye and tell

him that he should mind his own business and that they will do as they please in the affairs of everyday life. This unsought interest in the welfare of Catholics is a long-standing device of bigotry in the United States. Older readers will recall an anti-Catholic group that flourished in the first decade of the present century, calling themselves "The Guardians of Liberty." Of them a Commission on Religious Prejudice, organized by the Knights of Columbus, reported: "The Guardians of Liberty claim that they are not hostile to Catholics or to Catholic teaching, but that their aim is 'to protect Catholics from their own leaders'" (Williams, *The Shadow of the Pope*, p. 115).

One of the most violent—as well as ridiculous—attacks on the Church's so-called oppression of Catholics appeared in the *Converted Catholic Magazine* for May, 1946. The author, an "ex-priest," aimed at demonstrating that the "slave

relationship" of woman to man is fostered by the Catholic Church. In proof of this point, he asserted that "no woman in the Catholic Church is permitted to become a preacher or a priest" and that Catholic nuns "are not allowed to possess money or property of their own, must dress in medieval garments, and are known only by names different from their own." Of course, there is no reference to the fact that young women who embrace the religious life in the Catholic Church knowingly and freely accept this type of "slavery" out of love for God.

THOSE who follow this line of attack on the Catholic Church are fond of depicting lay members of the Church as chafing under the yoke of oppression and resentful of the autocratic rule of their bishops and priests, though they lack the courage to sever their connection with Catholicism. In his recent book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, Paul Blanshard states: "Intelligent Catholics are rebelling against their hierarchy's medieval attitude on the subject of birth control. . . . The growing defiance by Catholic women, as well as men, has driven the priesthood into a corner" (pp. 140-141). The same writer, referring to the Catholic doctrine that the unborn child may not be directly killed, even when the mother's life would otherwise be sacrificed, asks: "Is it surprising that young American Catholic women are reacting against this whole priestly doctrine with considerable horror?" (p. 114).

The other group of objectors is made up of those who charge the Catholic Church with undue interference in the conduct of non-Catholics by striving to procure the general enforcement of certain moral standards. Those who adduce this charge claim that they are perfectly willing that Catholics shall adhere to the laws of their Church, if they care to do so, but they strenuously object to the imposition of these standards on those who do not profess Catholicism. The point most frequently emphasized is the Church's effort to prevent legislation permitting the dissemination of birth control information. Thus, in the *Protestant* for March, 1944, Mrs. Katherine Salter asks: "Are Americans to be permitted to receive reliable information if they want it? Are their private lives to be their own, or are they to be deprived of their basic liberties because a minority pressure group does not believe in such liberties, either for themselves or for anyone else?"

In a similar strain, Dr. J. H. J. Upham, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, writing in the *American Mercury* for February 1944, complains: "Any attempt by some group to force its special tenets upon



Cardinal Spellman, champion of the Church's moral authority



Planned Parenthood's Dr. J. H. J. Upham resented the Church

everybody is, on the face of it, repugnant to a democratic nation. Yet, that is precisely the attempt being made, with great success in some areas, by the Catholic Church, directly and through lay organizations and individuals under its domination. Its aggressive, relentless campaign to deny birth control information and guidance to those who want it is not restricted to Catholics but is directed to the entire American people."

An address delivered by Pope Pius XII to the Catholic jurists of Italy in November, 1949, furnished an occasion to many Americans to repeat the charge that the Church is going out of her sphere in laying down laws that will affect non-Catholics. The Pope pointed

out the moral principles that should guide Catholic judges, particularly their duty not to approve unjust laws and their obligation to abstain, as far as possible, from granting a decree of divorce in the case of a marriage that is valid before God and the Church. An editorial in the *Washington Post* on this subject said in part: "Pope Pius XII was undoubtedly striking at the lawless condemnations that pass for trials in Communist countries. . . . Unfortunately, however, the Pope goes beyond this particular situation. His remarks appear to be addressed to Catholic judges in general. . . . The very fact that the Pope presumes to advise Catholic judges in distant lands where representative government is functioning seems to us most unfortunate."

The editorial writer evidently did not realize his inconsistency in granting that in Communist lands the judge should decide justice by a norm superior to the laws of the land, while claiming that in our country he is bound to fashion his conscience ultimately on the dictates of civil legislation.

The celebrated Sander case in Manchester, N. H., in the early part of 1950, afforded another opportunity for the adversaries of the Church to complain of the efforts of the hierarchy to impede progress by their opposition to "mercy killing." We find the same subtle device, mentioned above, of drawing a line of cleavage between the laity and the spiritual leaders of the Church, in a statement made by Mrs. Robertson Jones, executive vice-president of the Euthanasia Society of America, after a visit to Manchester: "Although Manchester is 85 per cent Roman Catholic, I found that public opinion there overwhelmingly supported Dr. Sander. However, I was advised against the society's holding a mass meeting there at this time lest it arouse the latent opposition of the Roman Catholic priests."

THE law of the Catholic Church requiring that all children of a mixed marriage shall be baptized and reared in the Catholic Faith encounters much opposition on the ground of unfairness to the non-Catholic party and of unjustifiable interference in family life. The following is a passage from a pamphlet entitled, *If I Marry a Roman Catholic*, published by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America: "Such demands mean that a Christian person who believes his own church to be a true church of Christ is asked, when he marries a Roman Catholic, to act as if his church were no church at all, but a dangerous organization. . . . The Roman Catholic demand puts the other member into a domestic straitjacket and in a measure alienates him from his children."

One would imagine that a non-Catholic clergyman who raises this objection would perceive that the simplest solution of the problem is to admonish his young people not to marry Catholics, but to choose as their life-partners persons of their own creed. Such a solution would certainly be most acceptable to the Catholic Church.

In January of the present year, Cardinal Spellman of New York protested vigorously against the showing of a film called *The Miracle*, on the score that it was sacrilegious and blasphemous. From the description of the picture carried in the public press, one would be led to believe that every Christian would object to its presentation. Yet, not a few clergymen of non-Catholic denominations defended the showing of this film on the ground that it is unjust for one religious group to use its own standards of morality in calling for the banning of a picture.

WHAT answer can we give to those who accuse the Church of unjustifiable interference through its pronouncements on the laws of morality and through its attempt to secure civil legislation, in the personal conduct, not only of its own members but also of non-Catholics? Our first answer can be a very strong *argumentum ad hominem*, as logicians call it—an argument that retorts against an adversary the same type of argumentation that he has employed against us. When Catholics are blamed for trying to obtain the support of the civil law against certain practices which they regard as violations of God's law, they can adduce the indubitable fact that certain non-Catholic groups do not hesitate to work for legislation against things which they regard as immoral or detrimental to the common welfare, even though many other Americans do not agree with them. For many years, Protestant organizations have been striving to have gambling and the sale of intoxicants declared illegal in our country, and to them the "noble experiment" of prohibition was largely due. I have no intention of condemning American citizens for using their constitutional rights toward procuring legislation against what they regard as sinful. On the contrary, I admire their fidelity to the dictates of their conscience. But such persons are certainly inconsistent if they denounce Catholics for endeavoring to procure legislation against such practices as contraception, euthanasia, divorce, obscene motion pictures, etc., which Catholics regard as immoral. If it

is fair for one religious group to campaign in this way, it is fair for another.

Moreover, Catholics should point out to objectors that frequently a considerable number of non-Catholics support Catholic efforts toward the defense of the moral law. This was illustrated recently in connection with Cardinal Spellman's stand against *The Miracle*. Through the kindness of His Eminence, I was enabled to read some of the letters he received from persons not of the Catholic Faith, and they prove that the Catholic attitude toward the prohibition of objectionable films is shared by many non-Catholics. A Methodist wrote: "Your action, urging all Catholics to boycott the film, *The Miracle*, has my wholehearted approval. I think all Christians everywhere should feel the same way." Another correspondent wrote: "I congratulate you on the stand you have taken to stop the picture, *The Miracle*. It is a disgrace to Christian people, and I admire your courage. I am not a Catholic, but I want you to know how much I appreciate the stand you have taken." An editorial in the Manchester (N. H.) *Union Leader*, whose publisher, Mr. William Loeb, is an Episcopalian, stated: "Cardinal Spellman speaks for the good people of all faiths when he

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• Some minds are like concrete, all mixed up and permanently set.

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urges a boycott of that sacrilegious and salacious motion picture profanely titled, *The Miracle*."

Certainly, the vast majority of non-Catholics uphold the Catholic Church's endeavors, especially through papal encyclicals, to better the lot of the working man and to procure for him a living wage. Yet, this is, in a sense, an act of interference, substantially no different from the Church's intervention in the moral aspect of literature and the stage. If non-Catholics do not object to the former, why should they object to the latter?

Time has shown that the condemnation of certain movements by the Holy See, though branded as undue meddling by contemporaries, was wise and prudent. In 1937 Pope Pius XI wrote: "Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever. Those who permit themselves to be deceived into lending their aid toward the triumph of Communism in their own country will be the first to fall victims of their error." (Encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*, in *Principles of Peace*, p. 530). If the political leaders of the United States had followed

this admonition—which not a few then denounced as a biased attitude toward Communism—we should not be in the critical situation in which we find ourselves today.

The basic reason for Church intervention in moral matters, whatever phases of human life they may affect, is the fact that the Church has received from Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the authorization to preach the moral law to all men. For, before ascending into heaven, Our Lord bade the apostles to go forth and to preach to all men whatever He had commanded them—and this certainly included the principles of morality. But the Pope and the bishops of the Catholic Church are the successors of the apostles in the government of Christ's Church and have inherited the authority given by Our Saviour to the apostles; consequently, they have the right to pass authoritative judgment on moral problems connected with the affairs of human life.

Now, it certainly would be absurd to claim that there are no moral problems connected with divorce, sex, operations involving the death of an unborn child, mercy killing, labor and industry, shows or books calculated to arouse the passions, etc. Logically, therefore, the Catholic Church claims the right to pass judgment on the moral aspect of such matters, though she has no authority over their material aspect. This point, in the matter of social and economic questions, was clearly explained by Pope Pius XI in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*: "The Church holds that it is unlawful for her to mix without cause in these temporal concerns; however, she can in no wise renounce the duty God entrusted to her to interpose her authority, not of course in matters of technique, for which she is neither suitably equipped nor endowed by office, but in all things that are connected with the moral law. For, as to these, the deposit of truth that God committed to Us, and the grave duty of disseminating and interpreting the whole moral law and of urging it, in season and out of season, bring under and subject to Our supreme jurisdiction, not only social order, but economic activities themselves" (N. C. W. C. translation, p. 17).

THE fact that some do not recognize the Church's authority to proclaim the moral law does not prove the Church has no such authority. Neither does the fact that some resent being told what is the law of God deter the Church from continuing her mission of proclaiming the truths which Christ consigned to her teaching office. Our Lord Himself encountered opposition when He announced the law of God, yet it

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# Stage and Screen

by **JERRY COTTER**

Whereas Hollywood and radio once provided the only competition, the legitimate theater must now compete with television and the high cost of beef and butter. In the days ahead, a good many decisions will have to be made if the stage is to survive on the professional level.

Fantastic production costs and the resulting high price of tickets will have to be pared if the theater is to be anything more than a showcase for pre-sold hits. The situation today allows no room for experimentation or half-success. A play is either greeted with sensational superlative by the critics and becomes the focal point for a wild ticket-buying stampede, or it is brushed off as a failure.

Obviously, there is something wrong with an industry conducted on that basis. It is similar to a Detroit concentrating solely on Cadillacs, or to an army of generals. From the artistic angle it is disastrous, as the current season proves. A few trick shows have caught on, everything else falls by the wayside. Most important of all, the failure complex has driven writing, acting, and directorial talent away from the footlights toward the financial security of movies, radio, and TV.

There is no room for the possible hit today. The George M. Cohans, the George Kellys, all the others of yesteryear who found the theater a happy showcase for their talents, would find it perilous sailing in 1951. It calls for a meeting of minds and the formulation of a solid reconstruction program. The unions, the managers, the actors, the writers, and the public all have a stake in changing a situation that verges on the disastrous.

Either the theater scope must be broadened to make room for the play that is worthwhile without being sensational, or it is going to lose even larger blocs of the audience. The fabulous invalid may never die, but anyone with a nodding acquaintance will tell you it is now a mighty feeble Muse.

Some honest discussion of its technical and financial problems plus a good many new writers who never heard of Freud might save the night.



★ Proud grandfather Spencer Tracy with his six-month-old grandson, Donald Clark, in *"Father's Little Dividend"*

## Reviews in Brief

The flip side of airline hostessing wins attention in *THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE*, a moderately amusing comedy which soars along at medium altitude. Jane Wyman makes a pert stewardess whose romantic problems vie with her stratosphere career. Van Johnson, Barry Sullivan, and Howard Keel are the "Mikes." Fluffy as a cloud, this won't disappoint the adults who are satisfied with familiar cruises. (M-G-M)

Bette Davis returns to her mannered acting style in *PAYMENT ON DEMAND*, the story of an ambitious, selfish, and lonely woman. When her husband asks for a divorce, she agrees to exchange freedom for his entire financial assets. It is a Pyrrhic victory, however, and she eventually attempts to salvage a futile existence by effecting a reconciliation. On the surface this might be construed as propaganda against divorce. Actually, it is often just the opposite. Combined with excessive suggestiveness, this casual acceptance of divorce marks this partly objectionable. Barry Sullivan, Frances Dee, Jane Cowl, and the others are equal to the slight demands made upon them. (RKO-Radio)

All the rules about sequels are nullified in *FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND*, successor to last year's *Father of the Bride*. A bright-eyed baby boy joins the family, bringing with him a series of misunderstandings and disturbances that are treated with delightful humor. As seen through the slightly cynical, yet sympathetic, eyes of the bride's father, the momentous happenings are revealed with a smile always below the surface. The picture is a heartwarming depiction that measures up in every way to the charm and appeal of the original. Spencer Tracy's performance is responsible for a major part of the fun. It sparks the proceedings with a naturalness that duplicates the author's own. Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor, Billie Burke, Don Taylor, Moroni Olsen, and the delightful little dividend are all in the spirit of

things. They contribute much to the enjoyment of this amusing chronicle of a family's reactions to the arrival of grandchild number one. (M-G-M)

War's aftermath is always grim, particularly to the casualty whose adjustment is often lonely, difficult, and misunderstood. In **LIGHTS OUT**, a blinded GI makes his readjustment in a world of darkness. Sensitively written, directed, and performed, this emerges as a forthright and often powerful exposition of resilience and courage. With greater emphasis on the spiritual aspects of the adjustment, this would have been a great motion picture. Though there are some extraneous angles, the net result of this semidocumentary is impressive. Arthur Kennedy's interpretation of the blind vet is outstanding in its comprehension. Every member of the cast is also above par in this sober and affecting study. (Universal-International)

**THE MATING SEASON** is a slickly designed and smoothly acted comedy built around a unique in-law theme. When Gene Tierney and John Lund, from opposite ends of the social scale, marry in haste, they must cope with more than the usual problems. His mother comes to visit, is mistaken for a new maid and put to work. Over her son's objections, she stays on to help out. When the bride's flighty mother moves in, the complications and laughs develop at a fast pace. Unfortunately, there is the recurring acceptance of divorce as a plot device. Thelma Ritter's portrayal of the groom's mother is a gem, overshadowing the other excellent work in this adult comedy. (Paramount)

In glorifying itself and its luminaries, Hollywood often verges on the ludicrous. After a long publicity campaign, a breathless tribute entitled **VALENTINO** is being introduced to what producer Edward Small hopes will be a large and enthusiastic clientele. Aside from the male Cinderella angle of a young Italian immigrant's rise from gigolo to movie star, there isn't much of value here. It was produced with a lavish display of screendom's giddy era and giddier celebrities. The moral deficiencies are glossed over with gold dust, but the tarnish is plainly evident both in the idols and the grovelers who made lower-case deities of the early silver-screen profiles.

Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, and Joseph Calleia have the supporting leads, with newcomer Anthony Dexter in the title role. He bears a strong resemblance to the later star and in time may be able to iron out the kinks in his acting style. (Columbia)

**THE HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL** is in the melodramatic mood, but the suspense content is slightly below minimum requirements. It is the story of a Polish woman who assumes the identity of a concentration-camp friend. She comes to America to claim a young son and a large inheritance. After marrying the boy's legal guardian, she learns that he too is an imposter and a murderer in the bargain. Valentina Cortese's performance is unconvincing, and Richard Basehart has difficulty in overcoming the clichés in his assignment. William Lundigan, as the inevitable understanding friend, has a thankless task. In fact, this entire charade is unrewarding and stilted. (20th Century-Fox)

**ROYAL WEDDING** gives Fred Astaire a new dancing partner in Sarah Churchill, daughter of Britain's out-of-season politico. She is a graceful and pleasant co-star, though hardly a sensational screen newcomer. The film itself has all the usual attributes of the Technicolor musicals, with Jane Powell's bubbly personality and fine voice, some spirited comedy scenes, and the Astaire footwork as added assets. The perennially zippy Mr. A is still top attraction in this adult concoction. (M-G-M)

The Province of Quebec serves as background for another of the month's movies, a realistically designed thriller called **THE THIRTEENTH LETTER**. It boasts an excellent group performance and takes full advantage of the locale, which in this instance is the town of Ste. Hyacinthe. The plot concentrates on the mounting crescendo of suspicion and anger which follows in the wake of a series of poison-pen letters. The suspense and characterization are handled effectively, although with one major lapse in good taste. The inclusion of a highly suggestive scene is strangely inconsistent in a picture with an otherwise substantial religious background. Charles Boyer, Linda Darnell, Judith Evelyn, Françoise Rosay, Michael Rennie, and Constance Smith form

★ Peggy Dow serves drinks to a group of blinded war veterans at a U.S.O. dance in "Lights Out"



★ Jane Powell, Fred Astaire, and Peter Lawford in "Royal Wedding," lively Technicolor musical



an especially strong acting troupe. It is unfortunate that their producer did not exercise greater prudence and eliminate the objectionable moments of an otherwise fine study. (20th Century-Fox)

Loretta Young has had far better opportunities than those presented in *CAUSE FOR ALARM*, a contrived suspense story with a telegraphed trick ending. Produced by her husband, Tom Lewis, the picture needs more conviction than the writers provided in telling of a dying man's groundless suspicion that his wife has poisoned him. He writes to the district attorney, asks her to mail the letter, and then reveals its contents. Her efforts to regain the letter after the husband's death provide enough suspense for a radio playlet, but no more. Drawn out to movie length, it lacks interest and conviction despite all that Miss Young, Barry Sullivan, and Bruce Cowling do for it histrionically. (M-G-M)

Accept the basic premise of *BEDTIME FOR BONZO* with tongue in cheek and you'll enjoy every reel of it. A serious young psychology prof sets out to prove that environment is more important than heredity by raising a bright chimpanzee as a human baby. There are scenes of Bonzo's adventures which will send the Saturday matinee set into hysterics. Adults will find some parts of the experiment a nonsensical relief from reality. Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn are starred, but their capering chimp friend attracts all the attention. (Universal-International)

In *SEVEN DAYS TO NOON*, a mad scientist threatens London with atomic annihilation unless his terms are met. He gives the metropolis a time limit of one week. The resulting reaction, ranging from amused disbelief to stark terror, are cleverly and effectively mirrored in this tingling British-made thriller. Adult in theme and development, it has sequences of high tension as Scotland Yard makes a futile search for the demented man and, as a last resort, orders the city evacuated. The actors underplay with typical skill in this topical chiller. (Boulting Productions)

Joan Crawford battles for academic freedom as a sleek, mannequin-style Congresswoman in the screen version of

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★ A scene from "Open the Gates," first musical drama presented by the Blackfriars' Guild



*GOODBYE MY FANCY*. If the campaign is not too effective, at least part of the blame rests with her mechanical interpretation of the character. As for the conflict itself, the glittering generalities so becloud the issue that one wonders just what the principals are bickering about. When the lady of the law returns to receive an honorary degree at her old alma mater, she carries with her some romantic notions about the college prexy. He had been her sweetheart back in the carefree campus days. Now she is horrified to learn that he takes orders from reactionary trustees and is far from being the "liberal" of her dreams. At this point a glib-tongued *Life* photographer intervenes and spirits her off to a "healthier" intellectual and political climate—presumably Washington! Robert Young is properly reserved as the college president who comes off rather badly on the tally sheet. Frank Lovejoy's mature appearance and the adolescent dialogue he delivers do not jibe very well, and Eve Arden is more painfully cynical than ever before. (Warner Brothers)

### The New Plays

The Tennessee Williams of *The Glass Menagerie* is a far cry from the writer who wallows in the sex and sacrilege of *THE ROSE TATTOO*. The sensitivity, the pathos, and the beauty of the earlier play give way to a degrading, offensive, and sordid tussle with neuroticism. Technically, the play is an awkward, stumbling affair concerned with the emotional frenzies of a demented widow living in a village on the Gulf Coast. As Williams delves with a rather revolting clinical intensity into the confusions and sordidness of the theme, he makes repeated use of the woman's distorted religious sense to further the characterization. It is an ugly play in almost every respect. Maureen Stapleton, Eli Wallach, Phyllis Love, and Don Murray perform with admirable intensity. One can only wish that their "rose" did not have so many thorns. The real tragedy in this case is not the story onstage, but the deviation of Williams' talent in a misguided, fumbling, and erratic drama.

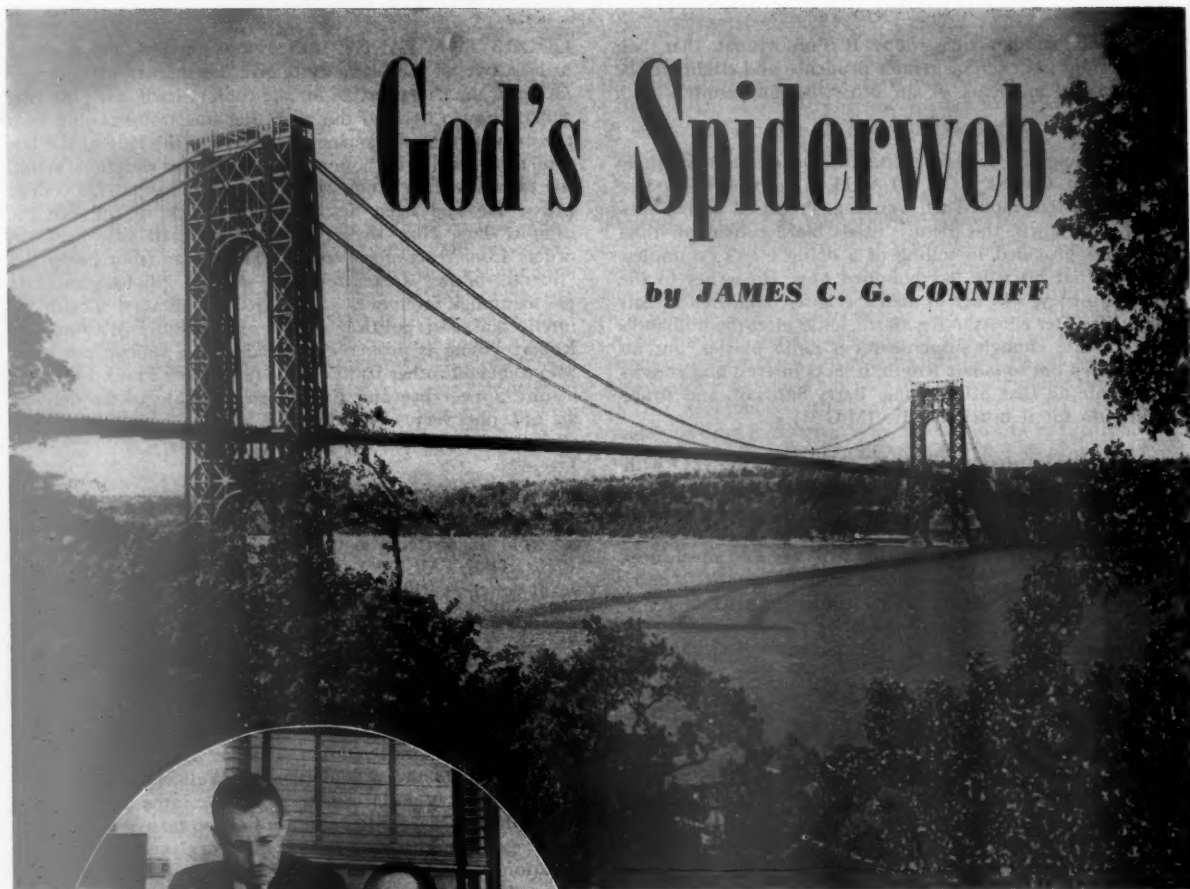
Still casting our vote with the minority, we can only regret the failure of *TI-COQ*, written by and starring Fridolin, Canada's outstanding star and one of its most alert playwrights. The play, an absorbing study of a lonely soldier's reaction to love and friendship, did have some weak spots, but it proved infinitely superior to many now enjoying good financial returns on Broadway. Fridolin's comedy-drama, with its strong Catholic theme, rates another chance to duplicate the success it has enjoyed in Montreal.

For its annual Lenten offering, The Blackfriars Guild has undertaken its first musical drama. *OPEN THE GATES*, with a libretto by Robert Payne and score by Dai-Keong Lee, is as impressive as it is inspiring. Considering the limitations of budget and space, the Guild has managed a remarkably fine production in which the visual is never ignored for the sake of vocal effect. Principal honors go to Payne for a libretto that is simple, yet poetic and highly dramatic. In detailing events leading to the Death and Resurrection of Our Lord, Payne has chosen Mary of Magdala as his protagonist. He has approached the Passion with reverence and simplicity, never permitting the score to overshadow the beauty in the libretto. Musically, the opera lacks the variety of color and tone which would have made it an outstanding score. Eleanor Daniels and Teddy Tavenner alternate in the role of the Magdalen, and Farrold Stevens, Norman Myrvik, James Cosmos, Ralph Cavallucci, Harriet Greene, Geraldine Conwell, Janice Gerton, and Virginia Viney share the other principal roles. A reverent and beautiful opera, which benefits from the imaginative Blackfriars' approach, it is an achievement honoring all concerned in its presentation.



# God's Spiderweb

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF



*Photos from Port of New York Authority*



*Circle: Superintendent of the Bridge, George E. Stickle (seated) with assistant, Herbert A. Hazen*

**People from all over the world have gasped  
at the beauty of the George Washington Bridge,  
but few know of the many men employed and  
money spent to preserve her beauty**

THE George Washington Bridge may not be the oldest bridge around. They finished it in 1931, only yesterday. It may not be the longest, either, with 131,300 tons of steel girder and cable arching across blue water for only 3500 feet. The Golden Gate Bridge out of San Francisco does better, in the suspension class, with 4200 feet. But two of the nicest guys you'd want to meet will fight if you so much as hint their baby isn't the loveliest.

George E. Stickle, superintendent of the George Washington Bridge, and his assistant, Herbert A. Hazen, are a couple

of lean, muscular engineers strictly in love with their jobs. People have said so many nice things about the G. W. you'd think the boys would have gotten over it by now. But love is funny. Those eagle eyes grow mellow at mention of old compliments the bridge has wrung from the eloquent.

A ship news reporter, for example, eased alongside the great French architect, Le Corbusier, as the "Normandie" warped in to her pier one golden April morning in the thirties. The reporter had a hang-over, but the job is to get comments.

This, the journalist knew, was the Frenchman's first look at the George Washington's slender span, at the towers that soared in the sunlight. "Some bridge, hey?" said the press.

"Silver cathedrals," breathed Art in reply, "silver cathedrals in the sky!"

Two Greek diplomats found in the august serenity of design a rephrasing of the glacial passion for symmetry that helped make Athens immortal.

They finished the bridge in the late James J. Walker's last term as Mayor of New York, and till he died, "Jimmy" used to like to stand, toward evening,

on the cropped grass in Grant's Tomb Park, watching the lights wink westward along the swooping steel he flip-pantly called "my old girl."

There are two accolades Stickle and Hazen like best. One is the cry of the late Gaetano Piccolino, peanut and hot-dog vendor who, hawking his wares in the shadow of the vast structure along Riverside Drive, delighted in informing all comers: "Thee George-a Washeeng-ton Breedge, at-sa my breedgel!" Which is exactly the way Stickle, Hazen, and their boss, The Port of New York Authority, want people to feel about it.

The other little panegyric came from a gentle Abbé of the Haute Savoie who visited America for the first time in 1946. Glimpsing the bridge from the deck of his ship, he murmured with delight, "God's spiderweb!" Stickle and Hazen, reflecting on the imaginative French priest's apt metaphor from the dizzy heights to which duty takes them almost daily, are pretty much inclined to agree.

"When you're up there in the towers, 602 feet in the air, on a windy day, or out along those rounded cables with nothing but space to lean on, hefting a paintbrush and bucket," says Stickle, "you're a mighty small spider, especially if your foot slips a bit. It's a comfort to know God's on the job. That roadway is a long way down, and 260 feet below that at high tide is the river!"

Barring international misadventure, the G. W. is built to last at least five centuries. It can carry any kind of military traffic, if no disruptive rhythms are set up, and underneath are facilities for running railway tracks to Jersey, should population shifts ever require it. No conceivable added burden this side of a bomb would cause any more sag than an ant on a broomstraw.

**L**IKE anything else, though, it needs care. The housekeeping job is enormous. Only a task force of some two dozen vehicles has enabled the maintenance crews to stay on top of that job.

As regards bridge maintenance, only one thing ruffles George Stickle: the legend that winds sweeping down the Hudson River gorge are what keep the George Washington Bridge clean as a whistle. "It's a picturesque idea, all right," says Herb Hazen, "but if we counted on it the bridge would be impassable from litter in a week."

Instead, like any good housekeeper, they tackle the job with half a dozen motorized brooms called "guttersnipes."

**JAMES C. G. CONNIFF** is a professor of English at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J. He has published articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and many other well-known publications.



*Six motorized brooms or "guttersnipes" like the one above, are used, day and night to keep the eight-lane highway free of trash*



*Four hundred men, including steeplejacks and pilots, sought work on the Bridge. Only thirty could stand the height and cables*

On the trail of papers and junk the wind has blown over into the gutters, the big yellow truck-brooms go gutter-sniping day and night.

Four full-time electricians use special elevator trucks to boost them up where they can replace the high-wattage incandescent lamps that make the bridge a diamond necklace by night and burn out by the dozens daily.

The vast roadway, hanging without perceptible sway, even in a gale, from vertical cables, actually "rides" between the legs of the big steel anchorage towers. Four graceful main cables, each one as thick as a man is tall, share the load between towers. The roadbed itself, made in several sections with interlock-

ing teeth that don't quite touch, gets longer by day or in hot weather and shortens in the cold or at night.

Like the dust that bedevils housewives, rust is the Number One Bugaboo of the Stickle-Hazen team. It even beats winter. Keeping those eight lanes (they paved the dual strip of metal grillwork in the center in 1947) and the approaches free of skid-risky ice and snow is a man-killing must. But the battle to keep aluminum paint on 6,000,000 square feet of metal never lets up.

The rule that baby get a complete paint job every seven years has, except for the war, been followed. Each of the jobs in 1931 and 1938 kept thirty men busy for four solid years spreading 28,000

gallons or 140 tons of aluminum paint on her metal from end to end. In 1946, to make up for the ravages of war-neglect, sixty men tackled the third major paint job and knocked it off in two years at an overall cost, including the \$3100-\$3800 average annual pay the painters got, of some \$350,000.

Those painters earn their pay. The Port of New York Authority keeps thirty men on the pad for decoration and maintenance for the dozen other bridges, tunnels, terminals, and airports it runs in and around New York, as well as for the big-time G. W. painting.

it in the seat of his pants, where a pilot does, and they led him down like a baby.

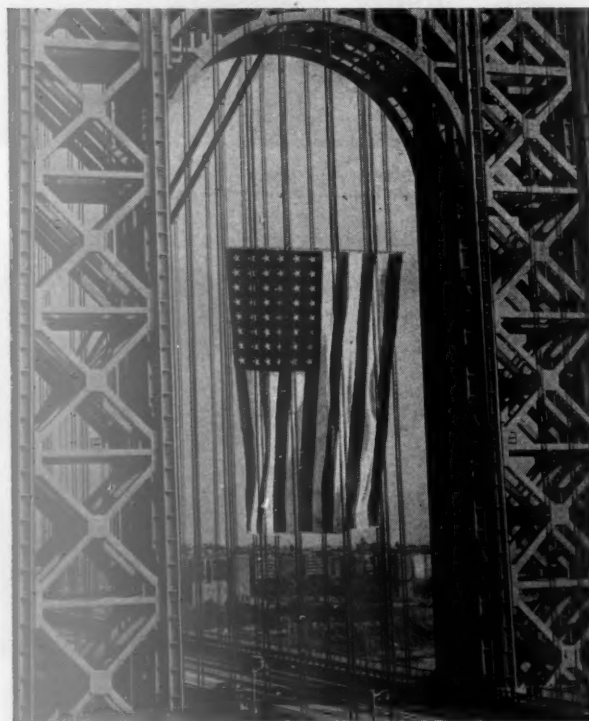
Other proud, powerful men took a tumble into humility in that crucial test. Some froze to the rungs of high ladders and had to have their knuckles rapped hard to break the grip so that supervisors could lower them by rope to seek a career elsewhere. Some who could stand the lofty main cables shied away from the airborne scaffolding that sways noticeably as you lower yourself to apply the paint. One man who had thought nothing of laying brick high among the windy bones of new skyscrapers said the

fall across a girder on their way down.

"About the only thing we don't run into with this spiderweb we're keeping shipshape for the Almighty," says George Stickle, "is what spiderwebs are for: catching flies!"

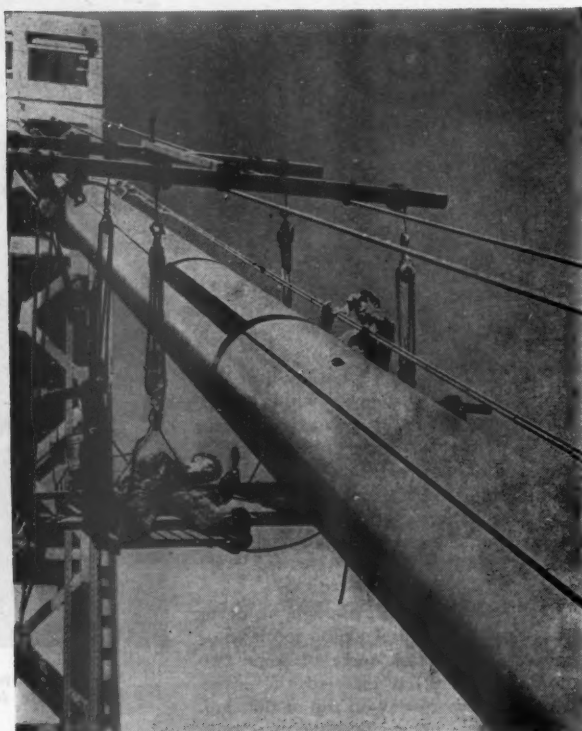
"Except for once," Herb Hazen reminds him. "That was close."

"Oh, yeah." The boss grins thinly. "During World War II, a night fog boiled up from the river and blanketed everything. Around two in the morning, when you couldn't see the towers if you were standing under them, we heard the drumming of aircraft engines,



*A mammoth Old Glory hangs between the silver steel arch on the Jersey side of the Bridge*

*The Bridge is painted every 7 years. It takes 30 men 4 solid years to do the job. They use 28,000 gallons or 140 tons of aluminum paint*



Some 700-800 applicants showed up to take the medical and psychological tests: experienced steeplejacks, tough sailors who'd had a hitch or two in destroyers, Air Force pilots who had yawned while standing bombers on a wing-tip, and some of the toughest paratroopers turned out at Fort Benning. Fifty per cent flunked. Of less than 400 who made the grade in the preliminaries, a bare thirty finally qualified.

Call it vertigo, dizziness, nerves, or whatever you like, it gets 'em. A former test pilot said it was the notion that something should be moving under him, that high up in the sky. He kept feeling

complete lack of a solid wall anywhere on the G. W. job finished him.

Accidents are dramatic, but nobody's been killed. (The more than 600 suicides who've wandered onto the giant causeway and jumped since 1931 are not regarded as employees of the Port of New York Authority.) Painters and maintenance men have fainted from too much sun, swung from scaffold to tower on ropes that came loose, skidded or tripped on wet planking. But God keeps an eye on His spiderweb, and the frantically gyrating little bugs that are His special care have always, somehow, been caught by a brother workman or managed to

big ones, close at hand. We started to sweat. A workman running a gutter-snipe out in the middle of the center span parked it fast at the curb and ran for the rail. I don't know what he thought he could do. Jump, maybe, if she hit. But just as he got there and looked over to make sure he wouldn't brain himself on a beam-end, a huge four-engine ghost thundered past beneath him, clearing us by mere inches and sucking great whirls of fog after her. The guy who saw it took a week off to recover.

"With pay," adds Hazen, "and welcome to it."



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## A-bombs and Indian Raids

AGAIN THERE ARE air-raid drills in the public schools, and this time they are going a step ahead of the instructions given during the last war. This time, children are being taught to fall to the ground at a given signal, because in that way they may avoid some of the worst results of an atom bomb. Now, there is no doubt that such preparedness has its good points, but the element of fear must be very bad for children. Everything, in past and present, in old and new psychology, stresses one thing—that fear is an emotion with very bad consequences.

Years ago, during the first world war, a brilliant young poet wrote of his fear and also his longing hope in the future of "some white tremendous daylight." Is what he called for then going to eventuate only in the vivid mushrooming of an atom bomb, we are tempted to ask. Sometimes it seems that we have only one thing left to do now, and that is to be afraid of fear. Perhaps that is also our only hope.

What is the matter with us, anyway? Don't we realize that the material problems are not the important ones? Where have we come, we Americans, from the days that built this nation, the days of long wagon trains going west with men and women—and children too—who were not at all afraid, though there was plenty to be afraid of? Does the manner of death really matter? Between an Indian raid and an atom bomb I see little to choose.

The trouble is that we are considering it all from a material, a physical viewpoint. You remember Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, in *Pilgrim's Progress*: "My courage and skill I give to him that can get it—death, where is thy sting, grave, where is thy victory?" So he crossed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

We seem to be thinking only of the sting of the grave today, many of us. And we are making ourselves and our children so afraid of death that life ceases to be a joy or even a comfort.

There are and have been voices raised against this overwhelming fear. And there still remain the examples. One that has often given me joy to recall is of a Presbyterian minister attacked by Chinese bandits. In his haste to get at a ring on the minister's finger, one bandit cut the finger off; when others leaped to kill him, his associates saw the smile on his face, as if he were looking far beyond where he stood and saw something that made him happy. What did he see? I felt he was looking, in that last long look, down the centuries to where one Face was smiling at pain, and surely he saw, past the fury of the mob, Love beyond the hate and opening skies beyond the Crucifix.

## A Christian Problem

I WANT TO QUOTE two men, very different in place and belief, but who are both Americans and who have spoken on this subject of our present fears. Monsignor Sheen said that there is no danger from the atomic bomb but from atomic men: "Our problem is not atomic control but human control, that is, the perfection and enlightenment of the hearts of men who would drop lethal death on their fellow men," and he added that society must seek first the eternal in order to preserve the temporal.

And William Faulkner, when he accepted in Stockholm the Nobel Prize, said that what he wanted most to say was to talk to the young men and women who were the writers of the future. The tragedy of the day, he said, was "a general and universal fear so long sustained that now we can even bear it." There are no longer problems of the spirit debated, he said; there is only the question: Will I be blown up? People must learn again, he warned, the old verities—love and honor and pity and compassion and sacrifice, and write of the heart and not the glands or of victories without hope—"and worst of all without pity or compassion."

Say what they will, ours is a Christian problem—Christian in its widest, deepest meaning, for the great hope of the world, is this element of compassion which wants to help and save the world. The Eastern cults may have much to contribute to the individual, but there is no reaching out to save others. As an old poem phrases it, the cults of the East turn inward like the crescent to save each himself; the Western faith turns outward like the cross to embrace the world.

All the lovely sayings of the East seem pale compared with that beautiful and basic sentence of Our Lord, spoken when the people who had listened to Him were hungry and He wanted them fed: "I have compassion on the multitude," perhaps the loveliest sentence in the Gospels and the very essence of our Faith.

It is going to take more than the Sheens and the Faulkners to change the fears of the multitude to hope—that virtue which Father Joseph McSorley calls the forgotten virtue. "If I take God's hand," he wrote, in a small book which everyone should read who feels despair, "and never let go, I shall gain Heaven."

I shall add one more to those who speak strong and urgent words on this subject of fear, this time a woman, the great Saint Teresa:

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changes."

## Faith vs Fear

BUT WE NEED more people speaking words of bravery, and not more people telling us how to get under a desk or to be sure to keep saltless fats in the house for atom burns. It is up to our public men, our writers, our ministers and priests to speak out against our fear.

Our priests should especially point out to their people that only when there is little faith in God does fear come, that perfect faith will cast it out, and that even if, like Peter, we sink because we have not enough faith, there is Our Lord putting out His own hand so that He may save us. But it is also true that we must put out our own hand so that He may grasp it.

This is no time for irritation of clergy and laity with each other as to who should do what. It is a time to preach—on street corners as well as in churches and lecture halls—of the love of God that casts out fear; not so much a time for sermon admonitions on small sins, but rather a time for admonitions on this great sin: fear, which is a denial of the love God gave us when His Son came to the world.



# THE W

When love and compassion are  
an emptiness in life which nothing

by JAMES A. D.

AS Edward stepped out of the shower, pleasantly aglow, he congratulated himself again on his foresight in having had the shower and dressing room included in his office suite. To have the tonic of hot water, soap, and fresh clothing always available was such an elementary comfort that it could hardly be classed as an extravagance. His parents would have thought anything more than a weekly bath an almost effeminate luxury, he reflected scornfully, and then he pushed the thought from his mind. He did not like to recall his early days.

Stepping onto the scales, he

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# WALL

compassion are shut out, they leave  
which nothing else can fill

JAMES A. DUNN

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studied the dial attentively. Almost perfect. Possibly a pound or three-quarters over, but after all, he had had two glasses of water just before his bath. He swung open the closet door. For a moment, before he selected underclothing and a shirt from the neat piles on the shelves, he looked into the full-length mirror with critical appreciation. He was more solidly built than he had been twenty years before, but his flesh was hard and muscular. There was no flabbiness anywhere.

Quickly, but carefully, he dressed, selecting an autumn-tinted tie and a pair of Scotch-grain shoes, polished

*He stood in a few minutes with the baby*





## Emergency Call

► Little Susan had a burning ambition to be a doctor, but she was only five, so her dolls were her chief patients. Occasionally, however, she received an imaginary call to attend someone in the neighborhood. One day she rushed out on one of these calls, forgetting to close the door.

"Susan," her mother called, "come back and close the door." But Susan paid no attention.

When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and slammed the door. Then she continued on her way.

After a while she returned to the house.

"And how was your patient?" her mother asked indulgently.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that darned door!"



—(Mrs.) Rita Flynn

almost to redness to complement the brown tweed suit he chose. The color scheme, he noted complacently, became the ruddy tan acquired from the conscientious use of his sun lamp. The suit he had worn all day, and the other discarded clothes, he left carelessly thrown on the couch on which he always rested for exactly thirty minutes after lunch; the cleaning woman would take care of them when she came in.

He called a paternal goodnight to the law clerks and the typists still busy in the outer office as he left.

As he drove home, he started to think of the McAllister case. It was going even better than he had hoped, but as soon as he realized he was analyzing one of its yet unsolved parts, he thrust it from his mind. The evening hour was the time for complete retreat from the burden of the day. He had trained himself to make it so.

He thought of stopping to get some flowers for Jennifer and then decided against it. A cold, April rain had started to fall. Crossing the pavement would dampen his shoes. He would tell Jennifer of his impulse, however, and she would be pleased. She was always grateful for little attentions.

AS HE opened the front door of his home, the telephone rang. He picked up the instrument.

"Edward Middleton," he said crisply.

"Oh, yes, Edward," a feminine voice answered, "this is Lucy Brock. Will you tell Jennie our meeting is changed to Thursday?"

He put down the phone with mild annoyance. He was never called anything but Edward; he had made it quite clear that he preferred that, but Jennifer apparently didn't care what people called her.

A strange little mewing noise jabbed at the quiet of the house. He heard it abstractedly as he wondered if he should speak to Jennifer again about allowing

the use of that undignified nickname. The noise came again, and he called, "Jennifer."

"Coming, darling," she called in that unaffected lilt that gave her voice so much warmth.

As she appeared at the head of the stairs, he reflected that she was a tribute to his powers of selection. After ten years he could still look at her with possessive pride. She was as slim as ever but in the aristocratic chiseling of feature and in the patrician grace of her body, there was nothing of aloofness. There was too much life in her smile for that.

She ran quickly down the stairs to help him off with his coat.

"I thought I heard some unusual noise upstairs," he observed.

She appeared not to have heard as she led the way to his study. It was a room he liked for this half-hour before dinner. It was very quiet there. The heavy red curtains, which in cold weather were always drawn before he came home, shut off all outside noises. The dark oak paneling and the solid rows of books seemed to enclose him in security.

He sat down before the fire and poured his drink. Exactly two ounces. He knew precisely how much alcohol was best for him, and he never took more or less.

He reached for the evening paper, ready at hand, when faintly he heard the noise again.

He put the paper down in irritation. It was unfair that he should be disturbed at this hour. He looked at Jennifer demanding.

"What is that?"

She laughed a little nervously. "I'm afraid it's a problem for you."

He bristled. She had no right to present a problem before dinner. He had made it perfectly clear, time and again, that if she must present something she couldn't cope with, it mustn't be before

dinner. For a moment he considered whether he would be more disturbed by listening to her now or by the irritation of having the answer to his question postponed. Resignedly he decided he must listen.

"What kind of problem?" he snapped.

"Well . . . it's a baby."

He stared incredulously. "Do you mean to tell me that there is a baby in the house?"

She nodded guiltily.

"Whose baby?"

"Drusilla's. Tom's. He's your nephew," Jennifer added unnecessarily.

"But why have you brought him here?"

"Just to see if you'd like the idea," she said faintly.

"But with the hope that we'd keep him?"

Jennifer reached for her knitting and fumbled with it nervously for a moment before beginning to ply the needles. "Yes," she admitted, not meeting his gaze.

"But you knew that I'd made all the necessary arrangements. He would have been placed in a good home as soon as possible. Surely you didn't think I'd stint in the matter."

"No, of course you wouldn't stint." She lifted her eyes and met his steadily. "But there are some things money can't buy."

He made no reply.

Jennifer put aside her work. "Wouldn't you like to come up and see him?"

"Not now. After dinner."

Jennifer smiled brightly. "After dinner then." She left him to his relaxation.

HE picked up the evening paper and opened it determinedly. After a moment he glanced at the clock and put the paper aside. Only fifteen minutes before dinner and he seriously doubted that he'd be able to compose himself sufficiently to enjoy it. Perhaps if he could drop off to sleep for a few minutes, he would recover the feeling of well-being that had been his only a quarter of an hour before. He stretched out his legs to the fire and closed his eyes. In a moment he shifted his position and then irritably straightened up in the chair.

He began to think resentfully of his brother, Tom. If Tom had taken his advice and kept out of aircraft, he might be alive today. If he had taken Edward's advice on marriage, he would have selected someone less ineffectual than Drusilla—someone who would have had enough fortitude to survive the birth of her first child.

JAMES A. DUNN teaches at Norwood (Mass.) High School. He has had articles and stories published in many publications, including *America*, *Catholic Digest*, *Journal of Education*, etc.

Tom had always been a sentimentalist, a romanticist. He had never discovered, as Edward had, that the way to security and satisfaction is to have well-defined plans and follow them.

Edward got up and wandered restlessly down the hall to the living room. It was a pleasant room. He regarded it with absent approval. The deep, comfortable chairs, the logs burning brightly on the hearth, the rich, warm coloring, the mellowed Orientals on the floor—he had selected them all himself.

With the darkness behind it, the big picture window that overlooked the garden was like a mirror reflecting the room back to itself, but from the other side, out in the darkness, it would be clearly transparent. Edward walked over to it and jerked at the cord that drew the heavy hangings across it. Now the room was as it should be, complete in itself, shut off from the outside and the cold.

A faint odor of coffee percolating and the good, substantial smell of steak broiling drifted in from the kitchen. Edward sniffed appreciatively and then realized with unexpected pleasure that he was hungry after all. It was like an extra dividend to find himself anticipating a pleasure that he thought had been destroyed for him.

He heard Kathleen, the maid, go into the hall to sound the dinner gong, and he waited for Jennifer to hurry down the stairs to accompany him into the dining room.

"He's asleep," Jennifer announced triumphantly.

HE LIFTED his hand slightly. "Please. Let's postpone further discussion until after dinner."

"You're right, of course," Jennifer hastened to agree. "We have an especially good dinner, too. The market phoned that some fresh lobsters had come in on the afternoon plane and I had some sent right up for a cocktail."

He smiled genially. "Your dinners are always extra good, my dear."

Jennifer flushed prettily, and Edward devoted his careful attention to his dinner, taking care to curb his natural tendency to fast eating so that he could savor everything properly. He took a little less of each course than he could have eaten, not only for the sake of his weight, but because, as he explained to Jennifer, the most subtle way of enjoying food is not by surfeiting oneself but by always leaving the suggestion of appetite.

They took their coffee before the fire in the living room.

"Well, shall we go up?" Jennifer asked as soon as he had put his empty cup down.

He looked at her reproachfully. "You've forgotten my *crème de menthe*."

"Of course," she smiled apologetically. She hurried out and returned with the tiny glass with its emerald green liqueur.

He held the glass to the light and then inhaled its bouquet critically. He sipped and allowed a few drops to linger in his mouth for a little while before swallowing.

"It's a peculiar quality of *crème de menthe*," he instructed Jennifer, "that while it's a carminative, it's also . . ."

Jennifer's attention wavered. She listened a moment and then started from her chair. "I think he's crying," she said and hurried from the room.

Edward compressed his lips. It wasn't too much, he told himself, that he might expect to be able to finish a sentence without . . .

"Oh, darling, could you come up now?" Jennifer called down.

Deliberately he finished his drink and walked slowly upstairs.

"In here," she called from the guest room.

She was holding a blanket-swathed little bundle which she advanced proudly to show him. Her whole expression lighted with eager attention, she carefully lifted a corner of the blanket.

Edward stared down at his nephew. "What do you think of him?" Jennifer asked confidently.

Edward struggled to find a response. "He seems sound in wind and limb," he conceded.

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• The trouble with being punctual is that there's usually nobody there to appreciate it.

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"Here," Jennifer poked the bundle at him, "don't you want to hold him?"

This is where I'm supposed to be seduced by the clutch of tiny fingers, Edward thought. He backed away. "No," he said.

"I'll put him back in the bassinet while I get things ready for the night," Jennifer said. "Let's see now; there's the ten o'clock feeding, the two o'clock, and the six o'clock."

He stared aghast. "Do you mean you have to get up at two o'clock to feed him?"

"Oh, I won't disturb you," she assured him. "I'll sleep in here tonight with him."

"I could go to a hotel," he offered with unaccustomed irony.

"Don't be silly," she replied good humoredly. "You go down, and I'll be down shortly."

He went to his study and shut the door behind him. He had intended to read *Peace of Soul* tonight. A man needed in these times to cultivate his spiritual as well as his physical resources, but now he'd have to put away philo-

sophy for action. He was well aware he had given Jennifer no answer; indeed, he had formulated none, he told himself. Maybe he should say yes. Jennifer demanded so little, but this she was desperately anxious for, he knew. Although she had said so little, she was like a child waiting in wretched silence for something hardly hoped for. But she had been unfair the way she had thrust this upon him so precipitately. Almost forcing him, he thought angrily, and then he sternly repressed himself. Anger, even irritation, stimulated the adrenalin glands, upsetting the whole body chemistry for hours perhaps. He sat down to think with judicial calm. If he didn't remain detached, his sleep for the whole night might be less sound and refreshing than it should be. He must think the whole thing out so that his decision would be best for everyone—Jennifer, the baby, even himself. Yes, in this he had to think too of himself.

A YEAR or two ago, when Dr. Pomeroy had finally told them that there would be no children of their own, he had accepted the verdict with secret relief, but there was no denying that something in Jennifer had withered a little. There was no real change, but she was a little more given to silence, a little less attentive to things he told her in their cozy evenings before the fire. He had recommended *Serenity from Within* to her, but she had rejected it almost listlessly.

He began to calculate. The baby was little more than two weeks old now. If they did keep him, they couldn't send him away to school before he was ten or eleven. Good heavens! In ten years he, himself, would be forty-eight and Jennifer forty-five.

Jennifer returned before he had got very far in his deliberations. She picked up her knitting. Her fingers moved swiftly and expertly. He wondered sometimes what she did with all these garments with which she was perpetually busy. He thought himself that a little more repose might be good for her restlessness. He had told her that he had found abdominal breathing very soothing, but she had only looked at him oddly and said, "I have to keep my hands occupied."

He saw now that she was waiting for him to speak, but deliberately, he kept silent. He had discovered long since that where there is conflict it is better to let an opponent begin. It was strange to think of Jennifer as an antagonist, Jennifer who usually deferred so readily, but she might be stubborn. If she were, he would feel the reflection in his own personality. In simple justice to himself he'd have to consider that.

She broke the silence. "I'd always hoped that we'd have . . ."

"But it wasn't feasible in the first years," he explained patiently, "and you know that afterward I offered no objection."

The thought brought up a swift train of association. Jennifer was not quite herself tonight—a little strained, a little tense—but there was something in that mood that stirred him. He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue and thought that perhaps later . . . Then he remembered the guest room and the two o'clock feeding.

She colored a bit under the searching appraisal of his look but returned to the subject. "I know," she agreed, "but now we have this chance and it would be good for all of us. Good for you."

He smiled good humoredly. He always found that he felt better if he kept himself tolerant in an exchange of views.

"Come, come," he chided gently. "You know who it really is you're thinking of."

SHE looked at him steadily. "No, really I'm not. I do want the baby. I want him more than anything I've . . . But don't you think it would be good to get out of . . . to venture . . . oh, I know I put it clumsily, stupidly . . . but sometimes I think things make so little impact . . . things outside your . . ." She smiled apologetically. "There isn't much warmth or life in the practice of law, is there?"

"I find it very absorbing, very satisfying," he said frigidly.

"But there's more than that," said Jennifer worriedly, "more than work and eating and sleeping and being comfortable."

He stirred a little uneasily. Suddenly a passage he had read from an inspirational article came into his mind. "When a personality goes outside itself to engage in some new, vital, daring, revolutionary, and purely unselfish activity, the subject finds himself with a new vitality. There is a sudden flooding of enrichment, a torrent of energy is released, and the whole personality is overwhelmed with richness."

When he had read that a few days ago, he had found himself nodding with approval. Perhaps he had never felt quite so enthusiastically rejuvenated, but he had experienced the glow of inner approval when he had written checks for famine relief or for the poor church missionaries. Possibly if he reacted in the really heroic fashion Jennifer was asking, he might enjoy the fullness of the return which the article had promised. Though not given to pious reflections, he thought sentimentally. "Cast your bread upon the waters. . . ."

He hedged a bit. "You wouldn't be able to take on such a burden," he said.

"Able!" she said scornfully. "My mother had eight children. She lived to be eighty-three and was killed in a collision coming home from a basketball game."

"Amazing," he said. "You never told me that before."

"Well, it isn't the literal truth," Jennifer admitted, "but it seemed an appropriate reply."

He started to frown but remembered to change his expression to one of benign indulgence. The feminine mind must be permitted its irrelevancies, he thought, and he was rather proud of his insight.

He went to his humidor and selected a cigar. It was the single one he allowed himself each day, and he carefully saved it for the middle of the evening—long enough after dinner so as not to interfere with digestion, and long enough before bedtime so as not to leave fumes in his larynx when he retired.

"Could you find a competent nurse?" he asked.

Jennifer looked up in sudden hope. "You mean you . . . Oh, I don't need a nurse . . ." She hesitated. "Yes, perhaps it would be a good idea. Then I wouldn't be . . ."

"Tied down quite so closely," he smiled.

She came over and perched on the

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• Whatever happens, there is always someone who knew that it would.

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
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arm of his chair. "Oh, thank you," she breathed.

"Oh, not so fast," he warned. "I have made no commitment; I'm merely canvassing possibilities."

"That's more than I . . ."

He assumed a teacher-like expression. "You ought to correct your habit of leaving sentences unfinished. You ought to know definitely what you want to say and say it."

"Yes, I should," said Jennifer, "but there's so many things that . . . I think I'll go up and get the baby and take him down here. It's time for his ten o'clock bottle."

She returned in a few minutes with the baby.

"Oh, I forgot to heat the bottle," she confessed. "Here, you hold him a minute." Before he could back away she thrust the child on him. "No, not like that. Put your hand behind his head to support his back."

The baby yawned, wriggled his tiny fist free of the blankets and beat the air aimlessly, but Edward was not beguiled. He stood in rigid discomfort, impatiently awaiting his wife's return.

Slowly, incredulously, he became aware that his palm was being flooded with a warm dampness.

"Jennifer," he bellowed.

She hurried in, protesting that in a minute more the bottle would be warmed. Wordlessly, desperately, he thrust the baby at her and hurried to the hall lavatory. He washed his hands, scrubbing the flesh with a stiff nailbrush, repeatedly soaping and rinsing like a surgeon preparing to operate.

As he worked away with fastidious distaste, he was transported back, before he was aware of it, to the cramped and shabby little tenement where it seemed in the close confinement of cold weather there always hung on the air the odor of stale ammonia. As the eldest of the children, as the only one of the family who appreciated the seriousness of life, he had been miserably aware of the stifling atmosphere which his slovenly, good-humored mother and his carelessly improvident father accepted so casually.

It was not often that he admitted the memory of those years to linger in his mind. Even Jennifer knew little of what his boyhood had been, but now he allowed himself to dwell upon it with bitterness.

He had hated those babies, perhaps not hated them, but he had hated the crowding, the smells, the incessant work they made. As soon as possible he had got away from it and he had not gone back. It was his own strength and courage that had pulled him through the long grind of college and law school. The revulsion for those squalid childhood days, although it had been pushed deep into the unworked recesses of his mind, had never left him, and now it came over him almost like a physical nausea.

HE DRIED his hands carefully, threw the towel into the hamper, and went back to the study where Jennifer sat, intent again on her knitting.

She looked up contritely. "It won't happen again. I'll see that . . ."

He nodded solemnly.

She went on with a rush, "Oh, it will be good; you'll be glad."

"But, Jennifer," he said, "I haven't. I can't. We . . ."

"But I thought you had agreed?"

"No, I merely made certain tentative inquiries. It's necessary to collect facts before a decision is made, but, as I have often told you, staying too long in a state of indecision is disquieting."

"Then your mind is made up?"

"I'm afraid you won't agree, but I know that later you will look back with relief to your escape from this impracticable impulse."

Jennifer blazed up. "Oh, stop talking like a stuffed shirt. Why don't you come

(Continued on page 78)





Coleen Gray and Hume Cronyn appeared in leading roles on the Pulitzer Prize Playhouse dramatization of "The Ponsi Story"

# Radio and TELEVISION

by  
**DOROTHY KLOCK**

## War Front—Home Front

With the advent of the vacuum tube and the later arrival of the kinescope, the Fourth Estate has had to open its doors to a new type of member. For a considerable time now, radio correspondents have taken their place along with the honorable gentlemen of the press as respected purveyors of news to a headline-hungry world. World War II established radio reporters both in quantity and in quality. Korea has re-enforced their position as essential to the steady line of information which the American public demands.

Seldom, however, apart from a one-minute-and-thirty-second bit in a summary of world news, is the listening public given a chance to hear these radio correspondents in person. It is that point in particular that makes *War Front—Home Front* so welcome a program. Because the voices you hear on it are those of the men reporting the news from where it is happening, this series has the vitality and the immediacy too often lacking in broadcasting.

The format is simple. Via short wave, three men from Mutual's news services

here at home exchange questions and answers with three of their Fourth Estate brethren whose job is that of reporting the Korean action from the field or from Tokyo. It is important, and right, that questions should go in both directions. We take it for granted that the home front wants to know what's doing at the war front, but we sometimes forget that the boys in the fight are just as interested in reactions at home to events here and overseas. It is this two-way questioning factor, as much as any, that makes each program easily listenable, especially when questions and answers, on both ends, are handled in casual, well-phrased style by gentlemen who know their way around the world of nouns, verbs, and adjectives.

You have undoubtedly guessed—rightly—that there is Armed Forces censorship of the program. "For security reasons" it is "transcribed earlier" and is edited before broadcast. The editing is an intelligent job. In no sense does it devitalize the program which still packs strong and often humorous punches in both questions and answers. The overall effect is one of warm, honest, and

authentic reporting on a two-way basis.

*War Front—Home Front* is radio's best device at present for conveying a realization of what the fighting in Korea is like. It serves a most valuable purpose. It fills in the real picture for the taxpayer, who must foot the bills in terms of money. It reminds him that those who represent him on freedom's proving ground must pay in a far dearer coin. (Mutual—Monday, 9:30 to 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

## And on TV . . . Pulitzer Prize Playhouse

A gimmick is a peg on which a radio or television program can be hung. Getting a good gimmick is a part of the battle, to be sure, but no matter how good it is, it will soon wear out its welcome if it is not used with consistently high production standards, so that the result is characterized by taste, quality, and integrity.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse has a honey of a gimmick which leads easily and directly to the type of program that wins increasing respect from the viewer. The source material might be a novel, a play, a biography, or a newspaper story. In any event, it is sure to be a work which has inherent importance, having stood the severe test of the Pulitzer Prize judges.

Then comes the next step, that of adaptation. Edgar Peterson, the producer, who comes to the series with a wealth of Hollywood experience, knows the importance of fluid writing for television, writing which lays consistent stress on the peculiar attributes and restrictions of the medium. When you see a television drama which leaves you with a satisfied sense of completeness, the chances are that it was good television. . . . much of that on Pulitzer Prize Playhouse, just as there is much good acting and direction.

This one-hour program, which goes into the endless, widening circle of infinity after its brief, single span on the air, has a budget in the neighborhood of \$30,000 for each program. That is more or less standard for dramatic programs of this type, and it is considerably less than the cost of some of the variety shows. When considered in comparison with the increasing number of homes across the country now equipped with television, the per capita expenditure made in behalf of the individual viewer by the sponsor comes to very little indeed. And remember that the average moving picture, which runs only half again as long, usually costs many times that figure. Television productions sound very expensive, but when figured on this basis, it is not hard to prove to the sponsor that he is getting his money's worth.

A spiritual thought for the month



## The Christian Sign

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

Sad songs of self-pity are a pagan's lament from a heart busy weeping about the evil days that treat it so badly. This estimate of evil days would probably be correct in any age; in our own, it could easily be right for the wrong reasons. Heaven is not on this earth; nor ever will be. Times are evil, not primarily because violence is rampant, because suffering is widespread, or because the death of the young haunts every home. The evil of any age is not to be measured in terms of its suffering, but of its abandonment of God. It is worth suffering, even such sufferings as the cross, to be brought back to God.

Suffering belongs in a man's life, particularly in a Christian's life; for the cross is the Christian sign. We can accurately describe the cross as an instrument of physical suffering on which a man, transfixed, can do no more than refuse to surrender what violence cannot seize as his life is drained out of him by his sufferings. But it was never intended that the cross be exclusively constituted by crossed beams of wood, transfixing nails, and the solitary height of a hill. It is the common burden of the followers of Christ, of the humblest as well as the mightiest: its shadow is meant to fall, not on a hill but on a heart. In every case, the cross throws starkly against the sky the things of which a man can be stripped and the things no man can take from him. Whenever a man ascends his cross, he faces a double danger: he can see surrender as an escape from its torment and, surrendering what he cannot be robbed of, climb down from the cross; or he can be so broken by the things he has lost as to become blind to the inviolable treasures which the cross won and the cross preserves. Borne with the stubborn courage of a true cross-bearer, the cross always brings a man back to God, it always opens his eyes to the futility of gaining the whole world at the cost of his own soul.

A man can know the cross has been laid on his shoulders by the loss of valued things through no fault of his own, and the bitter taste of the suffering from that loss. A youngster may

step out of the family circle and no word come to ease the hours haunted by the fear of things that could be happening; then the parents know the anguish that put years into the three days that Mary and Joseph searched for the divine child. A loved one can take his leave to plunge into suffering that is certain and that cannot be shared, as the Son of Mary once left Nazareth to walk the roads under a rain of mockery, deceit, blasphemy, sly persecution; and she could be no aid to him. The awful finality of death may cut down young life, or sever hearts that the long years had made one, to leave a gaping hole beyond all repair; then the cross-bearer knows something of the emptiness of Mary's heart when only two sat down to meals in that little home and half of her was gone.

Still we do not need losses as great as this to be bowed down by suffering. The loss of youth, the impairment of health, the vanishing of savings, unemployment, with loved ones depending on our provision, wrecked plans, or love's fire turned to cold ashes, all furnish bitterness sufficient for our hearts.

Whatever form it take, we shall surely have our cross, because God is good. We must learn, however hard the lesson, that life is not a matter of holding securely to the good things God has lent us for our weakness, but of not suffering the loss of our own souls: that whatever the cost, truth and goodness must not be surrendered; that it is the kingdom of God that matters.

The Christian sign is not for our punishment but for our salvation. The loss of what can be taken from us is the ultimate tragedy only when our soul is already desolate from putting its happiness in something less than God. Then we urgently need the cross to drive us back to the only source of fullness for our hearts. The surrender of love, of truth, of the grace of God to escape the cross are light losses for those who have found an exchange for their souls. They are men not signed by Christ. The Christian sign has been discarded by them; and there is no other sign in which men can conquer.

For deft, imaginative use of the television medium in advertising a product, it can be said in all honesty that the commercials on Pulitzer Prize Playhouse are (oh, tribute rare!) a real delight. This is not to be construed as an endorsement! But when one finds oneself making a point of not missing the commercial, the millenium has come!

Among the plays that have been given a new hearing—and seeing—are *Our Town*, *Mary of Scotland*, *Broken Dishes*, and *Allison's House*. Biographies translated into television drama have included *Portrait of a President*, the story of Andrew Jackson. Perhaps the most unusual jobs of all have been done on some of the news stories which won Pulitzer Prizes, *The Canton Story* and *The Ponzi Story*. The latter told in vivid, dramatic language the tragic tale of the little man from Boston who wanted to be big in the eyes of his fellows. Striking hard at the viewer because this was truth and not fiction, this program in particular was indicative of the painstaking care given to every facet of production in all of the programs.

Perhaps the truest test of the true artist is that he is never really satisfied with the quality of his output. Real art is always reaching out to improve itself. That is the feeling that pervades the Pulitzer Prize Playhouse series. It is good, unquestionably. But its creators seem always to be trying to better their best. What more can one ask? (ABC-TV—Friday, 9:00 to 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

**And for your Television Screen**  
VACATION WONDERLAND (NBC-TV, Monday to Friday, 3:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

A travel-for-fun program, narrated by Dick Joseph, president of the Travel Writers Association, highlighting such spots as South America, Hawaii, Cuba, and Bermuda.

THE NATURE OF THINGS (NBC-TV, Saturday, 5:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

Dr. Roy K. Marshall's informative science show, in a welcome return engagement, explaining in terms for the layman the remarkable phenomena around us at every moment.

**Some Good Bets on your Radio Dial**

FIRST PIANO QUARTER (NBC, Saturday, 5:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

A wide range of periods and composers in a musical program distinguished by skillful arrangements and great artistry at the keyboards.

REPORTERS' ROUNDUP (Mutual, Thursday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

A lively half-hour every week in which newsmen expert in "putting the question" query top national figures, governmental and otherwise, on topics of current controversy.

# THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Catholic "Divorce"

*A friend insists that he knows of a Catholic who obtained a divorce with Church approval. Am I right in my contention that in the Catholic Church there is no such thing as divorce?—V. MCL., DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.*

Properly understood, you are correct; apparently, your friend, too, is correct. If you have filed your "Sign Post," reread "Catholic Conservatism," (July, 1950) and "Catholic Divorces," (October, 1950). There is no such thing as a divorce granted by the Catholic Church. A divorce bespeaks the attempted annulment of a valid, existent marriage. At most, in cases of hopeless incompatibility, the Church permits permanent separation. In some such cases, because of legal involvements apropos of property, custody of children, and the like, the Church permits application for a civil divorce to be granted by the State. However, neither the Church's permission nor the civil divorce adds up to freedom for remarriage.

Freedom to remarry, based upon a declaration of nullity issued by the Church, is totally different. A declaration of nullity is an official judgment, based upon due investigation, to the effect that an apparently valid marriage was really invalid and nonexistent.

## A Just War?

*Can the present conflict be considered a just war? May a Catholic join wholeheartedly in it, through military service or defense production?—J. V., CLEVELAND, O.*

Despite the well-intended, wishful thinking of idealists—including a negligible percentage of impractical Catholics—there is such a thing as a just war. Conscientiously, an individual may resist the violence of an unjust aggressor: more often than not he should do so—for the sake of others dependent on him as well as for his own sake. The same principle applies to a nation or group of nations that cannot otherwise cope with an unjust aggressor.

It goes without saying that the necessity and urgency of recourse to military means should be in ratio to the gravity of an impending war. It should be a "last-ditch" resort—yet not so late or so poorly organized as to invite defeat and disaster. Nor does it devolve upon the individual citizen to decide as to the justice of a war in which his country becomes engaged. His obligation is to elect capable leaders whose wisdom and honesty are foolproof.

Only too true—World Wars I and II did not insure lasting peace. However, the bungling of peace efforts during the past thirty-seven years is not adequate reason to justify a kowtowing appeasement on the part of governments that are, at least, far more moral than that of the godless Soviet. If certain Allied governments were more moral than they are, we could count on the efficiency of an "E-bomb" or economic boycott. But, under the circumstances, we may be constrained to resort to a hot war of A-bombs and—mindful

of Pearl Harbor—to take the initiative. The double-talk featured at that modern "Tower of Babel" known as the U.N. exemplifies the futility of arbitration.

No victorious war is a guaranty of lasting peace. Nevertheless, a war is justifiable to fend off the imminent danger of world-wide domination by Communism. Prescinding from political-economic involvements, and to the extent that Communism is *characteristically atheistic and antireligious*, any such defensive conflict may be considered a "holy war." We must admit that many leaders of the Western world are by no means simon-pure and that some leaders of the Oriental world are but the logical products of Western education. But there does seem to be a wholesome trend among the democratic nations, especially within our own country, to realize anew the need for such basic virtues as honesty and social justice, buttressed not merely by humanitarian motives but by faith and hope in God. It is heartening when military and economic tactics are recognized as mere symptoms of moral illness.

It is typical of Catholic theology to emphasize duly the virtue of *piety* which, properly understood, bespeaks devotion to God, to parents, and to one's fatherland. As statistics testify, American Catholics—always and everywhere—have been second to none in ardent patriotism. There is ample reason for all Catholics whose perspective is normal to enter wholeheartedly into the current crusade against atheistic Communism, whether abroad or at home—"for God and country."

## Mother Absent from Baptism

*A non-Catholic relative is puzzled as to why it is that, at a Catholic baby's christening—although the father and godparents are present—the mother remains at home.*

—P. D., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

According to the Church's Code of Canon Law, an infant is to be baptized as soon as reasonably can be. (Canon 770) However, aside from emergency cases, the sacrament is to be administered—not in private homes or in hospitals—but in the parish church. Hence, "as soon as reasonably can be" means the avoidance of unnecessary delay. Years ago, in the Catholic countries of Europe, it was not considered unusual to have the solemn baptism of a baby on the very day of birth. Catholic instinct prompted immediate baptism, whereby the infant would be "born again of water and the Holy Spirit," becoming thereby a child of God also and an heir to heaven. Even in this country, that same commendable instinct accounts for baptisms administered on the first Sunday after birth. Obviously, in such circumstances, it would be too much to expect that the mother attend.

Nowadays, in contrast to the ideal procedures referred to above, we find only too many baptisms postponed indefinitely—even for months on end. The element of risk inherent in such delay is a grave injustice to the infant. It would be permissible to defer baptism for a few days, for some good



reason such as the arrival of a godparent or the mother's fitness to attend. Other things being equal, there is no reason why a mother should not attend the solemn baptism, whereby her offspring is adopted by God as His very own.

### **Despair**

*I realize that despair is a grave sin against hope in God. But when a person despairs of hope in God's mercy, isn't he so "mixed up" as to be incapable of deliberation and responsibility?*—P. C., DES MOINES, IOWA.

At least in cases of protracted worry and discouragement, it could happen that a person would be so mentally exhausted as to be incapable of much deliberation and responsibility. Not improbably, such is the explanation of most cases of suicide as a culmination of the state of despair.

However, it does not follow that despair and responsibility are mutually exclusive. Considering opportunities for knowing their Master intimately, we can hardly excuse Peter's denial any more than Judas' betrayal. Yet, the one repented while the other despaired—despite a very mild reproach. In each and every case, only the "Searcher of Hearts" can judge extenuating circumstances. Generally speaking, when a person's misconduct is humanly inexplicable, the kindest hope to entertain—and perhaps the most probable opinion—is to the effect that the culprit is more or less irresponsible.

### **Human Self-Expression**

*A non-Catholic subscriber to THE SIGN, who reads it religiously from cover to cover, makes the following inquiries: a) Is it not just as beneficial to have the image of a holy person in mind, as to wear a medal or the like? b) Since mental prayer is highly commended, won't the day come when vocal prayers are discontinued?*—J. D., BAZINE, KAN.

a) Pictorial reminders of Our Lord and the saints are not essential, for inasmuch as our make-up is partially spiritual, it is possible for us to keep others in mind without such aids. However, it is normal to us to attain our knowledge through the medium of our bodily senses. For example, the eyes are "windows of the soul," the ears its antennae, the tongue its microphone. Hence, it is so much easier to be mindful of someone whom we can remember visually or in some similar way. When we see our country's flag and hear our national anthem, spontaneously and with the swiftness of thought, we are reminded of our Constitution, our Bill of Rights, our American spirit. Pictorial newspapers and magazines are so popular because they ease the way for understanding and remembering. Through the Incarnation, even God became humanly audible, visible, tangible.

We might add that, in the case of medallions and the like—over and above the psychological benefit just described—the blessing of the Church can transpose such articles to the category of sacramentals. A sacramental is an object or an action which, through the official and all-reliable blessing of the Church, coupled with the good dispositions of the individual, can become a means of divine grace. A balanced recourse to sacramentals is innocent of all taint of superstition, for reliance is placed upon the efficacious prayers of the Church Suffering, Militant, and Triumphant, and upon the sincere dispositions of each individual who avails himself of this source of God's grace.

b) Mental or meditative prayer is superior to vocal prayer to the extent that it is more thoughtful and therefore more earnest. We do not imply thereby that vocal prayers are bereft of thoughtfulness, for such prayers are acceptable to God in ratio to the attention with which they are voiced.

Modern life in the so-called civilized world is so complex and distracting that, what with radio, TV, and many et

ceteras, even the Almighty encounters competition. Most people, most of the time, do not schedule their daily activity in such wise as to provide time for the more leisurely and earnest conversation with God known as mental prayer. For that reason, it is unlikely that vocal prayer will ever fall into desuetude!

Nor should vocalized prayer be permitted to fall into disuse. It is natural for a human being to pray, not only in the privacy of mind and heart, but also in an externalized way—using faculties of body as well as of soul. In the same way, we instinctively manifest courtesy to others, patriotism, and so on. In religious orders, at least as much time is set apart for vocal as for mental prayer. The official prayer of the Church, known as the daily Divine Office, is thus adapted to our human make-up. The sacrificial prayer known as the Mass is also a vocal prayer. No matter how refined a person's spirituality may be, there are many times when, because of distraction or mental fatigue, the approved formulas of vocal prayer are most helpful, even necessary and correspondingly welcome.

### **Human Grief of Christ**

*A non-Catholic has asked me to explain why Jesus wept when He raised Lazarus from the dead. It was suggested that perhaps heaven is so lovely that Jesus regretted bringing Lazarus back to this life.*—M. C., HOPEWELL, N. Y.

Our Lord's susceptibility to grief is one of the proofs that He is human as well as divine. While the predominant tendency among skeptics has been to question the divinity of Christ, there have been those who questioned His humanness.

According to the very full account in the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, Our Lord did not weep when He brought about the resurrection of Lazarus. His compassion was manifested prior to His miraculous intervention—when He was brought face to face with the grief of Lazarus' family, of Martha and Mary especially.

Our Lord never did place any action that He had to regret, nor could He, for His human will was in such perfect harmony with the divine as to be incapable of sin or moral imperfection. Incidentally, during the four days when Lazarus' soul had been a disembodied spirit, he had not experienced heaven. At that time, departed souls of the just awaited, in Limbo, the resurrection of their divine Saviour and His ascension into heaven.

### **Wyclif Bible?**

*What connection is there between Wyclif, the Bible, and the Reformation?*—H. P., CHICAGO, ILL.

Englishman John Wyclif—one of the household gods of the Protestant mutiny—died in 1384. The date of his birth is disputed, as of 1342 or a few years earlier. Wyclif was a man of scholarly training and tastes, but unbalanced. He fell in with an anticlerical element who, both in England and on the Continent, were fostering a long-range program for the control of Church property and funds. In this connection, he attained prominence as a member of an arbitration board, in a litigation between Pope Gregory XI and the senile Edward III.

From that time onward, he deteriorated rather rapidly as a teacher and preacher until, logically, he lapsed into bald heresy—attacking the Holy Eucharist, the freedom of the human will, the reliability of the Sacrament of Penance, the hierarchy at large as well as the papacy, and so on and so on. His errors, echoed by his deluded disciple, John Hus, were condemned by the Council of Constance, in 1414.

Wyclif contended that the Bible is the sole rule of faith. In scuttling tradition as an equal source of revelation, he

broke with the consistent faith of over thirteen centuries of Christianity. In its fulness, his contention proffered the Bible for private interpretation, according to the subjectivism of each and every individual. To that extent, at least, Wyclif spearheaded Lutheranism and English Protestantism. However, Cardinal Gasquet has shown satisfactorily that certain English translations of the sacred text, known as the "Old English Bible," are not the work of John Wyclif, but were in existence before his time. But that this psychopath did revamp and garble at least one translation of the Bible—a version condemned by the Council of Oxford in 1408, is attested by St. Thomas More. In a similar tone and for identically the same reason, the Church refuses to recognize any forgery of God's Word.

### Why Not?

*Years ago, I divorced my husband and remarried. My second marital partner has died, and since then my husband has been visiting me. I never found happiness away from my religion, family, and friends. Can we live together again as husband and wife?*—L. H., MIAMI, FLA.

Before God and the Church, you are still married to your original husband. Your second, attempted marriage was fictitious, inasmuch as the civil divorce did not erase an indelible marriage bond.

You say that you still love your husband dearly and admit that the divorce was a tragic mistake. Presumably, he would not visit you now unless your affection were reciprocated. Don't waste time and "muddy the water" by endeavoring to apportion blame. Perhaps, as you say, he should have contested and refused the divorce, but it is even more likely that you should not have procured it.

Both you and your husband should go together to your parish priest, or to the officials of your diocesan chancery. You will be kindly received and advised as to proper procedure apropos of ecclesiastical and civil requirements. Coupled with those adjustments, a sincere and thorough recourse to the sacrament of repentance will restore you to "an even keel," both in the external, legal forum, and in the internal forum of conscience.

### Divine Intervention

*Why doesn't God intervene to prevent the many wars with which this world is hexed?*—T. M., SALEM, MASS.

That word—"hexed"—connotes, ordinarily, the idea of witchcraft. Witchcraft, in the sinister sense of the term, is something accomplished or perpetrated by a human creature with diabolical help.

When we consider the inhuman atrocities that have been so commonplace, not only during the last war, but throughout the aftermath of that war to the present day, it may not be at all far-fetched to consider the diabolical as an influential factor. Merely human explanations of so much inhuman behavior sound flimsy. Most people are forgetful or otherwise heedless of the many warnings in Divine Revelation as to the organized hostility of devils toward mankind.

As one of the results of man's redemption by a divine Saviour, it is no longer inevitable that Satanic forces will dominate the human family—in fact, it is impossible, despite our defeat in the battle of Eden. With the help of that divine factor known as God's grace—which can be counted upon for the sincere asking—no man need fear his eternal ruination by man or devil.

However, since God respects the intelligence and freedom wherewith He has endowed us, men can—if they so choose—barter with other men or with the devil, for a fool's paradise. In the twinkling of an eye, the Almighty could intervene and prevent wars and any other catastrophe attributable to

human caprice. But were He to do so, imagine the hue and cry that would arise—not against divine intervention, but against divine interference! Human nature can be ornery.

During Old Testament times, when the maintenance of God's worship was consigned to a Chosen People, miraculous intervention in their behalf by the Lord God was the "order of the day." But nine times out of ten, His intervention was either resented, or soon forgotten, or trifled with. According to up-to-date revelations made to us through His mother as the co-redeemer of the world, our divine Saviour has made it clear that peace will gladden this world only when men have exemplified their good will by penance and prayer. To pray eloquently, to repent sincerely and thoroughly, is to intelligently and freely win God as an Ally. "The souls of the just are in the hands of God—so too, the heart of the ruler is in the hand of the Lord—whithersoever He will, He shall turn it." (Wisdom 3:1; Proverbs 21:1.)

### Refutation of Bigotry

*THE SIGN series on bigotry reminds me—why doesn't the Church sue certain bigots for libel, even though only for the sum of \$1.00? It isn't the readers of THE SIGN, etc., who need conversion but the readers of the secular press. The newspaper account of such court trials would be good publicity.*—R. C., WHITING, IND.

Under such circumstances, court action is seldom worthwhile, considering the expense and time involved, not to mention the aftermath of bitterness. By this time in the history of the U.S.A., Catholic loyalty has been so consistently demonstrated as to need little, if any, defense. A libel suit means publicity for both parties to the litigation; thereby, issues can be obscured as well as clarified; no evidence can convince the unwilling. Generally speaking, bigots so overreach themselves that their libels boomerang. Forbearance is characteristically Christian and bears dividends. Most secular papers will concede space to letters of refutation in behalf of the Church, even when their own columnists slant the news. To use your own expression, among those who recently have had their "guns spiked" are Homer Bigart, Sam Pope Brewer, and Sulzberger, as well as the acidulous, self-styled bishop—Bromley Oxnam.

### Nursing Mother of Happy Delivery

*Is there a reputable shrine in this country under the above title?*—S. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.

At St. Augustine, Florida—the Spanish settlement where the sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in the now United States. This place of pilgrimage is known as *La Leche*—The Shrine of Christian Motherhood. The original shrine is in Madrid, and the devotion to Our Lady under the title, "Nursing Mother of Happy Delivery," dates back to 1598. A civilian rescued and restored to veneration a statue which had been desecrated by a soldier. He was rewarded by the miraculous intervention of Our Lady, in behalf of his wife, who was on the verge of death during childbirth. Devotion to the Mother of God received a fresh impetus, under this new title, and spread throughout Spain. A replica of the original statue was imported to Spanish America and has been honored ever since by pilgrims far and wide. A special pilgrimage is held annually, on the first Sunday after Easter. The spirit of this devotion is a happy antidote to the fear of motherhood, so widespread nowadays because of the propaganda of those who are among the living because they escaped the very birth control they so feverishly advocate. For interesting literature pertinent to this shrine and this very practical devotion, enclose a stamp for return postage, and apply to *La Leche*—Shrine of Christian Motherhood, St. Augustine, Fla.



*An Indian youth at a fiesta, who may look more pagan than Christian*

# THUNDER in the Sun

North Americans visiting Mexico are usually shocked or disgusted with Mexican Catholicism. What the tourist doesn't see is the people's real faith

By JOSEPH M. DUKERT

A LITTLE man with a brush mustache and shiny black hair genuflected before a shrine of the Blessed Mother. He stood up and adjusted a bouquet of red-and-yellow flowers in the vase before the statue. Then he lit a vigil lamp and genuflected again.

The scene wasn't a church or even a chapel. It was the print shop of *Novedades*, one of Mexico's largest daily newspapers; and the man was a printer who had just arrived for work.

The action was typical of Catholicism in Mexico, where pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe hold a place of honor in every taxi and bus, and where parishioners kiss the hand of a priest in reverent greeting.

This is Mexico, as I saw it. But it isn't the same country that I had imagined, and it isn't the same Mexico that most tourists see. When I crossed the Rio

Grande, I tried to forget the bizarre picture I had formed mentally—from travelogues, hearsay, cartoons, and novels. I met the Mexicans, talked their language as best I could, read their newspapers and magazines, ate their food, worshiped at their shrines.

What I saw and heard intrigued me. For what I saw and heard was, I think, the real Mexico.

The real Mexico is a Catholic country; 97 per cent of its citizens have been baptized in the Catholic Faith. And right there is one of the big causes for misunderstanding. Mexican Catholicism is unlike ours in a lot of ways; and the people's attitude toward morals and devotion is different, too. Many tourists are alarmed by this fact, and some are even led to doubt the sincerity of Mexican churchgoers.

Public displays of religious fervor are



*Beautiful churches testify to the sacrificing devotion of a poor people, like the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Cholulú*



*A native of Mexico City shows her baby woven palm after Palm Sunday ceremonies*



so common in Mexico that they almost seem to be based on superstition. Those vigil lights in the busses, the white candy skulls on All Souls' Day, the holy pictures and statues everywhere, they seem suspiciously like good-luck charms.

Some commentators on Mexican religious practice have even called the people there pagans. They say that they actually adore the ancient gods of the Aztecs and the Toltecs, while they pretend to accept the Christianity which has been forced upon them.

But the Mexicans themselves—priests and laymen—scoff at these ideas. Their arguments seem sound, too. One Mexican college student I met this summer summed them up perfectly for me:

"When two Mexican friends meet on the street, you've probably noticed that they embrace each other. We like to show our feelings. We're used to showing them. When an emotion is as strong as Mexican Catholicism, it's bound to appear everywhere.

"We like pageantry in Church ceremonies, too. The Mass gives us a chance to use all our senses in worshipping God; so we can see the priest, hear the hymns, smell the incense, strike our breast in penance, and taste the Body and Blood of Christ. Outside of Mass, too, we try to show our love for God and the Holy Virgin in every way we can. We're naturally emotional people, and we don't try to hide our emotions."

Still, I was a bit skeptical about these apparent national differences in Catholicism; so a Mexican priest cleared things up still further with this explanation: "The Church has always built its missionary teachings around tribal tradi-

tions and local customs," he reminded me. "It's natural that public displays of faith here in Mexico should seem somewhat strange to foreigners. There's nothing wrong with adapting local customs to Christian ideas. Even in its earliest days, the Church borrowed the pagan practice of burning incense during divine worship. Besides, lots of strangers confuse nonreligious ceremonies down here with Catholicism. . . ."

HE pointed to an American Airlines calendar, on which August 15—the Feast of the Assumption—was marked in red. "You see, holydays of obligation in Mexico are traditionally holidays, too. The fancy Indian costumes and dances you see on those days aren't necessarily connected with religious rituals. They're just the Mexican way of celebrating any holiday."

How about Christmas in the United States? Don't Catholics and atheists alike send nonreligious Christmas cards? And don't they all seem overly interested in Santa Claus and the State Street reindeer decorations, when they should be thinking about the Birth of Christ? Both habits are bad ones, and they ought to be corrected. But they hardly justify calling either country "pagan."

Some of the things tourists condemn in Mexico are a lot more obvious, though. For instance, a constant source of disgust to visitors in Mexico are the mobs of vendors outside every church building. All during Mass the noisy marketers hawk their wares—food, pottery, toys, and clothing. Near the Shrine of Guadalupe, some enterprising concessionaires have carried the idea still

further by erecting a ferris wheel and merry-go-rounds.

Many tourists put the blame for this irreverence on the Church. They get the idea that pastors charge fees for good selling spots near the shrines. I was a bit embarrassed and resentful about that, too, until I discovered that the Church is powerless to stop the practice. Church grounds are owned by the State, and Church authorities have no right to oust the sellers. Civic groups in some sections of the country are trying to ban the vendors as a "public nuisance;" but many anticlerical government officials still choose to let them remain. If the Church's reputation among visitors suffer, so much the better! Behind the window-dressing of neutrality in Church-State relations is a semiofficial sniping attack.

ONE example of these new tactics is given by the government-licensed guides. These guides make a tremendous impression on English-speaking visitors who have only a short while to "see" Mexico; but it's generally a false one. Although it would be difficult to prove that these guides are tools of the State, the very fact that their attitude is so radically different from other Mexicans—and the fact that they hardly ever bind themselves to the truth—would indicate that they are at least a loosely organized party of opposition to the Church.

Perhaps a few actual cases will show you what I mean:

A Benedictine monk told me of his first visit to the Cathedral in Mexico City. He had gone there in lay garb—which all clerics must wear in public,



*Each Good Friday the Passion is re-enacted in Puebla. The statue of Christ is being carried from church*



*All classes of society have true devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and this scene before her statue is common*

according to law—and hired a guide. Pretending to be non-Catholic, he got the works—a whole stream of lurid stories about rich Catholic priests and morally corrupt nuns. Then the guide topped it off with this shocker: “We’ve gotten rid of all those convents and priest houses now, though. We chased every one of those dirty priests out of the country.”

Some of the guides tell stories that are actually ridiculous. Like the one at the Basilica of Guadalupe, who gave his patrons “the inside dope” on a collection of chalices they saw standing on one of the side altars.

“Those are the priests’ cups,” he said solemnly. “The poor people have to pay for them, and they’re all solid gold. The insides are covered with diamonds and rubies, too. Worth 20,000 pesos! I’d show them to you, but the priests don’t let us touch them.”

LATER, the visitors discovered that the chalices were the cheapest available—extremely simple and only gold-plated on the inside.

These little embarrassments are mild, though, compared to one that took place last summer. A special edict was sent out by the Secretary of Education to all the schools in Mexico City. It ordered all school children to take part in a parade honoring the Indian revolutionary, Benito Juarez. At the end of their march, they were to mass before a statue of Juarez and pledge allegiance to his constitutional principles—principles that would cripple the Catholic Church if followed out.

School officials were startled.

Juarez had seized Church property. Outlawed religious orders. Prohibited religious education. Refused to recognize the Sacrament of Matrimony as a valid contract. Obviously no Catholic could swear loyalty to such a program of government without committing a grave public sin. And 94 per cent of the people in Mexico City are Catholic. Still, a stubborn refusal might bring on a renewal of open religious persecution.

It was a dangerous dilemma for Catholic educators, who operate nine out of every ten private schools in Mexico. According to law, religious education is still forbidden. Nuns and priests in private schools must wear secular dress; and religion classes are taught secretly in the afternoon.

Nevertheless, a decision had to be made about the Juarez Day order. Archbishop Martinez sent a frantz note to the office of the President of Mexico, Miguel Aleman; but the polite official reply was noncommittal. At last, Catholic school authorities decided to ignore the edict.

On the anniversary of Juarez, the students of Mexico City’s public schools

paraded on schedule. But when the time came for the oath ceremony, they also balked.

Little girls who had been forced to learn the anti-Catholic pledge cried and hid their faces in their hands. Other students broke rank and fled from the plaza. On the sidewalks nearby, hundreds of older people laughed and nudged their neighbors. The government order had been defied successfully. And—this time at least—there were no reprisals.

The clergy in Mexico are apprehensive. Several priests refused to discuss Church-State relations with me at all until I had proved that I was an authorized correspondent for a Catholic paper in the United States. They must always be on guard.

I don’t mean to imply that the Church in Mexico is strictly on the defensive, however. As a matter of fact, Catholicism is taking a number of positive moves to counteract the attacks of the State. At the top of this list comes the rise in religious vocations among Mexicans. Right now there are 1,736 young men in the final stages of seminary training in Mexico—more than in any other country of Latin America. Their ordinations will increase the total number of priests in the country by 40 per

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• Think like a man of action and  
act like a man of thought.  
—BERGSON

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cent (there are only 4,201 now); but even this number will be inadequate to handle the spiritual guidance of 20,000,000 Catholics.

Unfortunately, there are serious limits to the amount of help Mexico can receive from the Church in other countries. There are rigid restrictions against foreign priests who wish to settle there permanently.

Secondly, there is the language barrier. Besides Spanish, various Indian dialects are still used by many Mexicans. In order to administer the priestly functions efficiently, a reasonable fluency in several different languages is often required.

The final reason is harder to express; but I think one Mexican priest explained it pretty well when he said: “There are some things which only native priests can do. The Holy Father has pointed out that the native clergy is the backbone of the Church in any nation. They are closer to the people and the country. They understand their problems more fully.

“The Church isn’t just a framework superimposed on a country. It must be a part of that country itself. There has to be a double bond—a tie with the Universal Church, and a connection with

the hearts and souls of the individual peoples.”

Mexican laymen are helping to spread religious instruction, too. In the western part of the Republic, I met many Catholic girls who work forty hours a week in city offices and then go out to rural missions on Sunday to teach catechism. There are a few bands of medical students also, who devote their spare time to spiritual—as well as physical—first aid work among the poor.

ONE may wonder why more direct methods can’t be used. After all, if 97 per cent of a nation’s citizens are Catholic, it seems they should be able to outvote the anti-Catholic minority. Actually, there are many reasons why things don’t work out that simply in Mexico, but I think the best brief explanation I’ve ever heard is the following formulated by a young Mexican engineer:

“Freemasonry rules the rulers,” he told me, “and the rulers rule us. These aren’t like the fraternal Masonic orders that you have in your country. This is a bitterly anticlerical branch, based on the ideals of old French liberalism.

“Besides, Mexico is not a democracy. Elections are fixed, and everybody knows who pulls the strings. We can’t do anything about it, though. The men in power here are too powerful economically and too well organized. Wealthy Catholics are usually afraid to get mixed up in politics. What’s worse, lots of people don’t even want free elections. They’re afraid that the masses of illiterates in Mexico might elect some popular but incompetent nitwit to the presidency. That would really ruin our country.

“Most of all, the ruling group stays in power through inertia. My people are better off now than they have been for a long while. Outright religious persecution has stopped. Of course, there are still lots of things that irritate us Catholics and make it hard for us; but, in general, we’re pretty well off, comparatively. Under these conditions, it takes a lot of initiative to keep on fighting for full justice.

“It’s easier to sit still than to start a revolution. But only a revolution could unseat the present regime. As long as they control wealth and political machinery, they will hold the nation. And as long as they do, Catholics in Mexico will continue to live with a sword dangling over their heads.

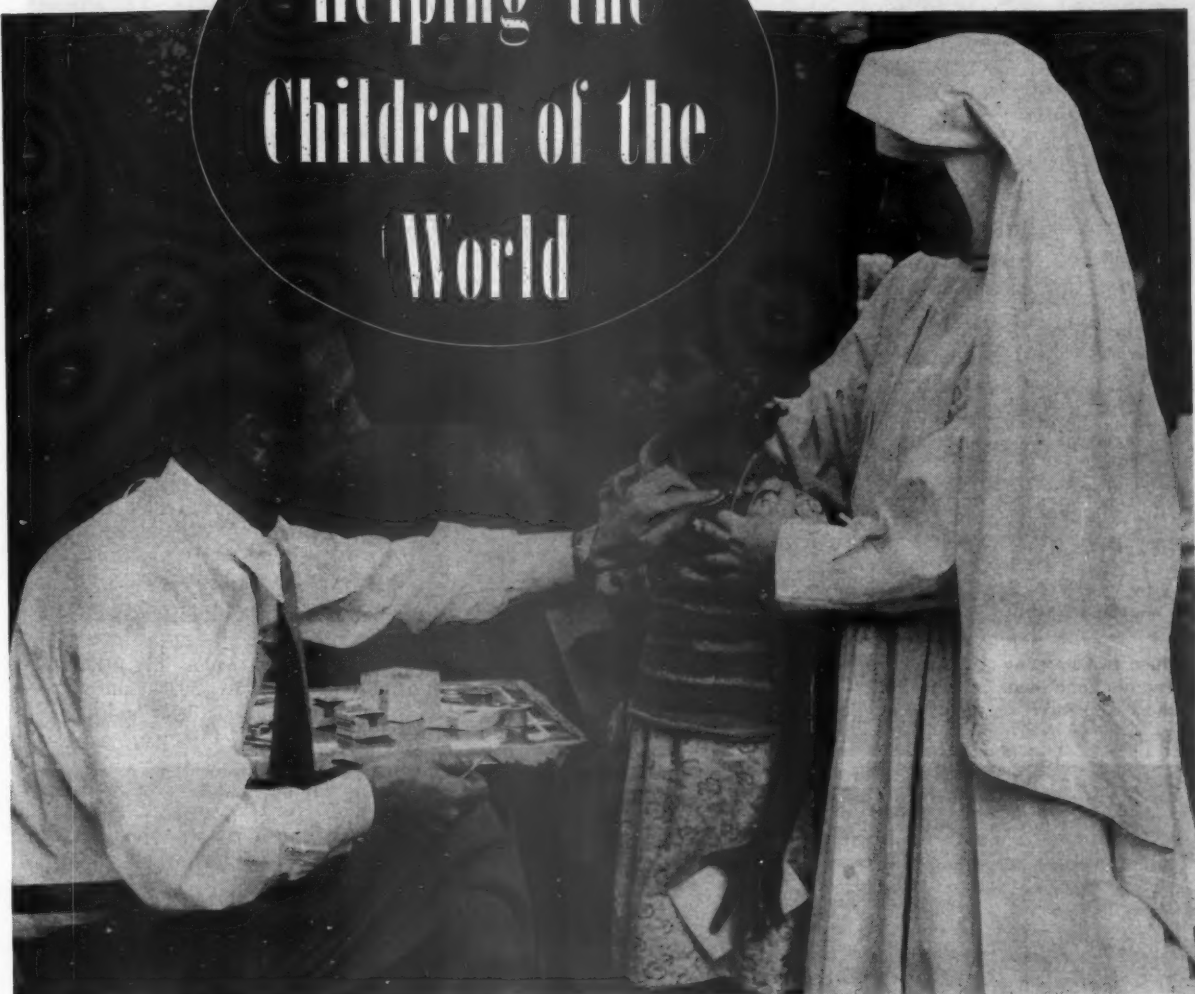
“It is a big sword, and the thread supporting it is very thin!”

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JOSEPH M. DUKERT, now engaged in public relations work at Notre Dame University, gathered the material for this article while a correspondent in Mexico. Mr. Dukert’s articles have appeared in several Catholic periodicals.

# Helping the Children of the World

UNICEF—six letters that mean health  
and hope for millions of children



A doctor tests a little girl in Pakistan for traces of tuberculosis.

"**H**UNGER is a silent visitor who comes like a shadow. He sits beside every anxious mother three times a day. He brings not alone suffering and sorrow, but fear and terror." In these words, Herbert Hoover expressed the anxiety of millions of mothers whose ill-clad, hungry children stare into their faces, searching for a ray of hope.

To help these children and their sorrowing mothers, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund was established by unanimous vote of the General Assembly in December, 1946. Every day, as a result of that vote, some thirty ships are at sea carrying valuable food, medicines, and raw materials to the needy children of Europe, Asia, the Middle East, and Latin America. Milk and other protein foods are sent in abundance together with fats, soaps, blankets, leather for shoes, and clothing. Over fifteen million chil-

dren have been vaccinated against tuberculosis, millions more saved from malaria; six million are given supplementary meals each day.

The UNICEF program has been made possible by the contributions of sixty-one countries. Many who receive aid also contribute to the fund. Assisted countries shoulder distribution and "match" the value of UNICEF program by program, with local goods and services.

Determination of which children shall be aided and how many in each country is made on the basis of need. Creed, race, or political ties are not considered. Factors taken into account are the general food situation, especially as it affects the children; the level of milk supplies, extent of tuberculosis among the children; the number of war orphans, etc.

These pictures show UNICEF in action.





These two growing Austrian boys need the valuable proteins contained in milk. They and millions of others are receiving their milk through UNICEF.



When an earthquake rocked Ecuador in 1949, UNICEF was on hand to help feed over 50,000 suffering children. Since then, medical aid has been added.



To this little girl in Castoria, Greece, the cardboard shack in the background is home. She smiles though, as she receives milk and supplies from UNICEF. Thirty-five per cent of Greece's children need aid.



While the entire family looks on, a Danish nurse vaccinates a child in Corinth, Greece.



In Kamatawatte, on the outskirts of Columbo, Ceylon, a little girl is inoculated against tuberculosis. This medical assistance is supplied by UNICEF.



In picturesque Mayrhofen, in the Austrian Tyrol, a boy takes soup from a Sister—supplied by UNICEF. 350,000 Austrian children received aid.



This little boy is one of the 400,000 Arab-Jewish refugees receiving milk and food from UNICEF.



U.N. Photos

In Guatemala, natives unload barrels of milk supplied by UNICEF. This aid is directed chiefly at the Indian groups, to give them an understanding of nutrition and a better use of their food.

CHARLIE HICKS is dead now. They found him dead in his room at the Monument Hotel, the back room with the broken window that looks down on the rear entrance of the self-service meat market.

Doc Dobbs said he just died naturally. "Tired heart," Doc said. "Sometimes I thought Charlie'd live forever, the way he used to play ball with those kids at Daggett's Field. But I guess he just got tired all of a sudden."

So Charlie doesn't come around to the field any more to umpire the ball games for the kids. He doesn't crouch behind the catcher, yelling "Streeiike wun," in that professional tone of his. He won't root Tommy Moran down the third base line any more. Tommy was always his favorite.

Maybe the kids miss him: you never know about kids. After a game, they'd group around Charlie and he would tell them of the days when he was a scout for the Pittsburgh Pirates—the days of Ty Cobb and Jesse Burkett. The kids would sit there listening long after the six o'clock whistle had blown at the fire station.

All he ever cared about was baseball. Just an old bachelor, living alone in a hotel, sweeping the floors and doing odd jobs to earn his keep. Never was much of a woman's man. "Wimmen make me nervous," Charlie used to say. "Always frettin' around." Only woman Charlie had anything to do with was Mrs. Baxter, the widow, who pressed his blue suit and starched his shirt collar the night before the annual Sports Night Program of the Monument Firemen's Association.

That was Charlie's lone triumphant moment out of all the long days and nights of the year. Every June, he was master of ceremonies on Sports Night, when the men of the town gathered at the Central Fire Station for a roast-beef dinner.

The fire trucks were moved out into the street, and Gus Sheeley, the undertaker, provided sixty-five chairs. After dinner, the men sat around and drank beer and listened to the speakers at the head table. Usually there was a star player from the Boston Red Sox as the guest speaker. Charlie would introduce the player and josh with him a little, man to man.

For a moment there, the old man would bask in the golden light of by-gone fame. He would reminisce and speak the magic names he knew—Gabby Hartnett, Christy Mathewson, Babe Ruth, and, of course, Ty Cobb.

# the BUSTED HEART

by **ROBERT CORMIER**

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT

**Charlie Hicks' memorial is a lone but fitting  
one—for it is in the faithful heart of a boy**

After the program, he would shuffle back to his hotel room, put away the shiny blue suit, and pin the program to the wall. He would tell the kids at Daggett's Field about the program in the next few days, reliving it all.

"And then I told DiMaggio that I was scoutin' for Pittsburgh when he was a babe on his ma's lap. He got a big kick outa that—laughed to beat dust. . . ." And the tears would roll down the old man's cheeks as he laughed in the shade of an oak tree while the kids looked at him with awe and Tommy Moran's eyes bulged with worship.

But Charlie is dead now. Gone before his time, really, the boys at the fire station said. Amos Crane commented: "I thought the only thing'd kill Charlie was if the major leagues closed down." Amos and Charlie had a continual argument about baseball. Charlie allowed that Ty Cobb was the greatest, and Amos pulled for Babe Ruth.

They buried Charlie in Everlawn Cemetery. The firemen were there, but the selectmen were busy with business. You know how it is. Some of the kids tagged along.

Tommy Moran's father was one of the pallbearers. Amos Crane sought him out after the burial. "Say, George," Amos said. "Ain't it a funny thing. It's just a month after the last Sports Night program that we're buryin' Charlie. . . ."

Tommy's father replied: "That's right.

I'll bet that was the first program Charlie missed in forty years or more."

There was something on Amos' mind. "George, how come Charlie didn't show up at that last one? You was one of the committee members."

George shrugged: "Don't know. 'Bout a week before the program, Charlie came up to me and said it might be a good idea to get somebody else for master of ceremonies. Said one of the young fellows might do it better. Said he was ailing lately."

"Too bad," Amos Crane said.

The sun was bright on the damp dirt of Charlie's grave.

## II

Charlie Hicks was a boy's man: you could always find him with the kids. Most men in Monument are too occupied with the routine of the office or factory to pay much attention to the kids. They don't have time to umpire the ball games, lead the youngsters on hikes to Mount Washusum, tell them stories.

George Moran was a good father. He meant to be a pal to Tommy like most men. But his insurance business consumed most of his time. "You've got to sell day and night," he'd tell his wife. "Got to support my little family, you know. Send Tommy to college some day. . . ."

But you could count on Charlie to keep the kids happy. Always doing



things for them. Like the time he found a name for their ball field.

It was just a dust-streaked lot near the public dump. When the kids had their games put into the newspaper, the location always remained a blank.

One day, Charlie showed up carrying a tin sign which had been thrown away by Tom Taylor who went bankrupt running a candy store on Spruce Street. "Daggett's Chocolates," the sign read.

Charlie found some old paint somewhere and covered the "Chocolates" part of the sign. When it was dried, he painted "Field." The old man and the kids propped the sign up behind the catcher's spot, where it has been ever since.

You can see how he was a hero to the kids. And something else happened to place him in a permanent shrine in the minds of the kids.

One Sunday morning, Charlie was walking down Cedar Street with Tommy Moran on the way to the town picnic at Bartlett's Grove.

As they crossed the street, the oil

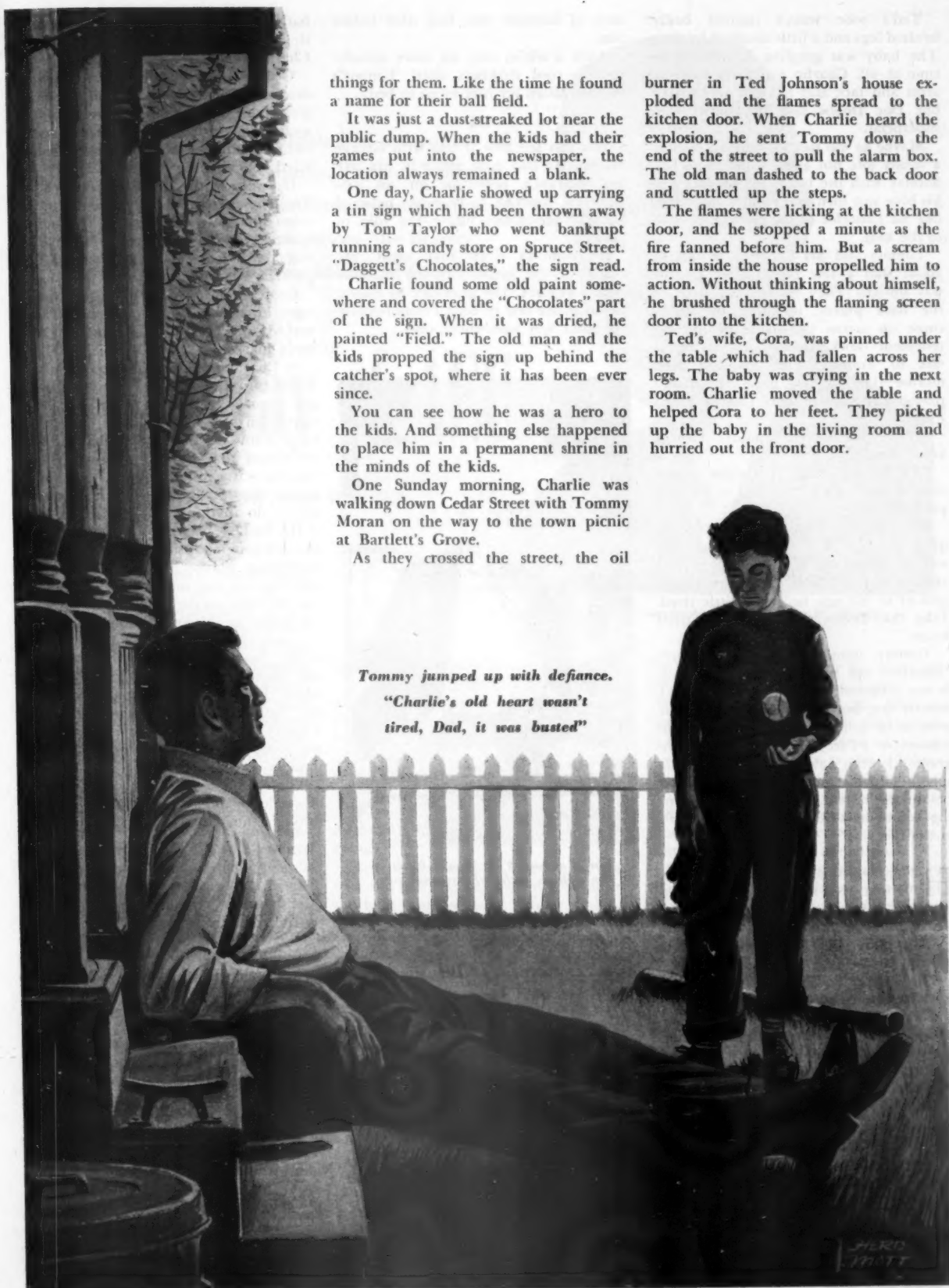
burner in Ted Johnson's house exploded and the flames spread to the kitchen door. When Charlie heard the explosion, he sent Tommy down the end of the street to pull the alarm box. The old man dashed to the back door and scuttled up the steps.

The flames were licking at the kitchen door, and he stopped a minute as the fire fanned before him. But a scream from inside the house propelled him to action. Without thinking about himself, he brushed through the flaming screen door into the kitchen.

Ted's wife, Cora, was pinned under the table which had fallen across her legs. The baby was crying in the next room. Charlie moved the table and helped Cora to her feet. They picked up the baby in the living room and hurried out the front door.

*Tommy jumped up with defiance.*

*"Charlie's old heart wasn't  
tired, Dad, it was busted"*



Ted's wife wasn't injured badly: bruised legs and a little touch of hysteria. The baby was gurgling happily in no time at all. Charlie got burned on the arms and face and his hair was singed, but Doc Dobbs said the burns were superficial.

Maybe he was just an old man without a steady job, but as he stood there that Sunday with the burns on his face and his blue suit torn and ripped, he looked like Sir Lancelot to the town. Especially to the kids.

Tommy and his father were talking about that a few nights after Charlie was buried. They sat on the steps of the back piazza, watching the lights come on across the street in the big tenement block. George was trying to talk to Tommy. The boy had been morose the last few days. He hadn't played any baseball since Charlie Hicks died.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" George asked him.

"Aw, I dunno, Dad. How come people have to die?" the kid replied as his chin puckered up.

His father got flustered. "That's a big question, boy. Take Charlie now. He was an active old man, always chasing around with you kids. But when a man gets to be his age, he gets a little tired. Like Doc Dobbs said, he had a tired heart."

Tommy jumped up with defiance. "Charlie's old heart wasn't tired, Dad, it was busted." Maybe the kid didn't exactly cry, but there were tears in his eyes as he told his father that Charlie wanted to go to the Sports Night program. "I even saw him practicin' his speeches in his room one day, standing before the mirror. That was the morning before he saved Mrs. Johnson's life at the fire. . . ."

**H**IS father considered for a moment. "Tommy, we wanted Charlie at the program. Why, it was only a couple of weeks after the fire that he told me to get somebody else. That he wasn't feeling up to it."

The boy sniffed. George ruffled his hair. He started to talk to Tommy, soft and low. He was only a harassed insurance man, concerned with supporting his wife and family, but he tried to find the words to fill the heart of a youngster when he stares death in the face for the first time. He spoke about age, and how God takes back what He has given, but that there should be no fear in death and that Charlie was happier now, happy with all the great

men of baseball who had died before him.

After a while, they sat there silently, in the cool darkness until Tommy's mother called for him to go to bed. . . .

### III

You can see how it was with George Moran. He had gone along in life selling insurance, providing for his wife and boy, and he had always believed he was adequately filling the role of father.

He couldn't sleep that night. He tossed in the bed while the shadows came and went. The next day, he missed an insurance sale to Buzz Peters because his mind was somewhere else.



*For a moment he would bask in the golden light of bygone fame*

As he walked home through the business district, he felt a hopelessness brush his spirit. He went by the Monument Hotel. The paint-faded front was dull in the sun. Without thinking, George entered the lobby and found himself being led to Charlie's room by Ernie O'Brien, the night clerk.

He tossed Ernie a quarter and the clerk left the room.

Charlie's room. A yellow, unshaded bulb hung down from the ceiling. There were no blankets on the bed, and the striped mattress looked as old as the man who had died on it.

Chewed-up pencil stubs, old newspaper clippings, and yellowed pictures of baseball players were heaped on the brown, decrepit bureau.

"Charlie's stuff is still here," Ernie

had said. "Don't know what to do with it. Nobody ever rented this room but Charlie. Too far out back. . . ."

George opened one of the bureau drawers. There was an old baseball glove lying on top of some flannel underwear. Some tattered handkerchiefs, neat but old and torn. A smell of old tobacco filled the air.

He went to the closet and opened it. The closet was empty except for a shiny blue suit hanging limply from a hook. The sleeves were torn, and a huge burn had eaten away one of the pockets.

George felt a stinging sadness overcome him. He went to the window and looked out at the back door of the meat market.

So Charlie wouldn't come to the Sports Night program because his only suit got burned, he thought. We gave him a pat on the back because he saved Cora Johnson's life and the baby's, but we forgot that he had only one suit. And he was a proud old guy, too proud to say anything. And now it was too late to do anything.

He looked back at the closet with the suit hanging inside. He wanted to do something. Maybe he could. Maybe he could go out and umpire the ball games for the kids; maybe he could lead them on hikes to Mount Washusum. Sure . . . sure . . . and that sign "Daggett's Field," maybe he could paint it again and change it to "Hicks' Field." That would be something. For Charlie and for the kids. Be a better father to Tommy, spend time with him. Earning money wasn't everything in life, he thought.

The room did not seem so forlorn all of a sudden, and a stray sunbeam slanted through the window.

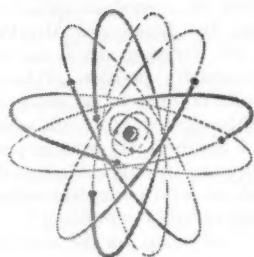
### IV

**Y**ES . . . Charlie Hicks is dead now and buried in Everlawn Cemetery. A few years from now he will be a heritage of Monument's past and a kid called Tommy Moran will look back and say: "There was an old guy in our town once, what a great old guy. He used to umpire our ball games. . . ."

That will be his memorial. Because George Moran will never change the sign in Daggett's Field, and he umpired a ball game once but sprained his back chasing a ball for the kids. That's the way life is, you know. But George always meant well. He was a good provider, people said.

And, anyway, Charlie Hicks is probably chuckling up there where good old men go when they die. He's happy because he's enshrined forever in Tommy Moran's heart. And—Tommy was always his favorite.

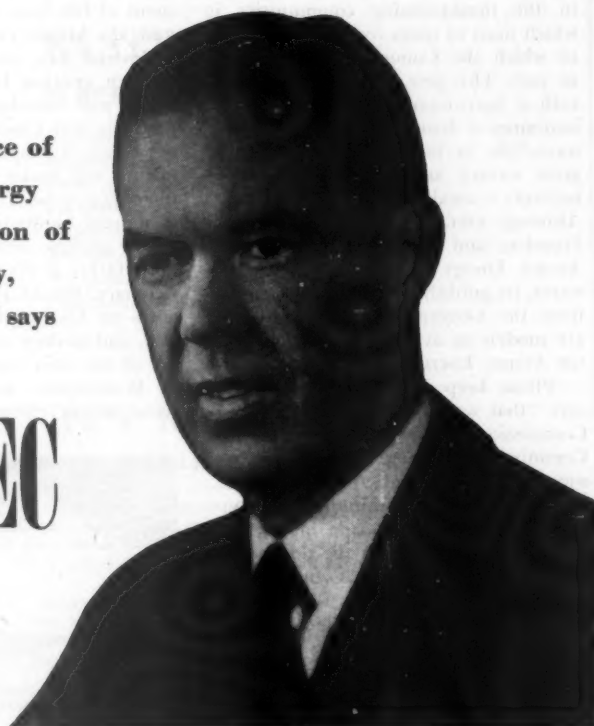
**ROBERT CORMIER** is a reporter on the staff of the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram. Mr. Cormier's short stories have appeared frequently in the pages of *The Sign*.



More than just the source of A-bombs, "atomic energy is a thrilling manifestation of the power, the beauty, the providence of God," says

# Mr. Murray of AEC

by JOHN EDWARD DINEEN



Atomic Energy Commissioner, Thomas E. Murray

**A**CROSS Washington's Constitution Avenue, opposite the building of the Atomic Energy Commission, is one of those long, low, "temporary" buildings erected during World War I. The fact that they are not only still standing but being used makes war seem almost permanent; and, modern war being what it is, the remark of D. B. Wyndham Lewis would appear to be borne out: "The sixteenth century was bloody but beautiful. The twentieth century is bloody but ugly."

Even when one recognizes the many public and private good deeds and good works of our times, it is difficult to refute Lewis' severe judgment. So many people one meets nowadays, so many people one knows, are in a sort of trance of apprehension. In their lifetimes, is the only great illumination they will know going to strike not their minds but their eyes—to be followed a few seconds later by the great annihilating heat of the atomic bomb? They have, these people, been made to feel baffled and humiliated not only by amateur statesmen, professional politicians, the United Nations, and the Russians; they have been made to feel baffled and humiliated by a force, atomic energy, which makes war and the twentieth century seem uglier than ever—and human life, in consequence, insignificant.

While you wait, in an office in the AEC building, to interview Mr. Murray, you may thus ruminate; indeed it is impossible, in that building, not thus to ruminate. But you have come there to interview someone; and so, in order to

focus your mind, you look at your notes.

Thomas E. Murray, Sr. Born in Albany, N. Y., 1891. Inventor. Former business executive. Now one of the five Atomic Energy commissioners. Knight of Malta, Knight of St. Gregory, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. Eleven children. Thirteen grandchildren.

"Now tell me," comes a pleasant voice from behind you, "what is this all about?"

You swing round in your chair, you rise, and you see, approaching you down the long room, a short, slender, smiling man who looks no more than forty-five years old. Shaking your hand, he introduces himself as Thomas Murray; and although he is frank, open, and competent in his manner, you feel like accusing him of impersonating, not too competently, a grandfather.

"Look," he says, affably easing you back into your chair and then seating himself opposite you, "I admire *THE SIGN* immensely. If only it will play down Thomas Murray and play up atomic energy, I'll be happy to talk with you."

You reply that you do not wish Mr. Murray to talk mainly about himself. From other sources, you have sufficient information about his personal career. Atomic energy is precisely what you do wish him to talk about. As a man reputed to do a little reflecting, what are his ideas, his opinions, his hopes about

the great force to which he and his fellow commissioners are so close?

His brown eyes flashing, Mr. Murray begins to talk; and, such is the nature of what he says and his manner of saying it, you wonder if here is the thinker, the contemplative, the poet, the dreamer of the AEC, leaving the Chairman Dean and the three other commissioners the practical work of supervising its vast, complex, and delicate operations.

Established under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, the Commission is entrusted with the double duty of developing atomic energy as both a powerful weapon of national defense and a long step in scientific and industrial progress. It has a larger investment in real estate, plant, and equipment than General Motors; owns or leases land which covers a larger area than all Rhode Island; and conducts business with hundreds of private organizations, both academic and industrial, which actually carry out most of the Commission's work. The Commission itself employs about five thousand people, but these private organizations under contract to it employ more than sixty-five thousand on Commission work alone.

Screening all these people for security reasons, protecting them against the hazards of their work, negotiating union contracts with them, housing them, and providing for them as normal an Amer-



ican social and political life as possible in the mushrooming communities in which most of them live, all are matters in which the Commission has to play its part. This part, incidentally, it plays with a maximum of democracy and a minimum of democracy which are almost incredible in the circumstances of the great secrecy and tact with which of necessity it conducts so much of its work. Although certain of its reports to the President and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of the Congress are top secret, its published reports, purchasable from the Government Printing Office, are models of as complete a candor as the Atomic Energy Act permits.

"Please keep in mind," Mr. Murray says, "that we're not the Atomic Bomb Commission. We're the Atomic Energy Commission. I assume that everyone assumes that the Bomb, just at present, is foremost in our thinking and our plans. Yes, it's being made bigger and more destructive, and as the destructive aspect of atomic energy it's impressive, no doubt about that. But the positive, constructive aspect of atomic energy—well, that's even more impressive!"

His eyes still flashing, Mr. Murray pauses. Then, quietly, he goes on: "Atomic energy, you know, is a thrilling manifestation of the power, the beauty, and the providence of God. The power of it was evident in the bombs at Los Alamos, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Bikini, and Eniwetok. But the beauty of it is something I hope more and more people will come to see. We talk about the beautiful universes in the sky—all the solar systems and so forth. Those are what you might call telescopic universes. But . . ." here Mr. Murray raises a glass paperweight from the table.

"This looks static, doesn't it? But it's unimaginably dynamic. It's filled with tiny infinitesimal, submicroscopic universes, atomic universes, nuclear universes, all of them in motion, all of them in order. They're as convincing a proof, these tiny universes, of God's intelligence and beauty as the sun, the moon, and the stars. And their tininess may be pictured from the description given by William L. Lawrence, who says that atoms are so small that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth the atoms in the drop would be smaller than oranges."

And God's providence—how does atomic energy show that forth?

"In what, in the course of time, it can contribute to chemistry, physics, and biology, to agriculture, medicine, and

industry—in other words, to the betterment of life here on earth. Just as coal and the steam engine introduced the Industrial Era, atomic energy will introduce another historical era. I don't say it will introduce Utopia. After all, the only real Utopia is Heaven. But in the hands of people of good will, atomic energy will make possible the gradual introduction of a tremendous number of natural blessings."

The smiling, serious, youthful-looking grandfather is obviously an enthusiast, a visionary. But he is not only that. Your notes on his career reassure you about that, and so does something in the manner of the man himself. He is not here in Washington merely to rhapsodize about atomic energy; he is here, along

"was trustee for the miners. Mr. Van Horn was trustee for the operating companies. I was supposed to be a sort of impartial arbiter. Wanting to set up an actuarially sound administration of the fund, I asked on several occasions for reports from Mr. Lewis and Mr. Van Horn, but not receiving any I was left in the high-and-dry position of being impartial with nothing to be impartial about. So, although I was cordially urged to stay on, I resigned. My present position—the only one in public life I could be interested in—is far more demanding. And it's indescribably rewarding."

Then he is off again, on the wonders of atomic energy.

"We co-operate, you know, here on the Commission, with almost any busi-



**Atomic explosion at Bikini. This power will be harnessed for constructive as well as for destructive purposes**

with his fellow commissioners, mainly to see that practical use is made of it. More than one senator, when his name was submitted by President Truman for confirmation, went on record to commend the appointment. "A sound, widely experienced man." "Understands practice as well as theory, theory as well as practice." No, there was no hesitation whatever about confirming the appointment of Thomas E. Murray.

Mr. Murray, the son of a famous inventor, is an inventor himself. He holds two hundred patents in the fields of electricity and welding. Before his appointment to the AEC, he was president of the Murray Manufacturing Company, a director and member of the finance committee of the Chrysler Corporation, and a trustee of the Bank of New York. Back in 1932-40, moreover, he was receiver for the Interborough Rapid Transit of New York; and only a few years ago he was one of the three trustees of the United Mineworkers of America Welfare Fund.

Recalling his connection with the miners' fund, Mr. Murray seems wistfully amused. "John Lewis," he says,

ness, or any university, that shows an informed, responsible interest in the chemical, physical, or biological uses of atomic energy. Sometimes I wish that more businessmen and more educators would show a greater, more imaginative interest than they do. A number of Catholic educators, by the way, are showing the kind of interest we like to see. For years, they fought staunchly for the preservation of the humanities, and there they have done magnificent work. Now they are beginning to do really notable work in science, too. Lately a very representative proportion of students to whom we have awarded scholarships for special studies in atomic energy have been from Catholic universities and colleges."

Education and the humanities seem to possess as much interest for Mr. Murray as does science. In an address delivered at the Marquette University Commencement in June, 1950, his direct and indirect references to philosophy and literature were numerous, unforced, and apposite. Particularly telling was his quotation of lines from T. S. Eliot's "The Rock":

**JOHN EDWARD DINEEN**, who formerly taught at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, now does free-lance writing, including films for the U. S. Army.

"Endless inventions, endless experiments

Bringing knowledge of motion but not of stillness

Knowledge of words and ignorance of the Word

All our knowledge brings us nearer to our ignorance

All our ignorance brings us nearer to death

But nearness to death no nearer to God . . .

Where is the life we have lost in living?

Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

The cycles of Heaven in twenty centuries

Bring us farther from God and nearer to the dust."

"What," commented Mr. Murray on these lines, "does it profit a man to know all atomic secrets and all science, if he loses his soul to hopelessness and despair? This downward trend in the affairs of mankind is the challenge that must be met successfully by you and the thousands of other graduates this June. Graduates who have been taught to build their lives on the only, ultimate, fundamental, independent reality—God."

THE only outside office that Mr. Murray is permitted to retain is that of trustee of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. With his frequent smile, the trustee claims that the office is not always as simple as dealing with atomic energy. "Relatives and friends," he says, "ask me to put in a good word for their daughters with the college authorities. Taking their word for it that the daughters are as brilliant as they are beautiful, I put in the good word, of course. Only to have Mother President or Mother Dean ask me, in a friendly but significant way, if I, as a trustee, wish to see the college's exacting standards of admission lowered!"

Of Mr. and Mrs. Murray's eleven children, three sons and two daughters are married, two sons are Jesuit scholastics, two sons and two daughters are still in various stages of their education.

Hobbies? Mr. Murray has none. "I have found my inventions, my work, my family, and my grandchildren all quite satisfying."

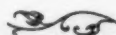
In the two Murray homes, one in Manhattan in the New York diocese, the other on Long Island in the Brooklyn diocese, there are chapels. "Those," Mr. Murray explains, "are privileges I can be freely happy about without being personally proud of them. My father also had the privilege of a private oratory."

As a prominent Catholic layman and knight of three papal orders, Mr. Murray

## EASTER LILIES

by RUTH STEPHENS PORTER

*One day I buried lily bulbs  
In earth's dark tomb;  
They seemed too cold and lifeless  
To spring up into bloom.  
Today ascension lilies  
Are robed in white array.  
My thoughts are on an angel  
That rolled a stone away.*



## THEN RAN PETER

by EARL BYRD

*What were these women telling here  
Before it yet was fully day?  
All breathless between hope and fear  
They cried: "The stone is rolled away!"*

*The weary men were not impressed;  
They hardly showed a faint surprise;  
They judged these women needed rest,  
That sleepless watch had tricked their eyes.*

*It was as though the men had said:  
"All night they mourned and wept alone;  
But mourning will not wake the dead,  
Nor all their tears roll back the stone."*

*But one among them heard it all,  
An eager, fiery, fretful man.  
The rest might walk toward the pall:  
Not Peter. Peter ran.*

has met three sovereign pontiffs. "I would," he says, "sum them up by describing Pius the Tenth as angelic, Pius the Eleventh as dynamic, and Pius the Twelfth as magnetic. I share, you see, the general non-Catholic as well as Catholic impression of Pius the Twelfth. His genius, his piety, his simplicity, his personal interest in each individual man, woman, and child he meets are overwhelming. An amazing personality!"

"His command of the major European languages—English, German, French, Polish and so on—is well known. But during my Holy Year visit to Rome I was told by some Irish pilgrims that he addressed them in Gaelic—a language that only a few of those pilgrims understood!"

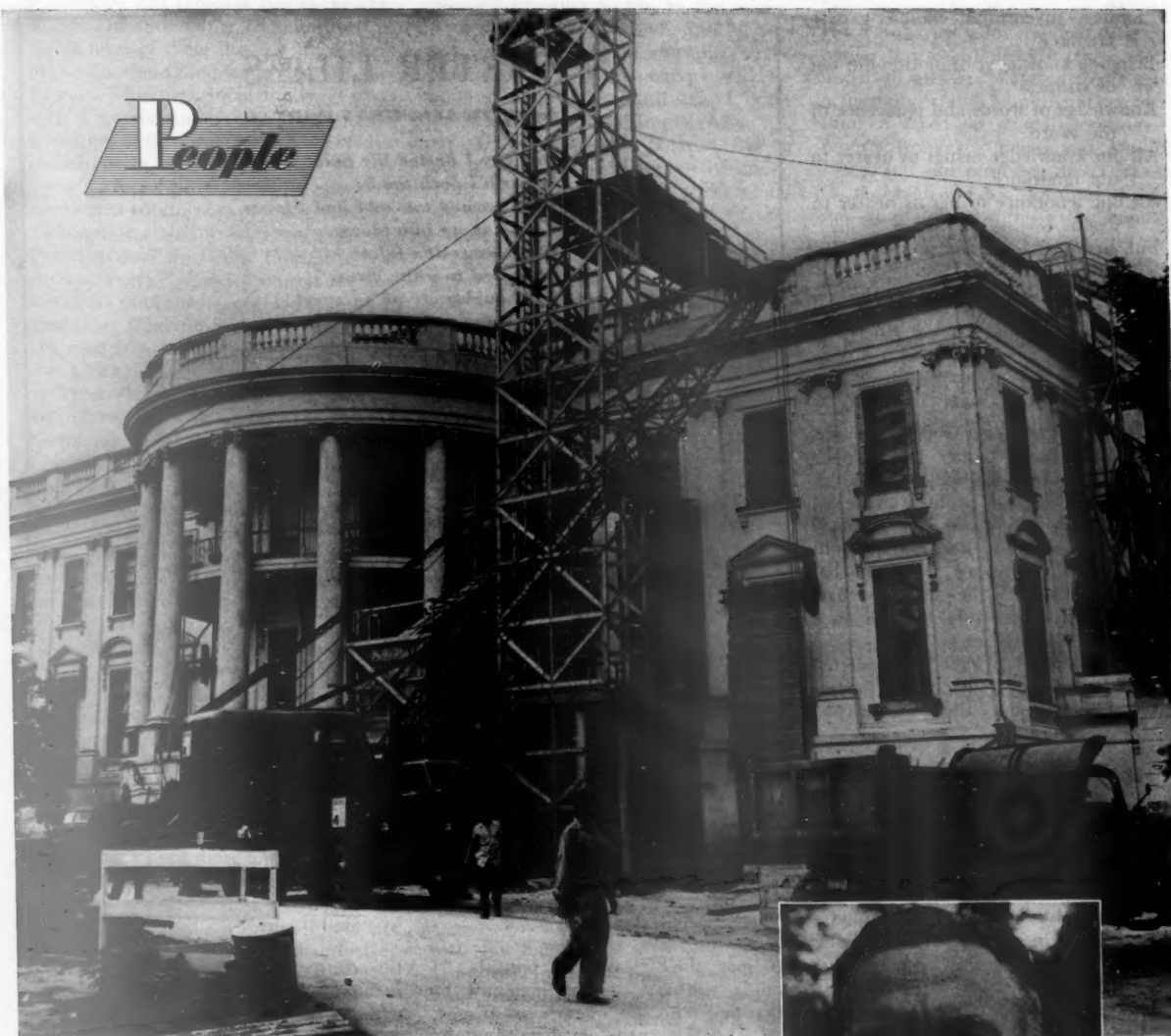
It is not an official function of an Atomic Energy commissioner to discuss the present world crisis. All Mr. Murray would say about that was that, like most other people, he was hoping, praying, and working for the best—"which would, of course, be a just and lasting peace."

The possibilities of that kind of peace lead him, once again, to enthuse over

the constructive, peaceful possibilities in atomic energy. And that leads him, without naming names, to discussing people.

"There are," he says, "lots of talented, well-balanced people interested in atomic energy. It's a stimulation to meet them. But you meet, also, the usual scientific crackpots—men who practically prostrate themselves in adoration before material atoms and energy. Poor chaps! They have to adore something, don't they? Fortunate those of us who can adore a personal Creator—a historical God-Man, Jesus Christ—a real, here-and-now Friend and Brother in the Blessed Sacrament."

When Thomas Murray, quiet, smiling, and sincere, talks like that, he doesn't sound like a speaker addressing an audience. He sounds simply like one human being talking casually and informally with another. You leave his office with the restored conviction that the great illumination of atomic energy can be a beautiful one. And that the great, annihilating heat, controlled and directed by men of good will, can be turned into a great, animating warmth.



**John McShain, the builder  
and honorary Christian Brother**

• Low bidder on the reconstruction of the White House is—in a sense—a Christian Brother! Builder John McShain, of course, is a Christian Brother only by affiliation—an honor bestowed on him for his interest in the Institute of Christian Brothers and for his benefactions to the Brothers' La Salle College in Philadelphia, his native city.

Although he has built schools, hospitals, department stores, and other large structures, including the Pentagon and the State Department Building, the dapper, dynamic, youngish-fifty little man says that he would "rather break even on a memorial type of building than make a million on an uninspired warehouse." Hence, along with the low bid on the White House, the low bids on the McShain-built Roosevelt Memorial in Hyde Park and the Jefferson Memorial in Washington.

Busier than the average busy man, McShain, recently designated by Pope Pius XII as a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, attends Mass almost daily and takes a personal interest not only in La Salle College and the Christian Brothers, but also in his parish Holy Name Society, the Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute, Rosemont College, and other Philadelphia archdiocesan and civic activities. Devoted to both his religion and his country, he is happy, he says, that here in America "the two loves can meet and mingle in a man's heart."



• Just how closely tied up with the Spiritual Works of Mercy—to counsel, to comfort, to instruct—the truly Catholic writer or editor must be is evident in the story of Julie Kernan. Descended on her Virginia mother's side from Pocahontas, and on her father's from an Irish physician who came to this country about 1800, the young girl had a magnificent introduction to Catholic scholarship when, straight from St. Patrick's High School in Washington, she became library assistant to the clerical orientalist, Dr. Henri Hyvernat. Miss Kernan next served as research editor for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, meanwhile carrying on her studies at George Washington and Catholic Universities, and at Grenoble in France. She did research work for Michael Williams, with whom she later collaborated on *The Shadow of the Pope* and *The Catholic Church in Action*. Then for three

happy years she lived in Paris as secretary of the French Book Club, meeting and making friends with the leaders of the Catholic Revival in France. Returning to New York in 1935, Julie Kernan accepted the important post of religious editor for Longmans, Green & Company. Her fifteen years of service there bore fruit in several translations from the French—including Mauriac's, *Life of Christ*—and in publications by such representative Catholic authors as Jacques and Raissa Maritain, Father Dietrich von Hildebrand, Maura Lavery, Daniel Sargent, Theodore Maynard, etc.

Between frequent visits to Paris—where her brother, Tom, (shown in the picture) supervises the French editions of *Vogue* and *House and Garden*—Julie Kernan now carries on her apostolate as religious manager for the David McKay Company. She declares she has "books in her blood."



# SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

## Prize Rookies

It's time once again to take a flying trip through the major league training camps for a look-see at some of the prize rookies who may get an opportunity to set the leagues afire. As in the past, we will mention a few who will go on to stardom, while others noted will return quietly to the minors, hoping for another fling. Others, of course, will perform more important chores for Uncle Sam.

## The National League

Let's start with the National League and the Champion Philadelphia Phils who, after their sound shellacking by the Yankees in the World Series, probably feel that drastic measures are in order. On paper, anyway, the Phils don't seem to offer too much strength in the way of newcomers. However, a potential star of the future looms up in the person of **William (Bill) Loos**, a left-handed hitting outfielder who has been in organized ball only two years. After playing with the University of Connecticut, Loos made his pro bow with Terre Haute in the Three Eye League in 1949. Bating only .235 in 22 games, he was shifted to Portland in the New England League, where he hit his stride and slugged away for .318 and drove in 44 runs. Changes seem to do him good. Last year he started with Utica, failed to get going, and was transferred to Wilmington. Here he again batted .318.

The runner-up Dodgers hope to make a star of Brooklyn-born **Steve Lembo**, who because of illness appeared very little last year despite the fact that he was on the roster of four different clubs, last of which was the Dodgers. Before embarking on his pro career, he played most of his baseball in the shadows of Ebbets Field at New Utrecht High School and in the Kiwanis League which played its games on the famed Parade Grounds in Brooklyn. Steve's hustling reached the ears of the Brooklyn organization which lost no time signing him for Newport News, where, after a brief

stay, he was shipped to Zanesville. That was in 1944 and he batted .314 for the Ohio State League team. He entered the service and returned near the close of 1946, hitting only .206 for Johnstown in the Mid-Atlantic League. Next stop was Newport News in '47 and a .228 batting mark. Then Pueblo in '48, where in 94 games he batted .286, knocked in 51 runs, and in one game drove in seven with a homer, a double, and two singles in four trips to the plate. Was moved up to Montreal in '49 and lifted his average to .293. Rid of the illness which held him back last year, Lembo may well be carried by the Brooks all year.

The New York Giants hope to strengthen their catching with **Rafael (Ray) Noble**, which is pronounced Noblay. If the young receiver proves his worth, Leo Durocher's well-known penchant for shifting players from position to position may give rise to the question, "Where play, Noble?" The squat catcher has had but two years in organized ball but shows signs of future greatness. Jer-

sey City signed him in 1949 after seeing him catch for the New York Cubans of the Negro National League. With the little Giants of that year, he appeared in 67 games and hit .259. His receiving was good. Last season with Oakland, he continued to impress as a backstop, and his batting mark jumped to a fine .316. He played in 110 games for the Oaks, hit 15 homers, and batted in 76 tallies. He was also the league's outstanding catcher, his .993 fielding mark being tops in the circuit. He also tied for the lead in making double plays, with 12.

The Boston Braves have high hopes for **Bob Addis**, a left-handed hitting outfielder who was purchased from the Brooklyn organization at the same time as Sam Jethroe. This will be his second visit to the Braves training camp and he earned it by his play at Milwaukee last season, where he topped the American Association in batting. His mark was .323. Addis has been in pro ball since 1943, when he launched his career with Wellsville in the Pony League. During the war he was with the Marines.

Through the years the St. Louis Cardinals have brought up some prize rookies and they hope **Lawrence (Symphony) Ciaffone** will join the parade of greats. When he first appeared in the Cardinals' training camp, he reported as a catcher, but now he returns as an outfielder, having made the switch during the 1949 season, when he returned to the minors. The position isn't new to him though. Last year with Rochester he batted .324.

The Chicago Cubs, who are in the midst of a big rebuilding job, hope to get some help from **Bob Kelly**, a right-hander who has been with the organization three years and is regarded highly. He was signed after a spectac-

## Offer Accepted

► When **Larry McPhail** sold his Brooklyn stock to a syndicate headed by **Branch Rickey**, the latter church-going gentleman wasted no time cleaning out McPhail's desk. The new prexy was assisted in his rummaging by front-office executive **John McDonald**.

Rickey, a teetotaler, reached into the back section of a drawer and hauled out a fifth. "Aha," he said to McDonald, "you'd expect McPhail to keep something like this around here."

McDonald clucked and shook his head.

Rickey thought a moment, then said: "I guess we might as well leave it here to use for medicinal purposes."

McDonald agreed and watched sadly as Rickey stowed the medicine away.

Months later, Rickey decided to make the model Mr. McDonald general manager of Montreal, Brooklyn's farm club in the International League. He called McDonald into the office.

"Mac," he asked, "how would you like to have the Canadian club?" McDonald's eyes lit up.

"Sure," he said. "Where's the bottle?"

—*Hal Lebovitz in the Cleveland News*



ular career with the Camp Lee, Va., team. The former Ohio University star posted fifteen victories for that team, including five one hitters. Before going into service he played sand-lot ball. He finished last season with Des Moines, winning and losing five with an earned run average of 3.05.

Infield strength for the Cincinnati Reds comes in the person of **Roy McMillan**, whose sensational fielding with the Tulsa Texas League Club last season caused writers to call him "The Phantom" and "Radar." A shortstop, he has been in the Reds' organization for four years. In 1950 he not only was great in the field, but he seemed to find his batting eye as well, for he lifted his mark to .274.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, who sorely need help, hope to get some from **Alfred (Stretch) Grunwald**, a left-handed first sacker who stands 6 feet, 4 and 1/2 inches. He starred at Fremont High in Los Angeles. After early minor league experience he opened the 1950 campaign at Indianapolis. He was hitting .333 when he was shifted to New Orleans where he wound up hitting .320 in 99 games, including 10 homers.

### The American League

IN THE American League, the Champion New York Yankees usually come up with a prize rookie or two. This time it could be **Henry Kilgariff Workman**, who comes up from Kansas City with an outfielder-infielder tag, having played some 90 games in the outer garden and 44 at first base for the Blues last summer. He compiled a batting mark of .267, which doesn't reflect his true worth, as he drove in 88 runs, had 23 homers. Of English-Irish descent and a native of Los Angeles, Hank was graduated in 1948 from the University of Southern California. In 1949, his first full season as a pro, he played with Newark and Kansas City. He is not expected to displace Hank Bauer or Joe DiMaggio, but he could give Gene Woodling and Cliff Mapes a run for the third outfield berth.

The Detroit Tigers look for help in the future from pitcher **Kenneth William Fremming**, a twenty-one-year-old mound hopeful whose contract was purchased last September from Toledo. For the Hens, the husky right-hander got into 34 games, won 7, and lost 15. Of German descent and a native of Buffalo, N. Y., Ken played Legion and high school ball before breaking in with Jamestown of the Pony League in 1947 and 1948. In 1949 he hurled for Flint of the Central League, winning 15 games and having an E.R.A. of 2.63.

Among others, the Boston Red Sox will take a good look at infielder **Fred James Hatfield**, who starred at third base for Birmingham in 1950, batting an

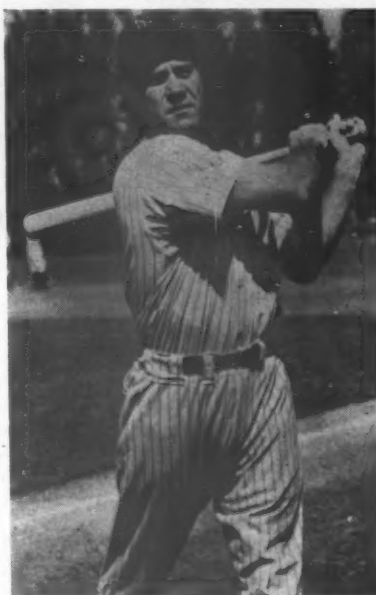
even .300. He played in 141 games, belting 27 homers and driving in 101 runs for the Barons. Standing better than six feet and nicknamed "Hattie," he played Legion ball around Troy, N. C., attended Alabama State, and entered the pro field with Greensboro in 1942 shortly before going into the service. Last year he led the Southern Association third basemen afield. He lives in East Tallahassee, Ala.

Outfielder **Harry Simpson** carries the nickname "Goodie," and the Cleveland Indians think it may be prophetic, for his chances of making the big time appear better than average. The tall Negro ball-hawk spent the 1950 season with

clair, N. J., where he won 26 and lost only 3. In the state tourney he twice fanned 21 men in nine-inning games.

The Washington Senators have a potential infield star in the person of **James Runnels**, who goes by the nickname of "Pete." He was purchased last September from Texarkana of the Big State loop. He had a good season in 1950, hitting .330 in 144 games as the Texarkana shortstop. He drove in 83 runs, had 10 homers and 38 doubles, and his 131 runs scored was second high in the league. He is six feet tall and bats left-handed.

Outfielder **Frank Saucier** has a good chance of winning a regular berth with



Hank Bauer vs. another Hank?



Steve Lembo—no longer ill

San Diego. He batted .323 in 178 games and drove in 156 runs to top the Pacific Coast League in this department. He also led the circuit in total bases with 403, tied for the lead in triples, and slammed 33 homers. This is only his second year in organized ball. He makes his home with his wife, daughter, and son in Dalton, Ga.

Folks in New Jersey will be watching with interest the trial the Chicago White Sox give **Constantine Keriazakos**, who has a frame almost as long as his name since he stands 6 feet and 3 and 1/2 inches. A native of West Orange, N. J., and of Greek-German descent, he attended Colgate University in 1949, entered pro ball last year with Memphis, and for a nineteen-year-old did well. He got into 29 games for the Chicks, winning 11 and losing 8. He had 104 strike-outs in 182 innings. He was signed as a five-figure bonus player by the White Sox, who liked his prep school record at Mont-

clair, N. J., where he won 26 and lost only 3. In the state tourney he twice fanned 21 men in nine-inning games. The name is pronounced "So-shay."

Infielder **Louis Limmer** is counted on to make a real fight for the first-base job of the Philadelphia Athletics. A left-handed hitter standing two inches over six feet, Lou played 144 games with St. Paul of the American Association last year, and is usually a fair hitter. That he hits for distance is shown by the fact that he totaled 261 bases on 139 hits. A native of New York City, he played his first season with Lexington of the North Carolina League in 1947. In the off-season he does repair work on refrigerators, but there's nothing cool about his chances of winning a regular berth.



# A Word For A Sword

**A**T Solemn High Mass, the deacon represents the people and assists the priest. As our representative, he brings the material of the sacrifice to the altar. As the priest's assistant, he stands by him, supporting his arm as the priest lifts up the chalice. And when the time has come, the deacon distributes, with the priest, the Fruit of the sacrifice in Holy Communion.

Here we may see something of the relationship which Mary bears to Jesus and to us. For Mary brought to the sacrifice of the Cross the material of that sacrifice, the Body that was taken from her flesh. From this point of view, Mary is our representative. And in the very act of being "lifted up," Christ was supported by His Mother, for the Evangelist tells us that she "stood by the Cross" of her Divine Son.

Nor did Mary's ministry end there. By the will of God, she is ordained to distribute the fruits of Calvary's Sacrifice. For what is true of Mary is that all the graces we receive come to us through her, as through a universal channel of salvation and sanctification.

The power to form Christ in us is, of course, an exclusively divine power. For we are born, "not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God." But just as her body gave nourishment to the physical life of the God-Man within her, so to Mary has been committed the nourishment of our spiritual life.

**T**HIS is because Mary is the Mother of Christ, the Whole Christ, head and members. For even as she is the Mother of God by bringing forth her "First-born," who is consubstantial with the Eternal Father, so Mary is the Mother of men. For Christ, says Saint Paul, is "the First-Born of many brethren."

Theologians tell us that what Jesus was to Mary at Bethlehem, we were to her on Calvary. They say that as Mary physically brought forth her Divine Son without pain in the cave, so she brought forth all men spiritually on Calvary in the travail of her transfixed heart.

When we come, in spirit, to Calvary with these truths in mind, we begin to see more clearly the meaning of those words which Jesus from the Cross addressed to His Mother, "Woman, behold thy son!"

The truth is that Jesus asked Mary to accept St. John and all His disciples for what they are, the sons of God. Mary's attitude to John is determined by the fact that John and all who are baptized "receive the power to become," by grace, "the sons of God."

From His Cross, Jesus simply required

the lack of it, but only death shall part the spouses.

How bitter life would become, did we conclude from this that the separation which death effects tears us forever from the object of our love, did there not exist a bond which not even death can sunder. But that bond exists, and it is the very life of God Himself, which He has willed to share with men. And those who share it, have each, in each other, a pledge that their love will never die, their union never be dissolved.

Why could St. Paul say so confidently: "I am sure that neither death nor life . . . nor things present nor things to come . . . nor any other creature will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." It is because he possessed in himself a life that death does not take away.

So when our Saviour bowed His head on Calvary, He was indeed separated from His Mother according to human nature, but never for an instant according to Divine Grace.

It is to this Mother, whose sweet soul experienced the bitter sword of human separation, that Jesus has committed the care of His Divine Life in us. We are indeed her children, bearing in ourselves the life of her Son. That life in us needs to grow, but it will grow only by an increase from above, and it will grow only under the loving care of the Mother of Divine Grace.

Let us, then, not make it too difficult for Mary to see her Son in us, and let us take comfort in the thought that in this life we possess a bond, with all who live by the same Life, of a union which death can never sever.

**M**ARY waited until they placed the lifeless body of her Son in the tomb and sealed it fast. Bitter to her was the rolling of that stone, bitter the memory of that corpse, once her very flesh.

But Mary knew that now, by His death, the only wall of separation was broken down, the veil of the Temple was rent. She knew that the wall of this stone would give way before the power of His resurrection.

She knew that Jesus was living still—that in her soul He lived, not the moral existence of a memory, but the mysterious life of grace.

Let us learn this lesson of Mary's final sorrow and of Jesus' last word to her. Those who have gone before us, in death, possess still by sanctifying grace a wonderful community of life with us in the Mystical Body of Christ.

And as Jesus is the First-Born of many brethren, so He is the "First-Born from the dead."



by

**HILARY SWEENEY, C. P.**

**Mary bore Christ in a  
stable. She bore us under the  
Cross on Calvary**

Mary to acknowledge this fact. He asked her to consider not her natural relationship to Him, but her supernatural relationship to us.

Jesus knew that this thought would be consolation enough for His Mother in her sorrow over the prospect of losing Him for a while. So Mary is a Mother in the tradition of Rachel, the mother of Joseph, the Patriarch. Separation from Joseph was the very condition of his saving his brethren from the famine.

Separation is the law of all life—not less of the Christian life. The philosopher, the scientist, the mechanic, each separates part from part in order to see the whole better. The politician divides, in order to conquer the parts and enter them again into a greater unity. So the separation of death, in the Christian view, is not a final thing, but a prelude to a greater union.

Indeed, in that noblest of human unions, marriage, not riches nor poverty, not sickness nor health, not virtue nor

# Books

## TROUBLE IN THE GLEN

By Maurice Walsh.

256 pages.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

\$2.75

Maurice Walsh has had his day. This novel plainly shows it was a good day, while it lasted. He wrote not only about small, dark, sad men out of Erin into Scotland, where they put down the blond and big Saxon beasts for love of their Frances Marys, but he also wrote some grand cloak-and-sword tales. One of them, *Blackcock's Feather*, deserves to be ranked with the lesser Stevenson, and the story of Paddy Bawn Enright, which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and was later improved upon and written into his *Green Rushes*, bears many retellings. Maurice Walsh has written pleasant romances, with an occasional failing, a lapsing into mawkish, quaint sentimentality that would even embarrass Sir James Barrie himself. But in this last book, the quaintness and the romantical nonsense are past all bearing; this was a very difficult book to read, it was that bad.



Maurice Walsh

The hero, an R.A.F. ace, a baronet called Gawain Micklethwaite, and he deserves to be so called, returns from the wars and finds his beloved glen debarred to Albannachs and Eirrenachs and Sasenachs by a Hispano-Scots hidalgo with, you've guessed it, a queer and darling daughter, while Alsuin, a bed-ridden child, urges Gawain on to derring-do. The darling daughter's name is Iosabel, and among other name-calling that Mr. Walsh has recently indulged in, there is Aodh and Cejador. The portrait of Maurice Walsh on the dust jacket of this book shows him hale and hearty. May he stay that way and not write any more books like this one.

W. B. READY.

## THE FIRE IN THE DUST

By Francis MacManus.

256 pages.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

\$3.00

With this book, Francis MacManus strides, with the great paces of a Fionn MacCumhal, into the very front ranks of Irish novelists. If his paces continue so nobly, it might well be that in no

time at all he will be looking back over his shoulder at laggardly writers like O'Faolain and O'Connor, floundering now in the acerbity of anticlericalism.

For MacManus is not only a great Irish writer; he is a great Catholic writer. He has the wisdom of his Faith, the quiet, silent wisdom; and of modern cocksureness not a trace. The theme of his newest novel, the first I think to be published in the United States, is simple. It is the warm, breathing sensitivity that underlies true Catholicism as opposed to the Jansenistic outer forms of morality of women who ostentatiously rattle their rosaries and never know that *caritas* means not chill charity but kindly love.

It is a story told in the small town of Kilkenny, where the author passed his boyhood, a story of a meddling busybody of a woman, "tall, black, and erect as a requiem candlestick." It is the sentient account of the tragedy that was brought about by her pietistic officiousness. It is a tragic story, but MacManus has covered the starkness with his own warmth and kindly understanding.

It has latterly been the fashion of French Catholic novelists to point out that those who are formally pious need not necessarily be holy. MacManus routs their best efforts in a book that James Joyce might have written had he to himself been true. For there is in the book the "terrible beauty" of which Yeats once wrote. It is a novel that once read will be long remembered.

DORAN HURLEY.

## MRS. GAILEY

By Sheila Kaye-Smith.

310 pages.

Harper & Bros.

\$3.00

Both as a study in human frailties and as a diatribe against the outmoded British class system, *Mrs. Gailey* is immediately successful. It is written with a mature and discriminating artistry encountered in very few novelists today. That is not to label the story a lovely, lilting caper for the children's hour, however; to the contrary, it is a sobering, reflective tale of petty spite and snobbery that infected the



S. Kaye-Smith

Sussex community of Doleham and inevitably erupted in tragedy because of the nature of the people involved.

Engaged as secretary to Lesley Bullen, the impractical and socially gauche mistress of Waters Farm, Rosamund Gailey was determined to use the position to her best personal advantage. But though a common and empty-headed little woman aspiring to loftier things, she lacked the toughness to look after her own interests properly. Detoured by pity for her awkward, well-meaning employer—and, incidentally, hoping to revenge the contemptuous thrusts of Lesley's mother, Iris Winrow—Mrs. Gailey plunged the sensitive girl into a love affair that was to invite sure disaster. Once roused from her protectively detached dreams, Lesley was unable to escape back into them again or face the threatening world of reality.

The author has done a masterful job in measuring the conflict between Mrs. Winrow and Mrs. Gailey and their consequent responsibility for thoughtlessly trespassing in the life of a fellow creature. Though superficially opposite, the two women are somewhat akin through their weakness—Iris, supremely self-centered and "clinging to a state of things that's over and done with;" Rosamund, mentally and spiritually unprovided—and their weakness is a contributing factor in Lesley's ultimate undoing.

LOIS SLADE.

## MORNING JOURNEY

By James Hilton.

345 pages.

Atlantic, Little, Brown.

\$3.00

A group of small-minded people floundering in lush wealth or dire poverty could sum up Hollywood. It apparently does for Mr. Hilton in his latest novel, *Morning Journey*. Glibly written but a little too compact, it tells the story of the tawdry lives of a better-than-average actress, Carey Arundel, Irish-born and convent-bred, a pompous movie director, Paul Saffron, and a New York banker, Austen Bond—the usual bedraggled triangle, spruced up with the banker and a divorce. There are, of course, a lot of other characters who trail these three as they sprint around Europe and America. One remembers the rich lawyer, the astronomer, the Scotch butler, the "big" Hollywood producer, and the writer who can "think."

Each character conveys in some way directly, or indirectly, Mr. Hilton's message that picturemaking is at best an industry; "art is all right but it usually did not pay." This comes out directly at the Critics Dinner when Saffron tosses his barbed thanks for an award. "This place, (Hollywood)," he says, "is full of craftsmen who might have been artists if only they had stayed away."

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and wrote

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by Gertrud von Le Fort

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The easy morals of Carey Arundel are highlighted throughout. Quietly pleased with her ability to attract men, she loses the only one, Saffron, that she really wanted. In the end she stands defeated and helpless, watching him as he lies desperately ill, and wonders, "If he dies, what will I do? Will I be free or will freedom be another kind of bondage to all I can remember?"

It should be mentioned that Mr. Hilton has erred on the Catholic ruling on mixed marriages. Such errors could be avoided with a minimum of effort, but let stand they mar the author's honesty of purpose.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

**GRAIN OF THE WOOD**

By Michael Home. 262 pages.  
Macmillan Co. \$3.00

*Grain of the Wood* is a quiet, homely narrative of how Ted Burling gets his start as a dealer in antiques. Coming of good farming stock and, at eighteen, left to shift for himself, he decides to drive round the countryside looking for odds and ends of old furniture. Not that he knows much about them, but he can learn, he thinks; he has a natural feeling for fine wood, wood that has been weathered and worked over by humble, knowing hands. He is willing to begin in a small way, learns how to dicker with the country folk, how to bid at sales, and how not to be pushed into too high bidding by the ring of dealers.

The narrative is solidly built up, made up, as it is, of innumerable small incidents and exact and interesting information about the trade. Mr. Home's family, yeoman-farmer stock, has lived for hundreds of years in the section of Norfolk represented in this novel. He has long been an amateur collector of antiques, so that he knows his subject well. He has a genuine feeling for character, is steeped in the traditions of the countryside, and knows how to give life to a simple narrative by a steadily mounting tension which is never allowed to become dramatic. Ted Burling is a sturdy, likable, independent man—he learns the hard way, but what he learns is his forever. If some of the characters are slightly idealized, that can be overlooked, for the special quality of the novel is that of a tale quietly unfolded by the fireside, where character is merely indicated, not created in the round.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

**THE SPIRIT OF LOVE**

By C. F. Kelley. 287 pages.  
Harper & Bros. \$3.50

At a time when counterfeits of love, such as emotional infatuation or sexual attraction, are flaunted everywhere, it is refreshing to pick up a book on genuine love. The author, basing his work on the writings of St. Francis de Sales, attempts to present the Salesian concept of that

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**THE CASE OF THERESE NEUMANN**

By Hilda C. Graef

30

A balanced and impartial account of the facts in the case of Therese Neuman, the stigmatic of Konnersreuth, based on personal observation and already published material, much of which has not yet appeared in English. The author examines the sanctity and mysticism of Therese Neumann in the light of Scripture and of the Doctors and Saints of the Church, without placing undue emphasis on the many strange phenomena manifest in her. The author reached the opinion she offers here only after exhaustive examination of the many accepted authorities who have written on the case. *Ready Soon.* \$2.25

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mighty force which has shaped the natural and supernatural lives of men from the beginning of creation. He is interested mostly in supernatural love, the animating principle of Christianity.

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Mr. Kelley draws interesting but sometimes farfetched analogies between elements in St. Francis' teachings and those found in various systems of religion and philosophy. He quotes the Upanishads of ancient India with the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, associates Brahman with God, and places the pagan Stoic beside the Christian ascetic.

After devoting the first half of his work to the clarification of the Salesian concept of love and its theology, the author in the second half endeavors to portray St. Francis as the great spiritual director. The portrayal is excellent, but the material on contemplation is confusing.

In spite of defects, this book has much to offer anyone deeply interested in the spiritual life and above all in Salesian spirituality. Jacques Maritain is right when he says in his foreword that this work "bears the mark of this very spirituality."

ANGELUS M. KOPP, O.C.D.

## THE CASE OF THERESE NEUMANN

By Hilda C. Graef. 162 pages.  
The Newman Press. \$2.00

It will surprise, perhaps shock, many American Catholics to learn that there are Catholic theologians and physicians who question, even deny, the supernatural origin of the stigmata, ecstasies, prophetic spirit, and inedia of Therese Neumann.

Dr. Poray-Madeyski, a medical expert of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the late Dom Aloys Mager, O.S.B., author of several learned works on the Psychology of Mysticism, Father Thurston, S.J., also deceased, an authority in the difficult field of psychic phenomena, Dr. Michael Waldmann, Professor of Mystical Theology and Parapsychology at the Seminary of Regensburg, who has followed the Neumann case since 1926, concur in the conclusion that Therese's stigmata, ecstasies, etc., are not of supernatural origin.

Hilda Graef presents the difficulties in the Neumann case, which have led these authorities to their adverse judgment. The principal difficulties are: similarities in Therese's behavior, ecstasies, wounds to well-documented cases of hysterics and cataleptics found in the files of medical history; striking differences between Therese's case and au-

thentic stigmatics, e.g., St. Gemma Galgani; the attitude of Father Naber (Therese's confessor since her thirteenth year), a pious priest indeed, but whose direction of his extraordinary penitent shows a disconcerting ignorance, or at least disregard, of some very basic principles of mystical theology; Therese's surprising lack of devotion to the Passion of Our Lord, her intolerance of criticism. In view of the evidence, the author's conclusion is prudent and in perfect agreement with sound theology: "A supernatural origin of the phenomena exhibited by Therese Neumann is not necessarily demanded by the evidence at our disposal which, admittedly, is not as complete, in many respects, as one might desire. Rather must we affirm at this point that the greatest caution and circumspection ought to be exercised by anyone who approaches this case with the intention of a serious investigation. The protest published recently in the *Osservatore Romano* against credulity in such religious phenomena would indicate that the Church wants her children to adopt her own prudent, cautious attitude.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C. P.

## THE ISLANDERS

By Joseph Auslander &  
Audrey Wurdemann. 305 pages.  
Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00

It is indeed unfortunate that a second-rate novel should focus attention only on the seamy side of the lives of a few members of the famous little colony of Greek Americans who have made a thriving business out of diving for sponges off the Florida coast.

In fact, *The Islanders* should make Greeks everywhere hopping mad. With a flood of suave, meaningless writing, the authors have crumbled the high ideal of womanhood prized by the Greeks, and made a kind of charming but superstitious rite out of the ancient Greek Orthodox ritual.

The story is essentially that of Christidos and Spiros, owners of the Parthenon Bar and Grill in Turtle Run, and their trials in rearing their now marriageable sons and daughters. It is especially hard for Christidos when his daughter Zoe's long engagement to his partner's son, Philip, is broken by the latter. From then on, she shares the spotlight with her brother, Stephen, who rebels at learning to dive and turns to stealing. In getting Zoe married, the tale has a kind of *Jane Eyre* twist when she falls in love with Alexis Dragoumis, an impoverished Greek noble, blinded in the last war and visiting America in the hope doctors can restore his sight. He is divorced and her father will object, but "from the first time she had gone to the sheltered slopes with him she had dedicated herself to what he might need."

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Blatantly sentimental, the story finally peters out after an accidental killing and a consequent suicide. It is an uninspiring novel in which the plot and characters never seem to be quite certain of any direction except it be downhill.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

## ST. PAUL'S GOSPEL

By Ronald Knox.

Sheed & Ward.

72 pages.

\$1.75

This little book consists of five Lenten sermons given at Westminster Abbey. The author, well known for his translation of the Bible, states the purpose of this volume in the first chapter entitled: "Saint Paul's Approach." "I want to study Saint Paul's letters in isolation, forgetting for the moment that we have any Christian tradition, any Gospel narrative to supplement them. . . . I want you to see what an admirable blueprint you can get, even so, of the Christian world-picture simply from listening to what Saint Paul has to tell us."



Ronald Knox

In his usual lucid style, Monsignor Knox describes the relationship of Saint Paul's writings with the Gospels. There was no borrowing on the part of Saint Paul. He saw clearly the purpose of the Gospels and was almost impatient to complete our knowledge of Christ and His doctrine. The Gospels contain the history of Christ's life and fulfill the apologetic mission of proving the divinity of Christ by His words and works. For Saint Paul, as the author states, "once you accept Christ, and are united to Him by baptism, everything becomes different; He who was once a dead Hero is now a living Friend."

In the succeeding chapters, the author shows how Saint Paul completes the Gospel narrative by giving us the theology of Christ as the second Adam, Christ in the Mystical Body of the

Church, and the relationship between the Old and New Testaments in revealing Christ in His fullness.

The author calls his book a blueprint. Though concise, profound, and illuminating, it remains just an admirable blueprint. The reader will wish that the busy Monsignor could have presented it in a more complete form.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

## STORIES FROM HOLY WRIT

By Helen Waddell.

244 pages.

Macmillan Co.

\$2.75

Those who have admired, over many years, the limpid beauty of Helen Waddell's prose and have wished that she would take up her pen more often will welcome this small book.

In *Stories From Holy Writ*, Miss Waddell turns her art on the Bible. Here again her delicate feeling for the antique world and its customs and her ability to recreate the scene give ancient events new fire.

Most of the stories were first published between 1914 and 1920 in a missionary magazine. Dr. Waddell wanted to try her hand at writing for children, but, like Lewis Carroll, she found that her efforts were seized and adopted by enthusiastic adults.

The passage on Jacob the Supplanter is typical of her style, a style chaste and refined, yet having a kind of subtle force and vigor. "God did not want Jacob's tithes: He wanted Jacob. But it was twenty years before Jacob found that out."

"But there was a bigger mistake that he might have made, and he did not. It would have been easy for Jacob when the morning came, with the sunlight filling the valley, and the blue sky with white clouds sailing where the top of the stairway had been, to think that it was not real, that he had made it up in his sleep. But he did not do that. He knew that he was not good: he knew that he was not fit to meet God: but he knew that he *had* met Him. He had found out one of the strangest things

## Smear Tactics

► The wealthy playboy's valet eventually inherited most of his employer's cast-off clothing. There was a certain light-colored suit he secretly yearned for, but the playboy seemed to like it too. The valet decided to force the issue, so he deliberately smeared grease on the trousers.

Then he went to his boss with the suit.

"I tried hard to get the spot out," he said, "but it's one of those stubborn ones."

"Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?" his employer asked.

"I've tried everything," replied the valet, "but that spot just won't come out."

"Have you tried ammonia?"

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By James Keller.

Doubleday &amp; Co.

302 pages.

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Maintaining that there are certain vital careers which decide the fate of the world, Father Keller, in his usual likable and forthright fashion, proceeds to tell his readers how they can find openings in the fields of education, government, radio and television, labor relations, social service, and secretarial work. The Communists have not neglected to train their agents to qualify for these key spots. And this author points out how many opportunities for doing good await the Christopher who is interested in changing the world for the better.

But this book is no mere philosophical discourse on the subject. It might well be used as a handbook for guidance courses in schools, study clubs, or discussion groups. Starting with the basic facts on preparing resumé's, charting a job campaign, and analyzing your personal potentialities, Father Keller brings facts and figures to bear on his thesis that there are opportunities waiting for qualified applicants in the career fields mentioned previously.

Parents who are concerned about the future careers of their youngsters, high school and college youths floundering over their all-important career choice, or discontented careerists anxious to do something more important with their lives will find *Careers that Change Your World* a powerful shot of adrenalin. To all of us who are wondering what's wrong with the world and what we as individuals can do about it, Father Keller offers some concrete and optimistic answers that are well worth reading.

TRUDY HOWARD.

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and there were sporadic hints of Slavic penetrations in our Middle West. Now comes a woman giving firsthand portraits of Polish-Americans who never knew the Iron Curtain or the Iron Heel.

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It is not only those of Polish descent who will enjoy these seemingly artless tales, but all readers who welcome the variety of colorful human nature in a friendly foreign culture. And our academies or high schools looking for wholesome fiction will do well to put this little book within reach of their students.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

### ROMMEL: THE DESERT FOX

By Brig. Desmond Young. 264 pages.  
Harper & Bros. \$3.50

This book is a fascinating study of the famous German field marshal. Brigadier Desmond Young, the English author, fought against Rommel, and his sympathetic tribute to the leader of the Afrika Korps created considerable controversy in England. The story of the desert war has been told many times from the Allied viewpoint. This account of the problems faced by the German commander helps to correct and complete the record.

Rommel's tactical exploits in the early stages of the North African campaign made his name so awe-inspiring that General Auchinleck, the British Commander-in-Chief, found it necessary to issue a special order to his troops to counteract the effects of the "superman" talk. From the beginning, the German high command did not realize the importance of the African war. When Rommel's successes offered the Germans a glittering opportunity to over-run Egypt and seize control of the vital Suez Canal, Rommel's appeals for help were, luckily for the Allies, ignored.

Upon his return to Europe, Rommel learned the real facts about Hitler. In agreement with other German generals,



Brig. Young

he conceded that defeat was inevitable and so informed Hitler. When Rommel was rebuffed, he acquiesced to the suggestion by others that Hitler should be deposed. However, he was not aware that the conspirators had selected him to succeed Hitler, and he never knew that extremists had planned to kill the Fuehrer. In any event, Rommel's doom was sealed. The German public was told that Rommel died of wounds received months before when his car was bombed, but the author leaves little doubt that Rommel's death amounted to murder by command of Hitler.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

## DISTURBER OF THE PEACE: H. L. MENCKEN

By William Manchester. 336 pages.  
Harper & Bros. \$3.75

This informal work, subtitled *The Life and Riotous Times of H. L. Mencken*, is the second biographical study of the Baltimore Sage to be published within the last half year. (See review in the August 1950 issue of *THE SIGN*.)



W. Manchester

William Manchester, a young newspaperman on the staff of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, has examined at firsthand the vast amount of clippings, articles, scrapbooks, and private papers of Mr. Mencken and has come up with a very readable biography, spiced by well-selected Mencken quotes.

The most interesting chapters are those which show Mr. Mencken battling with no holds barred against what he considered to be the foibles and weaknesses of the post World War I era. American presidents and many of our long-entrenched American traditions felt the jab of his vitriolic pen. Mencken during the 1920's and early 1930's was front-page copy, and many of his more dramatic experiences are graphically recreated by Mr. Manchester for the 1951 reader.

While this is not the definitive biography of H. L. Mencken, since the author makes no attempt to analyze exhaustively Mencken's writings, it is a highly entertaining, informal study of a man oftentimes referred to as the American Shaw.

*Disturber of the Peace* is well edited; it contains several pages of pictures, a selected bibliography, and an Index.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

## THE SCARLET SWORD

By H. E. Bates. 282 pages.  
Atlantic, Little, Brown. \$3.00

Since the Reformation, when Simon Fish labeled the Catholic clergy "idle sort of vipers," writers have had a field day fitting horns on those ordained to the

priesthood. So it must amuse priests to find themselves these days tricked out with wings and a crown and let flutter through the pages of best sellers. This brings us to the two priests in Mr. Bates' novel, *The Scarlet Sword*. They have wings, but well cropped.

This tale of the 1947 India riots makes Christianity again the scapegoat for the failure of power politics to solve India's social problems. The setting is the Kashmiri Catholic Mission, presided over by the elderly Father Anstey, pleasant and pious, and Father Simpson, nervous and repulsed by India's dirt and sin—brown-robed figures out of Mr. Bates' imagination, but not out of a seminary.

The humane spirit that their flabby Christian charity has failed to arouse over the years is brought about in ten days of terror, rape, and killing by the native snipers who all but level the Mission with its little group of English refugees—a news reporter, a nurse, a Colonel and his wife, a middle-aged couple and their marriageable daughter—and a raft of Hindu women and children.

The novel is a jumble of confused thought that, wilfully or not, misrepresents the priesthood and especially the missionary. Authors and editors who are interested in putting forth an honest portrait of a priest, need to dip into a document like Cardinal Manning's excellent volume, *The Eternal Priesthood*.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

## A BREATH OF AIR

By Rumer Godden. 280 pages.  
The Viking Press. \$3.00

For all that *A Breath of Air* has been certified by the Book-of-the-Month Club, the creative combination of Rumer Godden and William Shakespeare is a disjointed one. Attempting to produce a rejuvenated version of *The Tempest*, Miss Godden has transported the essentials of that comedy-romance to the twentieth century, plagiarized the plot faithfully, but executed it in her own shaded prose style. The result entirely amputates Shakespeare's robust wit, which is the real meat of the play.

Character for character and incident for incident, the story parallels the original, however. After the chicanery of his brother, Mr. Van Loomis (a dyspeptic copy of Prospero) had fled his Scottish heritage and sailed with an infant daughter to the dreamy isle of Terraqueous. Striving to protect the girl from the corruptive influence of modern civilization, he isolated his Shangri-la almost completely from the outside world. But at twenty-one Charis had begun to read thoughtfully and to ask



Rumer Godden

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embarrassing questions, and Van Loomis, whom the natives regarded as something of a conjurer, realized that a mere bag of tricks would soon be inadequate to satisfy his daughter. Then, as if in answer to his half-formed hopes for her, one Valentine Doubleday, a restless English playwright, literally descended from heaven to insure Charis' fairy-tale future.

Seeming to misfire on the score of motivation, *A Breath of Air* strays off in many distracting directions. While perhaps intended as a study in the effects of escapism—for both Van Loomis and Valentine are running away from their inner selves—it will leave most readers disappointed and just a little puzzled as to why it was written.

LOIS SLADE.

### MY SIX CONVICTS

By Donald P. Wilson.  
Rinehart & Co.

369 pages.  
\$3.50

This book is a by-product of a research project on drug addiction and criminality which occupied Dr. Wilson for three years in the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth. The "six" of the title are the inmates selected to work with the author on the project, choice spirits all.




Dr. Wilson

The reader will not learn much about the project, aside from occasional observations tending to debunk tabloid notions on the connection between drugs and crime. But the book gives a picture of the fantastic world of "cons," inside the walls and out, which must be a revelation to the layman. Without the author's word for it, the picture would be frankly unbelievable: How the "grapevine," reaching unembarrassed through prison walls, keeps prisoners better informed than the members of a free society. (For example, the prisoners at Leavenworth knew in advance all about Dr. Wilson's appointment when his unannounced arrival took the prison authorities by surprise.) How a rigorous kind of justice, including capital executions, is administered *intra muros* by the closely knit society of the prisoners. How messages, objects, and even persons, living and dead, are passed back and forth through the hermetic walls of a penitentiary while the guards, frantic as Keystone cops, are helpless to cope.

The episodes and anecdotes which compose the book are mostly well and easily written. The author is humane, understanding, often very entertaining. But he has the professional deformation of certain psychological schools which relates everything in his stories to his notions of analysis, and he appears to have a not uncharacteristic blind spot regarding religion.

FENTON MORAN.

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## THE YELLOW STORM

By Lau Shaw.

533 pages.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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In this successor to the widely read *Rickshaw Boy*, Lau Shaw is concerned with the impact of the Sino-Japanese war on the ancient city of Peiping. More particularly, he is interested in what befalls the families who inhabit the street called "the Little Sheep Fold" where hero and traitor live side by side and the quiet activities of everyday are blasted by the advent of the conquerors.



Lau Shaw

Here we meet the scholarly Mr. Chieu who survives imprisonment and torture to become a leader in the resistance, while others like the opportunist Kuan family find collaboration a brief luxury ending in their own destruction. Brutality, famine, degradation, death, and violence of every sort stalk the pages of *The Yellow Storm* and they do not make for pleasant reading.

While the temples and bridges of old Peiping form an exotic background, the essentials of the story are familiar to us from the history of World War II and its aftermath. Always, the human elements remain the same and the intricacies of Chinese nomenclature do not alter the fundamental emotions of love and hate and fear.

Perhaps the conversation between Mr. Chieu and the soldier Rey Tang gives the best indication of the author's conclusions on war and peace. The younger man—"had gone to far places to find the battlefield and the battlefield was in his own home and his own street." And the words of old Mr. Chieu could be a warning for today: "... before the war I

often took indulgence and indolence for love and peace, and now I use determination and courage to achieve peace."

GENEVIEVE W. STEIGER.

## UNDERMINING THE CONSTITUTION

By Thomas James Norton. 351 pages.

The Devin-Adair Co.

\$3.00

Those interpreting or commenting on the United States Constitution may be classified as "strict constructionists" or "latitudinarian constructionists." The former insist that powers granted the Federal Government be strictly limited to the exact letter of the document; the latter claim broad inherent, although unspecified, federal powers. From the beginning the national government has progressively expanded its authority.

Mr. Norton, a constitutional lawyer and scholar of some stature, is an ultra-strict constructionist who does not like this trend. In this book he sets forth his thoughts, arguments, and the authorities supporting his position. Among the things claimed to be unconstitutional are: the graduated income tax, much of the legislation concerning labor, social security, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Tennessee Valley Authority, child labor legislation, the agricultural subsidies, and in general, the entire "New Deal" and "Fair Deal" concepts. Among the things which he believes to be politically evil are: direct senatorial elections, nominating conventions, the manner in which the executive appointive power is exercised, and the manner in which the individual States look to the Federal Government for financial aid.

Generally speaking, the work is an interesting and thought-stimulating bit of politico-legal polemic writing.

TOM HURLEY.

## That's For Sure!

► Two English professors were returning by automobile to the University of Cincinnati through the State of Kentucky. They took the wrong road and found themselves several miles from the main highway, in the midst of the Kentucky hills.

They stopped to ask directions of a native walking along the dirt road.

"Can you tell us," one professor queried, "how to get back on the road to Cincinnati?"

The hillbilly slowly removed a straw from his mouth before he answered: "Nope."

"Can you tell us where this road will take us?"

"Nope," the man repeated.

"What's the name of the nearest city?"

"Dunno."

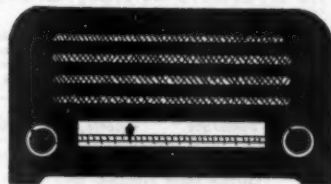
The professor lost patience. "Mister," he said peevishly, "you sure don't know much."

"Mebbe I don't," drawled the other, returning the straw to his mouth, "but I hain't lost."

—Stanley Leuhrmann



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## KOLA

(Continued from page 29)

people of his generation who professed such beliefs.

"Oh, many of our young people are utterly displeased with the Communists, many more than people think. Among the komsomols the percentage would be high, but I do not know how much it is." This reminds him of the reason for his visit. Next evening he would like to throw a little party for some of his comrades with whom he works at the hospital. The party may last till midnight, and he vouches for their good and orderly conduct. In fact, his guests will all be people who think just like him. He knows them well by now.

We readily agreed to his request. Kola turned to me with the words: "Tell it to your American friends," then kissed Helena's hand and walked out.

Exhausted, floored with surprise, we sat leaning back in our chairs, far too shocked and amazed by what we just heard to air our thoughts aloud. Finally Helena said:

"Obviously there is a Roosevelt legend in Russia and a myth about America, in spite of the country's complete isolation from any outside contacts and influences. Most interesting, that."

Long into the evening we sat there thinking about Kola's confession, going over all we thought or had heard about Russia and the Russians. One thing was obvious: these were unhappy suffering people, longing for deliverance, for some powerful kind personality to defend them against their oppressors.

Next evening around eight, Kola had his party. His guests were all young Russian peasant boys and girls in uniforms. A middle-aged woman, Kola's special friend, was bringing up the rear.

That night we listened to the chorus of beautiful young voices singing or rather humming Russian songs. At midnight the party broke up, without a single shout or a broken glass.

Next morning Kola came to bid us good-by. There was an energetic exchange of handshakes, slapping of our shoulders; Miss Maria and Helena got a kiss each. We laughed out loud.

Kola's parting words were:

"Da, da, one has to be kind to the animals."

A new series of violent handshakes.

"Good-by, good-by, dear ladies, and never think ill of the Russian people. We and they are not the same thing. Good-by and good luck to you."

"Good-by, Kola." We rushed to the windows and kept waving our hands at him as he was boarding the truck, full of young soldiers, men and women. They waved back at our windows. The truck started off, turned the corner. Kola's hand, waving his cap at us, was the last we saw of them.

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## IT IS THE CHURCH'S BUSINESS

(Continued from page 32)

did not silence Him. In like manner, the Catholic Church will continue to raise her voice in defense of moral principles, whether men listen to her or reject her teachings. If, in a particular instance, the observance of God's law demands disobedience to a civil statute, God's law takes precedence.

Since all men, irrespective of their religious affiliation, are bound by the law of God, Catholics do not hesitate to make use of legitimate means to procure civil enactments protecting what they regard as divine law. For this reason, Catholics living under a government that permits the citizens to make speeches, write articles, and send letters to the lawmakers advocating some particular legislative act do not hesitate to make use of these legitimate means to maintain or to obtain laws against obscene books or plays, birth control propaganda, mercy killing, etc. For the same reason the authorities of a Catholic hospital logically forbid within its precincts any operation that the Catholic Church declares to be opposed to the law of God. This reason, too, justifies the Church in demanding that all the children of a mixed marriage be brought up in the Catholic Faith, since the Church regards this as the one true faith. There can be no compromise when divine truth is concerned.

IT IS disturbing to find a Catholic who questions these principles. Thus, in a letter (Feb. 1, 1951) to *The New York Times*, a Mr. Allen Tate, claiming to be a Catholic, protested against the attempts of Catholics to obtain a civil prohibition of *The Miracle* in line with the stand taken by Cardinal Spellman. Mr. Tate believes that in a land like ours, where there is separation of church and state, the civil authorities have no right to ban a picture "on theological grounds," on the score of sacrilege, though he admits that such authority exists when there is a question of public morals. Mr. Tate evidently does not admit that an exhibition of sacrilege is a violation of public morals.

Catholics are not ashamed of the fact that their Church claims the right to pass judgment on moral problems, stating authoritatively what is in accordance with God's law and what is opposed to it and proclaiming that all men are bound by these decisions. For Catholics believe that through the voice of the Church mankind receives today the same message that was announced twenty centuries ago in Galilee by One who declared Himself the Son of God and promised that those who would accept and follow His teaching would merit eternal life.

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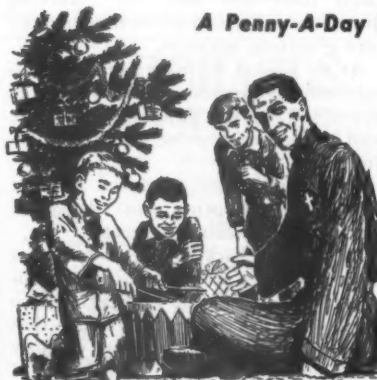
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## THE WALL

(Continued from page 44)

out and say I can't have him? Say you won't give your own nephew a home. Say the answer is no."

"Very well then. The answer is no."

She faced him angrily. "I might have known. I should have known. You're just . . . just mean."

He stepped forward belligerently, preparing to allow himself the luxury of resentment at her injustice, and then slowly, calmly he forced himself into composure. His self-approval at his own cool restraint soothed him into mellowness.

"Why, Jennifer," he said gently, "control yourself. I have never heard you speak so selfishly before. If you persist in stirring yourself up neither of us shall get a good night's rest."

She made one more frenzied effort. "Can't you," she cried, "let anything make a breach in that wall you've built up?"

"What wall?" he asked.

She looked at him hopelessly. The flush had faded from her face and left it white and tired. The firm muscles seemed suddenly to sag, blurring the clean, fine line of her jaw.

"Never mind. You couldn't understand. You're right, of course. You've always been right. You'll always be right. I'll take him back in the morning."

He looked at her with relief. He had been afraid of tears, and few things made him as uncomfortable as tears. It was one of the penalties of a soft-hearted nature, he told himself, to be so vulnerable to another's hurt. But there were no tears this time. Jennifer was disappointed, but she would swiftly recover and they could go back to their secure and untroubled ways.

HE picked up the paper, glanced expertly through the leading articles, then folded it open to the financial page. He always enjoyed the market reports, enjoyed studying them at least, even when there were recessions. There was always something solidly satisfying in their orderly array of precise fact. But lately there had been no disturbing fluctuations. There had been advances—very gratifying advances.

As he paused to make a mental calculation, his eye was caught by a large display ad on the adjoining page. He read the seductive prose with kindly indulgence.

"Why don't you go down and get yourself a new spring coat?" he asked Jennifer from behind the page.

As he went back to the stock quotations, he didn't notice that she had not answered, nor could he see that for once she had not picked up her knitting, that she sat in quiet repose, staring vacantly at her empty hands.

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# The Sign

THE SIGN

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

the women there that they were all anxious to have their various parishes start a crusade of five first Saturdays and constant rosaries, etc.

As so many have stated, THE SIGN is a must in our house. I am only sorry we did not know of it long ago. Thank you for giving us so much.

DOROTHY C. CULLEN

West Haven, Conn.

## "Pope of Freedom"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to convey my sincere thanks and appreciation for your absorbing, informative, and thought-provoking article, "Pope of Freedom." In its reiteration of the principles of the social encyclicals, this article pointed out the pressing need for the application of Christian principles in our present social economy. This, I believe, is a direct challenge to American Catholics.

DONALD F. BARRY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Why don't you have more spiritual articles? Father Farrell is fine, but why not devote more space to the "Life of the Spirit"? Most Catholics lose intellectual contact with the Church except for a newspaper or magazine. Your magazine is very popular and could discuss the Mass, Penance, Spiritual Reading, etc., etc. Catholics need popular explanations of their faith and doctrine.

A READER

New York, N. Y.

## "Don Camillo"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The students and Sisters here have a request to make of the editors of THE SIGN. Please get us some more stories about Don Camillo. The *Little World* has won the hearts of all of us and we want more of the same. Thank you.

You would have been pleased to see the delight of your readers when they found Peppone's mustache in the December issue. And we will be even more delighted to have Don Camillo beat him again in the near future.

SISTER MARIA BEATA, C.S.C.

Lancaster, Pa.

## Appeal for Lay Apostles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Before I came to a mission land, I thought I did my duty in spreading the faith among the pagans when I contributed money to mission appeals. Now I know that as important as financial help is, it is the least important need of the missions. The greatest need is for those who will give of their time and talents personally to spread the word of God.

One does not have to be ordained to spread the gospel of Christ. It is not necessary to take perpetual vows to serve in the foreign missions. Young Catholic laymen

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must be recruited who will agree to devote themselves to working for Christ for periods of two or three years as assistants to mission orders. I have no doubt that when work for foreign missions receives its proper emphasis in American Catholic lay action, the number of religious vocations for mission work will also multiply.

PATRICK  
San Francisco, Calif.

### Mr. Ryan and Prayer

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reply to the letter of F. J. Ryan, in the February issue of THE SIGN, I would like to say I thoroughly disagree with him.

The number of prayers is not half as important as the sincerity of the prayers. Ten prayers may be said but not be as effective as one sincere prayer.

The thought of saying one Hail Mary a day for the welfare of our country is a wonderful idea. Catholics the world over should start it.

MARION ROZE  
Chicago, Ill.

### Teen-Age Column

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You most certainly need a column for teen-agers or people who are not yet married. Many youths attend secular schools and will always remain ignorant of the Catholic teaching pertaining to pre-marriage conduct. Your magazine has a wide circulation and could do much to bring to the attention of both parents and youths the real dangers of pagan society.

PHILIP GIACONE  
Bronx, N. Y.

### Report From Singapore

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wonder whether it will be of any surprise to you that your superb magazine is read in this distant corner of the world. I get some back copies from your readers, but they are not enough to go around among our teachers and pupils. Perhaps an appeal in your magazine will do something.

It's hard to pick out which is the best portion of your magazine. I read it from cover to cover.

BROTHER POLYCARP  
Katong, Singapore.

### Appeal for Broken Rosaries

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

During the last war, the seminarians sent thousands of rosaries to men in the armed services all over the world. They are anxious to continue this work, since more and more of our soldiers are going overseas.

Would you kindly send any old, unused, broken rosaries or beads to:

FATHER DIRECTOR, C.P.  
Holy Cross Seminary,  
Dunkirk, N. Y.

### Reviews on Communists

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the January issue and in previous issues, I have noticed in your review of books and plays that you have made favorable mention of Rex Stout and Jose Ferrer.

Why patronize or give praise to any actor

or writer who has Communist tendencies or is a Communist sympathizer? It appears to me that you are giving aid and comfort to an enemy of the Church.

LUCY CUISINIER  
Chicago, Ill.

### Radio & Television

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the February edition of your magazine, Dorothy Klock asked the question, "What has happened to the fine music programs?" A very good question, indeed.

Good musical broadcasts are a treat to me and I am sure they must be to other music lovers. May I suggest the "Boston Pops Hour" on Monday evening, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. To enjoy such beautiful music in one's own living room is a wonderful thing. May we eventually have more programs such as these.

JEAN ANDERSON  
Newington, Conn.

### Book Review

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article, purporting to be a book review of *The War Without Grant*, in your February issue, is un-American enough to be printed in the *Daily Worker* or the *New York Times*. You have carelessly (or perhaps carefully) assigned the review of a book to one who harbors against its author a personal dislike so strong that he uses a substantial part of his article to give vent to it, in a nasty, pseudo-humorous tone. The basis of the dislike seems to be the author's great concern about things American (a new sort of crime.)

It looks very much as if you did not want a review by an unbiased critic. Your conduct, whether grossly careless or malicious, is in either case reprehensible.

Any listener to Colonel McCormick's weekly broadcasts knows that he is not obsessed with the Civil War to the exclusion of others. Over a period of months and years I have heard him discuss the military operations of the Napoleonic Wars, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, and World War II, to mention only the ones that come to mind at the moment.

FRANCIS X. KEENAN  
Laurelton, N. Y.

### Canadian Viewpoints

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

On the whole, I find THE SIGN a very informative magazine. However, since you are selling your magazine in Canada, I should like to see the Canadian viewpoint dealt with in the editorials once in a while.

MRS. J. ANDERSON  
Toronto, Canada.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.



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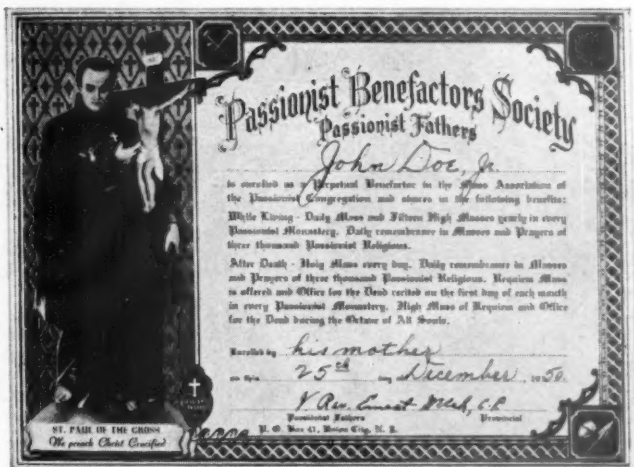


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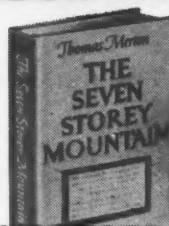
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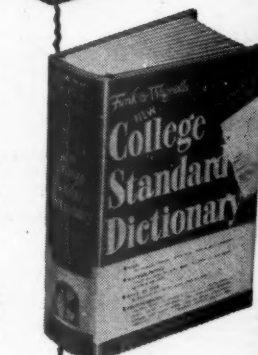
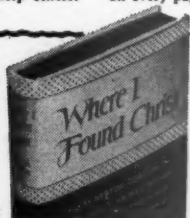
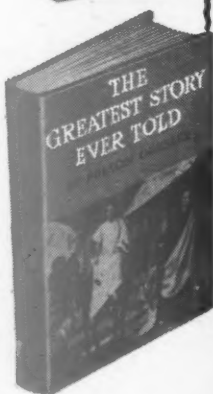
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